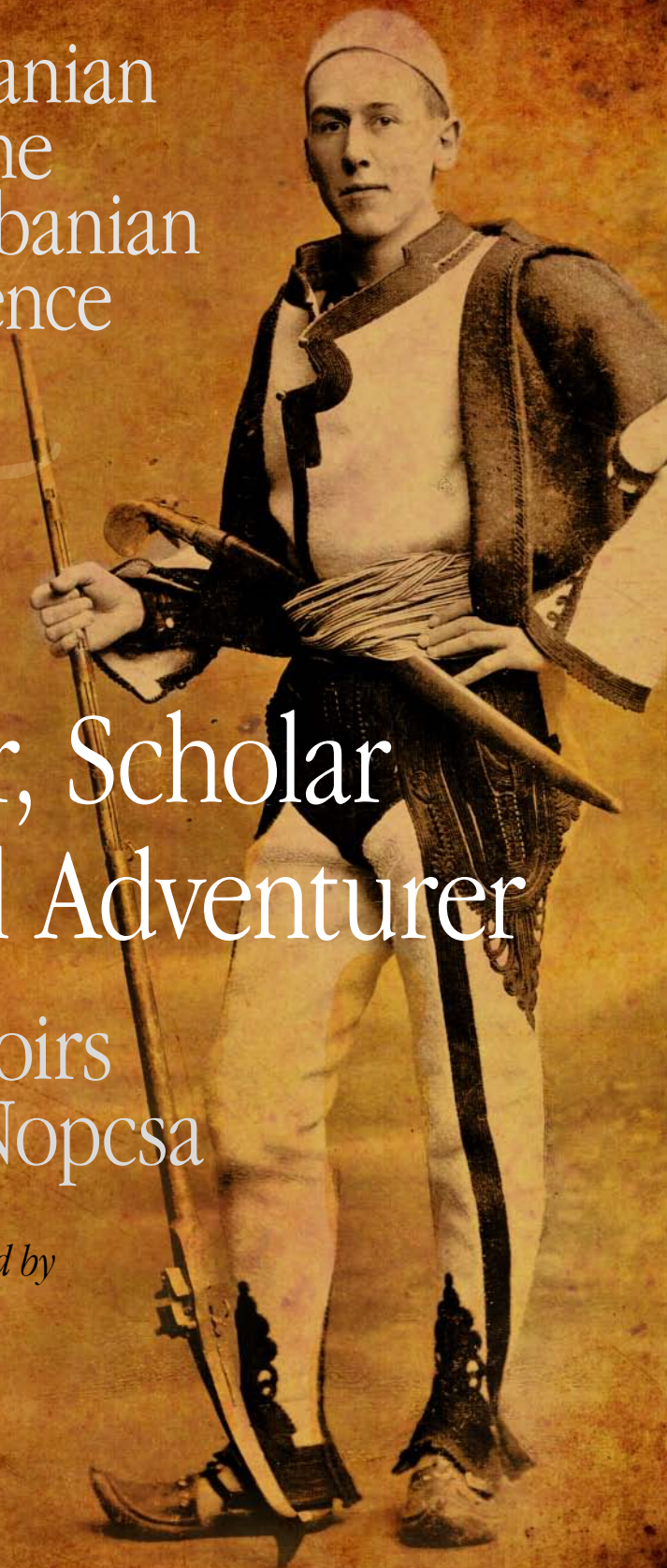


A Transylvanian
Baron at the
Birth of Albanian
Independence

Traveler, Scholar
Political Adventurer

The memoirs
of Franz Nopcsa

Edited and translated by
Robert Elsie



VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

Traveler, Scholar,
Political Adventurer

Traveler, Scholar, Political Adventurer

A Transylvanian Baron at the Birth of Albanian Independence

The memoirs of Franz Nopcsa

Edited and translated from the German
by Robert Elsie



Central European University Press
Budapest – New York

© 2014 by Robert Elsie

Published in 2014 by
Central European University Press
An imprint of the
Central European University Limited Liability Company
Nádor utca 11, H-1051 Budapest, Hungary
Tel: +36-1-327-3138 or 327-3000
Fax: +36-1-327-3183
E-mail: ceupress@ceu.hu
Website: www.ceupress.com
224 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019, USA
Tel: +1-212-547-6932
Fax: +1-646-557-2416
E-mail: martin.greenwald@opensocietyfoundations.org

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means,
without the permission of the Publisher.

ISBN 978-615-5225-80-2

Printed in Hungary by Prime Rate Kft.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Nopcsa, Ferencz, báró, 1877-1933.

[Reisen in den Balkan. Selections]

Traveler, Scholar, Political Adventurer : A Transylvanian Baron at the birth of Albanian Independence. The
Memoirs of Franz Nopcsa / edited and translated by Robert Elsie.

pages cm

„A (partial) English translation of the German language manuscript *Reisen in den Balkan* : die
Lebenserinnerungen des Franz Baron Nopcsa (Travels in the Balkans : the memoirs of Baron Franz Nopcsa)
which was edited by Robert Elsie and published in book form in Peja (Kosovo) in 2001; the present English
language translation of the memoirs ... was carried out in the years 2011-2012; it comprises the core sections of
the German original, though it excludes the material on his early years, his military career in the First World
War, and the ... episode of his life when he gave up his social position and lived as a Romanian shepherd in the
Carpathian mountains”—Introduction.

Includes bibliographical references and index.

ISBN 978 6155225802 (alkaline paper) ISBN 978 0 8108 8034 4 (ebook)

1. Balkan Peninsula—Description and travel. 2. Albania—Description and travel. 3. Nopcsa, Ferencz, báró,
1877-1933—Travel—Balkan Peninsula. 4. Nopcsa, Ferencz, báró, 1877-1933—Travel Albania. 5. Balkan
Peninsula—History—20th century. 6. Albania—History—1878-1912. 7. Balkan Peninsula History War of
1912-1913. 8. World War, 1914-1918—Balkan Peninsula. I. Elsie, Robert, 1950- II. Title.

DR15.N67213 2013

914.9604'38 dc23

2013026163

Table of Contents

Introduction

I

PART I

Initial Travels (1903–1904)

I

PART II

Research in Albania (1905–1910)

II

PART III

Between the Annexation and the Balkan War (1910–1912)

79

PART IV

From the Balkan War to the World War (1912–1914)

147

Bibliography

205

Index of Names

216

Glossary of Place Names

226

Introduction

The Austro-Hungarian aristocrat, Baron Franz Nopcsa (1877–1933), was one of the most adventuresome travelers and scholars of southeastern Europe in the early decades of the twentieth century. Together with the inveterate English traveler and author Edith Durham (1863–1944), whom he speaks of as an old friend, he brought Albania and the Albanians to the attention of the Western world. It would be no exaggeration to state that he knew the country and its people better than any foreigner of his day. Baron Nopcsa not only has a well-deserved place in Albanian studies, he was also a palaeontologist of renown and a noted geologist of the Balkan Peninsula.

Franz Nopcsa (pronounced *Frants Nopcha*) traveled to the Balkans and in particular to Albania at a fascinating time. The peoples of southeastern Europe had long struggled to attain their autonomy and national independence from the decaying Ottoman Empire, the so-called sick man of the Bosphorus. Last among them were the Albanians. The Albanian national movement arose sluggishly in the second half of the nineteenth century, initially as a struggle for more autonomy within the Empire. By the early years of the twentieth century, the movement, in essence a series of armed uprisings against taxation and conscription, found itself caught up in wider events. The Young Turk Revolution of 1908 brought the Empire to its knees and the Balkan Wars of 1912–1913 then engendered the definitive demise of Turkey-in-Europe. Nopcsa traveled extensively in the southern Balkans in the final years of Ottoman rule and was present during many of the cataclysms it underwent. Leaving a comfortable existence in imperial Vienna, he took up residence in the northern Albanian town of Shkodra (Scutari) where he lived from 1905–1914, and which he used as a base for his arduous journeys into the remotest and wildest region of Europe—the northern Albanian mountains.

Franz (Ferenc) Nopcsa of Felső-szilvás was born in Deva, now in Romania, on 3 May 1877, as the son of a family of Hungarian aristocrats that

owned a family estate at Szacsal (Săcel) near Hâtszeg (Hațeg) in Transylvania. He was able to finish his early education at the Theresianum secondary school in Vienna with the support of his uncle and godfather, Franz von Nopcsa (1815–1904), who was headmaster at the court of the Empress Elisabeth of Austria (1837–1898). Nopcsa quickly developed into a talented scholar. On 21 July 1899, at the age of twenty two, he held his first lecture at the Academy of Sciences in Vienna on *Dinossaurierreste in Siebenbürgen* (Dinosaur remnants in Transylvania) and attracted much attention with it.

Nopcsa is considered one of the founders of palaeophysiology, in particular because of his internationally renowned studies on reptile fossils. He was one of the first to make hypotheses about the physiology and behaviour of dinosaurs. Well known, for instance, was his idea of the running *proavis*, that is, that birds evolved from ground-dwelling dinosaurs when they developed wings to run faster. He suggested that at least some reptiles of the Mesozoic era were warm-blooded, a view that is now generally accepted. He also focused on the significance of a number of endocrine processes, which he considered to have had a major influence on the evolution and on the extinction of dinosaurs. Not all of his theories were accepted at the time, but they did succeed in advancing and stimulating discourse in many branches of palaeontology.

Also of significance were Nopcsa's achievements in the field of geology, an example of which was his research into the tectonic structures of the western Balkan mountain ranges, where he defended some rather controversial theories.

During the Annexation Crisis of 1908–1909 when Austria-Hungary announced that it was annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina, Nopcsa and the Austro-Hungarian consul general in Shkodra, August Ritter von Kral (1869–1953) were leading figures in the preparation of a military plot against Serbia and Montenegro, known as the Albania Action. Fluctuations in Austro-Hungarian policies towards Albania caused Nopcsa to criticize the foreign ministry publicly in 1911–1912 and he soon became a thorn in the flesh of ministerial and government circles in Vienna. Despite this, his renown as a specialist on Albania was undiminished and he was even seen at one point as a potential candidate for the Albanian throne in 1913. During the First World War, after his failure as a gunrunner to arm the northern Albanian tribes in July–October 1914 and to get them to fight against Montenegro and Serbia, Nopcsa served with Austro-Hungarian forces in Kosovo and Albania, and in

early 1916 he led a division of Albanian volunteers, though he later withdrew from it out of frustration with his government's occupation policies. At the end of the war in 1918, Nopcsa's Transylvanian homeland was ceded from the vanquished Austria-Hungarian Empire to an expanding Romania. As an ethnic Hungarian, Nopcsa lost his estate and possessions there, and the sources of revenue that had made him financially independent.

Taking up residence thereafter in Vienna and Budapest, Nopcsa devoted himself increasingly to scholarship. From April 1925 to November 1928, he served as director of the Royal Hungarian Institute of Geology (*Magyar Királyi Földtani Intézet*) in Budapest which he successfully reorganized, but where he does not seem to have been particularly happy. For financial reasons, he sold his fossil collection to the Natural History Museum in London. After retirement, he returned to Vienna where he lived until his death by suicide in April 1933.

Baron Nopcsa's publications in the field of Albanian studies from 1907 to 1932 were concentrated primarily in the fields of prehistory, early Balkan history, ethnology, geography, modern history and Albanian customary law, that is, the *Kanun*. His early works (all in German) such as *Das katholische Nordalbanien* (Catholic northern Albania), Budapest 1907; *Aus Šala und Klementi* (From Shala and Kelmendi), Sarajevo 1910; *Haus und Hausrat im katholischen Nordalbanien* (House and household equipment in Catholic northern Albania), Sarajevo 1912; and *Beiträge zur Vorgeschichte und Ethnologie Nordalbaniens* (Contributions to the prehistory and ethnology of Northern Albania), Sarajevo 1912, contain a myriad of fascinating observations, although from a modern perspective the material may not always seem well organized. In his later years, when he had settled down and was no longer traveling in the Balkans, he produced ambitious works of more sound scholarly quality. Among the best known of these are *Bauten, Trachten und Geräte Nordalbaniens* (Buildings, costumes and tools of Northern Albania), Berlin 1925, and, in particular, the six-hundred-twenty-two page *Geologie und Geographie Nordalbaniens* (Geology and geography of Northern Albania), Öhrlingen 1932, which may be considered the *magnum opus* of the Albanological studies that he published during his lifetime.

The list of Nopcsa's publications includes at least 191 works, primarily in the fields of palaeontology, geology, and Albanian studies. At least 54 of these works are related specifically to Albania.

Suffering from depression in later years, Baron Nopcsa committed suicide at his home at Singerstrasse 12 in the heart of Vienna on 25 April 1933 and, shortly before doing so, he killed his Albanian secretary and long-term companion Bajazid Elmaz Doda (ca. 1888–1933). The following day, the newspaper *Neue Freie Presse* in Vienna published the following report:

Bloody drama in the Singerstrasse: scholar commits murder and suicide.

As we have already reported, the fifty-five-year-old lecturer Baron Franz Nopcsa shot his long-time secretary, the forty-five-year-old Albanian Bajazid Elmaz Doda, yesterday morning in his fourth-storey apartment in house No. 1 of Singerstrasse 12 and then committed suicide at the desk of his study by shooting himself through the mouth. The autopsy showed that the secretary received two gunshot wounds at almost the same spot on his left temple and that these bullets went right through his skull and came to rest in the upholstery on the back of the armchair. Nopcsa seems to have prepared the deed carefully. A number of sealed messages of farewell were found, as were a sealed will addressed to a Viennese lawyer and a few other documents. That financial motives may also have been involved can be deduced not only from testimony from his maid, who had not received her salary for four months, but also from the fact that Franz Nopcsa, who was devoted to his books and collections, had been planning to sell off his extensive library containing many a unique volume. [...] In a letter left for the police, he stated: "The motive for my suicide is a nervous breakdown. The reason that I shot my long-time friend and secretary, Mr. Bajazid Elmaz Doda, in his sleep without his suspecting is that I did not wish to leave him behind sick, in misery and without a penny, because he would have suffered too much. I wish to be cremated."

Nopcsa's premature death left some of his important scholarly works unpublished. The palaeontological manuscripts from his estate were donated to the British Museum in London. The Albanological part of his estate went to his colleague, the Viennese linguist and specialist in Albanian studies, Professor Norbert Jokl (1877–1942). In a letter written the day before he shot himself, Nopcsa gave Jokl a list of the manuscripts he was leaving behind and asked him to contact Count Paul Teleki in Budapest to arrange for their publication. For financial reasons the works were never published. Jokl himself was murdered at the hands

of the Nazis in early May 1942, and the Albanological manuscripts have been preserved since that time at the Manuscript Division of the Austrian National Library in the Hofburg in Vienna.

The present volume of Baron Nopcsa's memoirs is a (partial) English translation of the German-language manuscript *Reisen in den Balkan: die Lebenserinnerungen des Franz Baron Nopcsa* (Travels in the Balkans: The memoirs of Baron Franz Nopcsa) which was edited by Robert Elsie and published in book form in Peja (Kosovo) in 2001.

The original manuscript, Seria nova 9368 at the Austrian National Library, consists of 456 typed and partially handwritten pages, which the author went through several times with corrections. Indeed there are corrections in ink of five different colors. It can be assumed that Nopcsa began writing his memoirs before the end of the First World War, compiling them from the notes made in the diaries he kept with him during his Balkan travels. The memoirs cover a twenty-year period from 1897 to 1917, when the author turned forty. In a letter dated 8 October 1928, Nopcsa informed Jokl that he lost his 1918 diary, which probably explains the sudden end to the memoirs in 1917.

The memoirs seem to have been completed around 1929 and Nopcsa was planning on publishing them at the time. The Stadium Press in Budapest offered to publish a Hungarian translation of the memoirs, and palaeontologist Kálmán Lambrecht (1889–1936), later appointed librarian at the Geological Institute in Budapest, was appointed to carry out the translation and subsequently to get the publisher's approval for Nopcsa's innumerable last-minute changes, an even more tiresome matter. After much ado, the publisher withdrew its offer and, as such, negotiations for an edition of the German-language original broke down, too. The memoirs thus remained unpublished for the next seven decades.

Much has been written on the life and work of Baron Nopcsa such that there is no need at this juncture for a detailed biography of his life before and after the cataclysmic events in the Balkans. Nopcsa was lauded and held in high esteem as a scholar. As a human being, however, he is much more difficult to grasp. This is particularly evident in his memoirs. Nopcsa writes little of his closest human relations and most intimate emotions. His memoirs reveal only indirect and probably unwanted references to his homosexuality, for instance his early love for the young officer Louis Drašković (1879–1909) and his long-term intimate relationship with his

Albanian secretary Bajazid Elmaz Doda (ca. 1888–1933) who died with him. Apart from such ambivalent references, the author withholds all his emotions and intimate concerns from his writings.

Nopcsa's German-language biographer Gert Robel draws the following conclusion about Nopcsa the man:

If we look back upon Nopcsa's life, we can observe the many and extremely diverse aspects in his being, including many a contradiction. His ingenious intuition was in stark contrast to his inability to understand and appreciate the motives of others; his insensitivity and egoism were in contrast to his devotion to the Albanians, his critical intelligence to his emotional bias.¹

Indeed Nopcsa may not always appear congenial or likeable to the reader. He was constantly driven by a craving for recognition and prestige, was often irritable and arrogant, and on occasion openly anti-Semitic. Some of these traits may be understandable in view of his background and milieu, but many of his motives and reactions remain difficult to fathom. As Robel notes:

His death, which was mourned by his friends and regretted by his colleagues, was not a loss for palaeontology and geology alone. His two great manuscripts on Albania, which contained important ethnological material, disappeared after his death and have remained unpublished up to the present day. This is all the more regrettable because no one else who lived in Albania for an extensive period at that time so vividly recorded and noted what he experienced there. Nopcsa, with his almost ingenious curiosity, collected and jotted down everything he came across in that country. The loss of his diaries is a major tragedy. He had the privilege of experiencing the 'old' Albania before the country was touched by 'civilization' and before the old order with its customs and traditions had disappeared. The intellectual curiosity, the gift of observation and eminent diligence that he possessed, made him destined like no one else to record and pass on his visions of this 'old' Albania. The difficulties he suffered, inherent to that era, enabled him to accomplish this task, albeit in a fragmentary manner. Even the manuscripts he was unable to complete suffice to give him a place among the greatest scholars of Albanian studies.

¹ Gert Robel, *Franz Baron Nopcsa und Albanien. Ein Beitrag zu Nopcsas Biographie*. Albanische Forschungen 5 (Wiesbaden: Harrassowitz, 1966), 191.

The present English-language translation of the memoirs of Baron Franz Nopcsa was carried out in the years 2011–2012. It comprises the core sections of the German original, though it excludes the material on his early years, his military career in the First World War, and the rather curious episode of his life when he gave up his social position and lived as a Romanian shepherd in the Carpathian mountains. A bibliography is appended to enable the interested reader to pursue further research on this fascinating figure of Albanian and Balkan scholarship.

Robert Elsie

Part I

Initial Travels

(1903–1904)

I was in Constantinople in November 1903. Our consul Para,² whom I had got to know earlier, arrived while I was staying with Louis Drašković and, as I intended to go to Skopje, he invited me to accompany him on his return journey. I willingly accepted Para's invitation as it also offered me an opportunity to visit Athens for the second time. We traveled to Salonika first where Consul General Hickl was serving as our diplomatic representative and where Para introduced me to the German Club. No incident worth mentioning occurred in the course of the journey. In and around Skopje, I carried out some geological and geographical research and then set off for Prizren on horseback, taking the Jezerca Pass this time. It was near Gjakova that I first got a glimpse of the northern Albanian Alps sparkling in the sunlight. At that moment, not really understanding all the consequences the journey would have for me, I decided to set off and explore that region.

In Skopje I was able to gain some insight into the way politics work in the Balkans. One episode is sufficient to illustrate this. A group of Serbs came up with the idea of printing an anti-Serb and very anti-Turkish brochure in Vienna and had it distributed in Skopje so that it would be confiscated by the Turkish authorities. As I learned from an official Austro-Hungarian report dealing with the incident, the Yildiz Palace³ was very upset, in particular when it saw the place of publication. Baron Calice⁴ had always made a point at the Yildiz Palace of stressing Austria-Hungary's pro-Turkish sentiments, but the Turks were now convinced that the Dual Monarchy was playing a dual game. Of course, the Serbs were the ones to have the last laugh.

² Bohumil Para, Austro-Hungarian consul in Skopje.

³ Yildiz Palace or Yildiz Sarayı was used as the sultan's residence in Constantinople in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

⁴ Baron Heinrich von Calice (1831–1912), Austro-Hungarian ambassador in Constantinople from July 1880 to September 1906.

Reforms were constantly being introduced while I was in Skopje. Nothing characterizes the situation better than the fact that, despite all the reforms, an Albanian placidly informed the *vali*,⁵ Shakir Pasha, that he would gladly murder ten men for him. All he asked for in exchange was a ten-shot Mauser pistol.

From Skopje I thus continued on to Prizren. There I was given three *zaptiehs*⁶ for my journey to Shkodra. I spent the first night at the inn of Brut, but not long after my departure, at the crack of dawn the next morning, I was shot at out of some bushes on the right hand side of a bend in the road at close range. The bullet went right through my hat and grazed my head, but did not injure me. I leapt off my horse, sought cover to aim and fire back, but was unable to catch sight of the criminal. At that moment, I had the very unchristian feeling of being a hunter laying in wait for his game. My Mannlicher carbine, equipped with a scope, which I had kept loaded in my saddle, had been of no use to me at all. The rest of the journey, from the Vizier's Bridge⁷ down to Shkodra, passed without event. On arrival, I visited our consul, Baron Gyula Bornemisza.⁸

I paid an official visit to the *vali* and, since I had my rifle with me, the consul arranged for me to go bird hunting on Lake Shkodra. We rowed out into the floodwaters of the lake and, with a hunter's luck, I managed to shoot a pelican, a great white heron and two cormorants, all within a distance of 100 to 200 paces. With this feat I gained quite a reputation in Albania as a good shot, and this later proved to be of great advantage to me among the mountain population of the country.

We had shot our fill within a few hours and when we got back to the customs office at Shkodra Landing, a band of musicians had come out to play. We inquired as to what they were doing and were informed that they were awaiting the arrival of His Excellency, the Ottoman Ambassador from Cetinje, who was coming to Shkodra to spend the Bajram holiday. We decided to stay for the reception and it proved more than worth our while. In their hectic preparations for the festivities, the organizers had overlooked the fact that half of the road that the protago-

⁵ Civil governor of an Ottoman province or vilayet.

⁶ Ottoman policemen.

⁷ Vizier's Bridge (Ura e Vezirit), a large vaulted Ottoman bridge over the Drin River near present-day Kukës. It was blown up and destroyed by retreating Serb forces ca. 1916.

⁸ Baron Gyula Bornemisza de Káson (1873–1925), Austro-Hungarian and later Hungarian diplomat.

nist of the event, Ahmed Fevzi Pasha,⁹ would be crossing over was under water because of the floods. They only became aware of the problem at the last minute and there was nothing to be done but to drag in a tree trunk. The poor Ambassador had to balance his way to the reception on the log, and this, in front of the military band playing the sultan's anthem and my camera. Fortunately, he got across without falling into the water. The scene was hilarious, and very Turkish. Characteristic for Turkey at the time were little '*buts*' that never failed to add a touch of comedy to solemn occasions or interrupt them completely. The soldiers were in uniform, *but* some of their buttons were missing. The cavalrymen had spurs, *but* often only on one foot. There was a telegraph line from Shkodra to Puka, *but* the isolators were missing and the wires thus rested directly on the metal hooks, or the wires were intact, *but* the telegraph poles were fractured and were replaced by wooden supports. Near Gevgeli there was a modern and wide iron bridge from Belgium that spanned the Vardar River, *but* there was no road leading to it. There were naval vessels, *but* they had no artillery or machinery, and so on and so forth. It was this little word *but* that brought all progress to a standstill, despite good will on the part of many individuals. It made all planning impossible and, in the end, brought about the downfall of the Empire. There were good laws, *but* they were taken advantage of simply to oppress the population. There were soldiers, *but* no weapons. In the Young Turk period, there were locomotives on the Hejaz Railway, *but* no one had thought of workshops to repair them.

When we returned from our hunting excursion and the spectacle of the official reception, Bornemisza and I discovered that the *vali* had found out that someone had attempted to shoot me. During the hunt, he had sent a letter to the consulate expressing his profound regret about the incident. We decided to pay an official visit to the *vali* and went off to see the poor fellow. He was extremely anxious about our visit because he feared that the tone of his letter might not have sufficed. Contrary to his expectations, I thanked him for his kindness and asked him to put the incident aside. He did so to an extent, but in true Turkish manner, had the innkeeper of Brut imprisoned for several weeks, although the latter had nothing to do with the attack. The guilty party, whose identity I never discovered, walked about freely all the time.

⁹ Marshal Ahmed Fevzi Pasha (1839–1915), Ottoman military and political figure.

Years later, I felt obliged to send the poor innkeeper a small sum of money for his troubles.

At the end of 1903, I left Albania and proceeded via Cetinje back to Vienna. I talked a good deal about my travels, but my attempts to hide my Albanian adventure from my parents failed because on 31 December, the newspaper *Neue Freie Presse* of Frankfurt am Main published an article entitled “Attack on a Hungarian traveler.” Quoting an article in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* sent from Shkodra, it reported: “Baron Franz Nopcsa, traveling from Prizren and escorted by government officials, was shot at by a *zaptieh* from Luma. A bullet passed through his hat, but he was unhurt. The *zaptieh* was one of the policemen who had lost his job to a Christian as a result of the reforms. Baron Franz Nopcsa is a reserve cadet in the 2nd Hussar Regiment.”

To keep myself in the good graces of the Turkish authorities, I drafted a rather Jesuit denial, true in its actual wording, but false in the message it conveyed. The *Neue Freie Presse* published it under the heading “An Alleged Attack,” stating: “We reprinted a report from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in Shkodra this morning that Baron Dr. Franz Nopcsa had been shot at by a dismissed *zaptieh* while he was on his way from Prizren to Shkodra. In response, Baron Nopcsa has asked us to print the following: ‘The incident referred to in your morning edition, taken from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and concerning my trip from Prizren to Shkodra, was not as important as the telegram of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* would have it. I did not even bother to inform the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian consulate about it. News in Albania tends to get exaggerated by the time it reaches the ears of a reporter. Respectfully, Baron Franz Nopcsa, jun.’”

In October 1904, I returned to Constantinople to see Louis Drašković again. There, I met a Russian I knew called Mandelstamm, a clever Jew and gifted expert in international law, who was amazed to see me reading Stirner’s “The Ego and its Own.” I was also introduced to the rather demure Pierre Loti,¹⁰ and paid several visits to Baroness Anna Kuhn, née Countess Ráday, to the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador Baron Calice, to his son, and to Consul General Zepharovich, a former pupil of the Theresianum who was proud of his uncle, the mineralogist.

¹⁰ Pierre Loti (1850–1923), French novelist and naval officer.

In Constantinople, just before leaving for Skopje, I fell ill and traveled in this ailing condition to Skopje by train. I stayed there at the consulate with Bohumil Para and undertook some outings to Prizren where I wanted to practise my Albanian and carry out some geological research around the town. I also traveled to Tetovo and Mitrovica. On the journey to Kosovo, I was accompanied by Dr Paul Traeger of Berlin, an ethnographer and traveler in Albania who was in Skopje at the time.

Nothing particular occurred until we reached Ferizaj in the afternoon. There we were given terrible horses. Traeger's was not good at all and mine was even worse. We set off for Prizren, but after two kilometres I returned to Ferizaj and got to Prizren the next day on a better horse. Traeger was not to be convinced to accompany me. The consequence was that I spent a comfortable night in Ferizaj whereas Traeger was caught in the dark of night, fell into the icy creek at Crnoljevo [Caraleva] and was then forced to sleep at a miserable inn there. We both got to Prizren at about the same time the next evening, proof that, despite all the excitement of a real adventure, it is often better to be prudent and take one's time. In Prizren I stayed at a "hotel" so that I would be forced to speak Albanian, but it soon turned out that the hotelkeeper was not an Albanian, as I had thought, but a Kutzovlach.¹¹ I therefore spoke with him in Romanian and not in Albanian. As I later discovered, the hotel business throughout northeastern Albania around 1900 was run primarily by Kutzovlachs. The innkeepers of Crnoljevo and Shtime were also Kutzovlachs for the most part.

The political situation was enough to keep one amused. The Luma tribe had recently driven all the Turkish authorities, with the exception of the *kadi*, out of their region and, when negotiations between the newly independent Luma and the Turkish government failed, six hundred men of Luma marched on Prizren. Their numbers rose to one thousand as they advanced. The Second Battalion of Turkish troops stationed in Prizren was initially ordered to shoot at the rebels, but they were given a counter-order at the last moment and the men of Luma were allowed to occupy the town. In order to avoid plundering, the municipal authorities were obliged to pay the men four piastres per head a day, and later eight piastres when the 'liberators of Prizren' decided that this was insufficient compensation. The *vali* began to negotiate with the men of Luma while they were

¹¹ Aromanian-speaking population of the southern Balkans, also known as Vlachs.

occupying Prizren, but at the same time, he assembled his forces around the town. In the end, the men of Luma were forced to withdraw and return home peacefully, still not allowing the authorities to enter their easily defended mountainous region. The Turkish government, for its part, had no particular interest in pushing the matter.

My excursions were most informative, but I first had to come to terms with the local authorities in Prizren to get rid of the many and superfluous *zaptiehs* accompanying my every move. After my first excursion to Zym with only one *kavass*¹² trailing after me, the commander of the gendarmerie in Prizren insisted on my taking five *zaptiehs* on horseback with me on my next outing over the plain of Prizren. Despite my protests, the five *zaptiehs* were right in front of me the next morning the moment I left the inn to accompany me on my excursion. When I saw them, I went back to the *mutasarrif*¹³ to complain, although without any success. The five *zaptiehs* were a must. I had to come up with a trick. I let them know that I intended to travel not only on the plain of Prizren, but also wanted to go to Luma. The next day, I paid another visit to the *mutasarrif* to ask for a larger escort, telling him that I planned to visit the region of Gora and Opolje¹⁴ that borders on Luma. The *mutasarrif* informed the commander of the gendarmerie who then gave me five more *zaptiehs*. I thanked him and remarked, seemingly just “by the way” that the men were sufficient for Gora and Opolje, but that I would need more men in the coming days as I wanted to go to Luma, it being quite logical that the size of the escort should correspond to the potential danger. Both the *mutasarrif* and the commander of the gendarmerie understood what I was getting at, namely that my plans for Luma were simply a protest on my part against the ridiculous number of gendarmes that were escorting me on my outings across the plain of Prizren. I said nothing further, nor did they. I then visited Opolje and, a few days later, requested a new escort for a trip across the plain of Prizren. The demonstration worked. Instead of five *zaptiehs*, there were only three. This excursion went well, too, and so I thus abandoned my plan to venture into Luma, where I would probably have been given fifty to sixty *zaptiehs*.

¹² Uniformed guard.

¹³ Governor of an Ottoman district or sandjak.

¹⁴ Region in the sothern part of Kosovo. Albanian: Opoja

Little jokes like this were known in Turkey as *sheytanliks*¹⁵. The people behind them, as Vice-Consul Lejhanec noted, are veritable *sheytans*¹⁶ whose only objective on earth is to drive honest and pious Muslim officials crazy.

I returned from Prizren to Skopje and went on an outing from there to Kalkandelen¹⁷ that lasted for several days, and was particularly interesting because I stayed at the large, colorfully-decorated monastery of the Bektashi dervishes. I had observed that there were close relations between our consular representative and Adhem Baba, the sheikh of the Bektashi in Prizren, and now noticed in Tetovo how good relations were between Para, our consul in Skopje, and the Bektashi there. Obviously there was something special going on between them, but I could not figure out what it was at the time. Later, however, in February 1906, when I learned that the Bektashi in Tirana had been given a secret Albanian school, I understood that the Austro-Hungarian government was using these people to promote Albanian nationalism among the Muslim Albanians. Some of the Bektashi wore a piece of a polished marble in their belt, which I suspect they use for hypnotic séances as prescribed by their religion that preaches mystical righteousness and patience. Earrings made of curiously fashioned silver wire also seem to be of some importance to this order.

What was noteworthy about my trip to Mitrovica is that, just before I got there, Isa Boletini,¹⁸ who was later to gain repute for his hostility to the Russians, had the luggage of the Russian consul, who had just arrived, taken by his men to the train station and sent to Skopje, saying that he would not suffer the presence of any Russian consul in Mitrovica. A fair amount of time passed before the next Russian consul dared to show his face in Mitrovica.

At the end of December I traveled from Skopje to Belgrade, where I was given a frosty reception by the university, met the botanist Dr. L. Adamović,¹⁹ visited the collections and spent several days with Professor Cvijić.²⁰ I was later involved in an academic quarrel with Professor

¹⁵ Devilish business.

¹⁶ Devils.

¹⁷ Turkish name for the city in the northwestern part of today's Macedonia. Albanian: Tetova, Macedonian: Tetovo.

¹⁸ Isa Boletini (1864–1916), Kosovo Albanian patriot and guerrilla fighter.

¹⁹ Lujo Adamović (1864–1935), Serbian botanist.

²⁰ Jovan Cvijić (1865–1927), Serbian geographer, president of the Serbian Royal Academy of Sciences and rector of the University of Belgrade.

Cvijić when I expressed doubts about his theories on the tectonic layers of the Dinaric and Albanian mountain ranges. He got very personal about it because he regarded my rejection of his hypothesis as a personal insult. This led to me attacking Cvijić all the more, until I won the dispute in 1915.

The illness that I had caught in Constantinople had still not subsided in Belgrade, so I spent Christmas in Szacsal²¹ where I stayed until the end of January. From Szacsal I spent several days in Vienna where I worked on the geological observations I had made in Albania and wrote my first work on the geology of Albania. It was published in the *Jahrbuch der Geologischen Reichsanstalt* (Yearbook of the Imperial Geological Institute) in Vienna, but was received with notable reserve in academic circles. It was only years thereafter that they came to the conclusion that the article, based on incomplete material, was not as bad as they had originally thought. I had ventured a hypothesis, which, quite by accident, turned out to be right.

At the end of January, having finished my work on Albania, I accompanied my mother and my sister Ilona to Egypt. We sailed on the steamer *Cleopatra*, which belonged to the Austrian Lloyd company, and had a rather stormy crossing. We stayed initially at Shepherd's Hotel in Giza from where we toured the citadel, visited the Spring of Moses and climbed the pyramids. In Cairo we made the acquaintance of Count Koziembrozky,²² an arrogant and quite insipid Austro-Hungarian diplomat. It was only with the intervention of Egon Szentivány that the two of us did not end up in a duel.

As I was in good physical condition, I decided in the summer of 1905 to revive a project of mine that had been torpedoed by illness in 1903 and 1904, the study of the geological structure of Albania. I had never forgotten the view of the northern Albanian Alps from Jezerca Pass, between the Vizier's Bridge and Shkodra. I also recalled with fondness the snowy peak of the Gjalica e Lumës. In 1905, I was finally able to carry out the plans I had made in 1902.

²¹ The Nopcsa family estate of Szacsal, Romanian Săcel, is situated near Hăteeg (Hátszeg) in the district of Hunadoara in Transylvania (now in Romania).

²² Count Thaddäus Bolesta-Koziembrodzki (1860–1916), diplomatic agent of Austria-Hungary in Cairo from 1904 to 1909.

Part II

Research in Albania

(1905–1910)

I began my travel for my Albanian research projects in 1905. At the end of August, I journeyed to Cetinje where I met our envoy, Kuhn von Kuhnenfeld²³ and his wife, Countess Anna Ráday, once again. On this occasion, my name was registered with Prince Nikita and, in the afternoon, I went with the Kuhns to play tennis at the home of Princess Jutta von Mecklenburg.²⁴ The sly peasant Prince Nicholas of Montenegro and his wife came around that day and I was introduced to them. Jutta was very nice though. I played with her against the French envoy, Marquis Sarcey, and Anna Kuhn. I seem to remember that we lost.

That evening, Jutta and the Montenegrin Crown Prince Danilo were invited to dinner by the Kuhns, because it was Countess Anna's name day. Danilo and I talked at length about hunting. He told me how much fun it was to shoot dolphins. I spoke about chamois, etc. We had a great time, and then the conversation turned to London. Danilo: "Londres, c'est superbe. C'est un état." I replied: "Eh bien, Altesse, c'est bien plus grand que quelques états européens."²⁵ It was at that point that I remembered that I had before me the crown prince of the midget state of Montenegro so, without interrupting the flow of my sentence, I swiftly added: "Par exemple, la Norvège, qui n'a que quatre millions d'habitants."²⁶ I had saved the day. Danilo complained that evening to Countess Kuhn that he had still not been given an Austrian Grand Cross which any greenhorn German prince ("chaque blancbec de prince allemand") already had, and

²³ Otto Freiherr Kuhn von Kuhnenfeld, Austro-Hungarian minister to Montenegro from 1903 to December 1909.

²⁴ Duchess Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (1880–1946), consort of Crown Prince Danilo of Montenegro. She married the prince in July 1899 and subsequently took the name Militza.

²⁵ "London is wonderful. It is a nation." "Well, Your Highness, it is at least larger than a number of European countries."

²⁶ "Norway, for example, that only has four million inhabitants."

sighed: “Moi, l’admirateur loyale de Votre Souverain, me voici quatorze ans sans advancement.”²⁷ A social climber in the upper echelon of society, if there ever was one!

In Cetinje, I made the acquaintance of the Turkish envoy, Ahmed Fevzi Pasha. With him and the Kuhns I went on an outing to Mount Lovćen and, on my departure from Cetinje for Shkodra, Ahmed Fevzi, who had become my bosom friend, gave me a letter of recommendation for the *Vali* of Shkodra. At the same time, as I was later to learn, he had sent a coded cable to the *vali* telling the latter not to allow me to explore the countryside. When I went to see the *vali* in Shkodra a few days later and presented my letter of recommendation, he adhered to the cable, gave me a cold reception and informed me that I was not to travel around in Albania. When I informed Consul Kral²⁸ about the unexpected prohibition from the *vali*, he invited me over and said: “There is only one possible response to this. You must set off immediately despite the prohibition and spend the night somewhere outside of Shkodra.” And so it was. I set off on my excursion to Shoshi, but, alas, fell sick and it was only with great difficulty that I managed to get back to Shkodra via Prekal after two days of travel. I was in excruciating pain and spent a week sick there with Imre Csáky²⁹ at the Vice-Consulate. Consul A. Kral is very good. He took advantage of me and I took advantage of him, so everything was fine. I met Monsignor Primo Doçi,³⁰ the mitred Abbas Nullius of Mirdita. He is a genuine “fisher of men” but only for his own personal interests.

As such, my first trip to Albania, although planned since 1901, was a failure as illness once again prevented me from completing the long journey. However, I did not give up. I went back to Szacsal and stayed there from August to October to recover in the Carpathians, and then returned to Shkodra via Cetinje in November. On this occasion I managed to stay in Albania until December.

At the start of this new journey, Ahmed Fevzi once again gave me a letter of recommendation and some urgent correspondence I was to hand over to his lawyer in Shkodra. This time, I did not go to the *vali*

²⁷ “Whereas I, who am a loyal admirer of Your Majesty, have not been promoted for fourteen years.”

²⁸ August Ritter von Kral (1869–1918), Austro-Hungarian diplomat who was consul general in Shkodra from 1905 to 1910.

²⁹ Count Imre Csáky de Körösszeg et Adorján (1882–1961), Hungarian diplomat, later minister of foreign affairs (1920).

³⁰ Preng Doçi (1846–1917), political and religious figure from Mirdita.

with Fevzi's letter and had the correspondence delivered to his lawyer only when I was already up in the mountains, for I suspected that the imperial Ottoman ambassador had given me a "letter of Uriah" in order to save a ciphered telegram. This letter remained in my possession and later proved to be of great assistance.

There is much that could be said about my second major journey to Albania. When I was in Albania in the summer of 1905, I of course had no idea how one traveled there. For this reason, I had hired an elderly Albanian who spoke German, Shantoja, as an interpreter and found a horseman with two horses, one for Shantoja and one for me, but by the time I reached Gjan, I realize that traveling on horseback in Albania was no easy venture because it was hard to get proper shelter and fodder for the animals. I also understood that the quality of the roads made riding very difficult. I do not think I would ever have understood how one ought to travel in Albania had I not by chance read Steinmetz's book *Nordalbanische Wanderungen* [Northern Albanian travels].³¹ From it I learned that Steinmetz always toured the country on foot, and only in the company of native highlanders. I thus decided to follow his example in November 1905. I later modified his method of travel somewhat by relying on prestige and friendship. Prestige I garnered by distributing larger sums of money. This made traveling more expensive for me and for my successors, but it gave me a great advantage. Friendship came by dealing kindly and amicably with the highlanders. Because I did not know Albanian well, I took along a Catholic fellow from Shkodra, Deli Shala, as an interpreter and then set off for Reç. There I sent my horse back to Shkodra and asked the parish priest in Reç, with whom I was staying, to find me someone with a knowledge of the area to accompany me to Shkreli. I thus proceeded from parish priest to parish priest. I journeyed initially through the karstic region between the Cem Valley and that of the Proni i Thatë, then via Theth and Plan to Shkreli and finally back to Shkodra.

I was deeply impressed by an episode that occurred in the Cem Valley near the Tamara Bridge in Kelmendi country. I had asked for a glass of water at a house but, instead of water, the head of the household, whom I did not know at all, gave me a bowl of buttermilk, which I

³¹ Karl Steinmetz, Austrian engineer and travel writer, author of three books on Albania and an Albanian grammar.

drank to the very last drop. I had just finished drinking when the brother of the homeowner, also unknown to me, happened to come home. As it was evening by this time and he was tired from his long journey, he asked to have some buttermilk. All that he found of course was an empty bowl. When the owner of the house told him who had drunk all the buttermilk, he was not upset, as one might have expected, but rather happy and relieved that I had reached the house before he had, because his family had thus been spared the shame of letting guests depart without having offered them something to eat.

Unfortunately, the extension bellows of my Kodak got torn during my first tour of Albania on foot and the beautiful photographs I had made, sixty of them, were all destroyed. I was so frustrated at photographing that I left my camera behind on the second journey and, somewhat hesitantly, only started taking pictures again on the next trip. The second trip on which I traveled in the region between the Drin and the northern Albanian Alps, was similar to the first one, with the exception of the fact that, when I was walking from Shala to Nikaj, I was forced to leave my interpreter behind because he was afraid of going to Nikaj. I still knew very little Albanian. My companions and I first encountered some Nikaj and Shala men, known for their savage ways, on the 1,700 meters high pass Qafa e Nemanjës where we ended up in a hilarious snowball fight, I realized that one could get along with these people splendidly without the help of an interpreter.

The high point of the second trip were the colors and the reflection of flashing light as I was hiking from the Qafa e Nemanjës back down into Shala. Out of the dark blue hues of the Shala valley flashed endless gunshots, fired off to greet the wedding procession with which I was traveling. The Dolomite-like mountains of the Nemanja Range glowed carmine red and, on the other side of the Qafa e Boshit pass, I observed the glowing sun as it sank into the bright orange sea. It was a riot of hues and colors. From Shala I visited Dushman and Toplana and discovered more and more that I did not actually need Deli, who was becoming a bother. I took Deli with me on my third trip in 1905 along the southern bank of the Drin, but let him go during that journey at Christmas time while I was in Mirdita as he was by now quite superfluous and I discovered that he was something of a scoundrel, too.

I wanted to see Brut again where I had once almost been killed a few years earlier and so I made a trip from Orosh to the Vizier's Bridge. It

involved no danger at all because I was traveling with Albanians and not with *zaptiehs*. In 1906, I also investigated the region of Puka and Mirdita such that I had gained quite a comprehensive overview of the Catholic highlands of Albania all in all.

On this journey, Qerim Sokoli of Bugjon asked me to be his *probatim*³² and I accepted. In the presence of Qerim Sokoli's cousin, Deli Nou, as a witness, we tied the little fingers of our right hands together, drew a few drops of blood from them with a needle. We dripped the blood on two cubes of sugar that we gave to one another to eat and then embraced twice, calling out *për hair*. Such was the ceremony that took place in a grove of trees near Flet, during which I became a member of the family of Qerim Sokoli. In addition to Qerim Sokoli, I also became the blood-brother of the *bajraktar* of Dragobia in 1914 by means of the same ceremony.

Aside from the blood-brother, Albania also has the institution of the *kumbara*³³. I was made *kumbara* for Sokol Shytani in 1907 and for Nik Preloci of Gruda in 1909. This institution is quite sacred, too. One becomes a *kumbara* during the waxing phase of the moon by cutting the child's hair for the first time. As a *kumbara*, one has the right to call the child's mother *ndrikulla*. In exchange for the haircut, the *ndrikulla* is obliged to give one a pair of socks and, in return, one gives the child some money. In both cases, I gave the child a Napoleon and later tended to their needs.

In 1905 and 1906, in order to get an understanding of the security situation in Northern Albania, I collected statistics about the murders committed in this region. Monsignor Doçi, the Abbot of Mirdita, was very upset that I published these statistics.

In January 1906, I was detained by the local authorities in Puka as I was traveling without a passport. The situation looked grim initially, when, not far from a spring, my two Mirdita companions and I were suddenly surrounded by about thirty soldiers with their rifles aimed and cocked to fire. Their officer (*çaušh*) advanced to take away our arms. In a split second, my servant Gjok Prenga and then the other fellow and I myself, raised our rifles and pointed them at the officer. He could not move without risking his life. Nor could we. There was a pause, then

³² Blood-brother.

³³ Godfather.

the clever old Gjok noted with a grim smirk on his face that one of the thirty rifles could easily go off by accident. He said this to the *çaush* and added that we would certainly be dead, but that he would have three bullets in his breast. He therefore suggested that the soldiers lower their rifles and we would do the same. The officer accepted the proposal and a heated discussions followed which, of course, brought about a substantial improvement in the situation. The *çaush* told me that the *kaimakam*³⁴ wanted to see me and I was to accompany him. I countered that if the *kaimakam* wanted to see me, he should come himself, as I was the higher ranking of the two of us, and the distance was the same in both directions. The *çaush* was quite speechless at this. Further parley followed. The *kaimakam*, who was informed of what was going on, sent his secretary to see me, and I then decided to go myself and pay him a visit, telling the secretary: "With pleasure. I realize that the *kaimakam* is a gentleman because he first sent you to see me." I made great show of uncocking my rifle that had been pointed at the *çaush* and set off for Puka with the secretary. We were allowed to keep our weapons.

I was supposed to be disarmed in Puka, but I gave my rifle in advance to one of the soldiers standing in front of the government building when I entered it. It is custom to give up one's walking cane to one's servant when entering a government building and in this way, I avoided allowing the impression to arise that I had been disarmed. I regarded this as a diplomatic success.

I greeted the *kaimakam* briefly but courteously and asked him what he wanted. Initially, he made use of a Turkish euphemism for imprisonment or detention when he noted that I would be a "guest of the government" for a while for lack of identity papers. Then he tried to prevent me from telegraphing my consulate to inform them of the incident. The following day, he wanted to take me back to Shkodra, because such a feat, the arrest of a suspicious individual, would have ensured a life-long stipend for him under Abdul Hamid, whereas my telegram might have destroyed his chances. I was not entirely against this solution. There followed various intermezzi. The *kaimakam* held the view that my visiting card was insufficient as an identity document because it contained no official description of the bearer. I smiled, and agreed with him entirely. He then went a step further and asked what I could possi-

³⁴ Local governor.

bly have in my handbags. This was an indirect way of asking me to empty them in his presence. I replied that they were of no concern to him and refused to open them. But five minutes later, I took a knife out of one bag and an apple out of the other, saying: "I have these in my handbags, too," and began to peel and eat the apple. The *kaimakam* asked me ironically whether I was hungry. I replied; "Yes, of course, it is noon." He ordered bread and an omelette to be brought in for me, but nothing for my companions from Mirdita. I gave the bread to my companions and proceeded to eat the omelette without bread. To give food to one person and not to others is a breach of Albanian hospitality. It was not long before the Muslims of Puka, who had come to the government building to see what was going on, reproached the *kaimakam* for this lack of etiquette. As a result of this intervention, my Mirdita men received something to eat, too. This was an unprecedented success for my imprisoned Albanians. Before eating, I did something that could have given rise to Muslim fanaticism and caused my immediate death—I made the sign of the cross and said a short prayer. My Mirdita companions did the same. That this took place in a Muslim government office in the presence of the *kaimakam* upset the Muslims, but the gesture impressed them. I was thus gradually gaining prestige in their eyes, something of extreme importance in personal relations, especially in the Orient. One must be imposing and convey the impression of being placidly superior.

More than anything else, the *kaimakam* was interested in seeing the contents of the notebook that he quite rightly suspected I had in my bag. The calmer I reacted, the less courage he had to use violence. Despite my protest, he had a soldier search my baggage, but did not dare go any further and began to reflect on how he could reach his goal by other means. He endeavored to rile the Muslims of Puka against me as an Austro-Hungarian spy so that they would seize me and search my bags without an order from the *kaimakam*. This venture failed because, when the *kaimakam* told the Muslims that I possessed a notebook with all sorts of compromising and treacherous notes in it, I admitted the fact quite openly and added that I had noted in it not only everything an enemy army would wish to know, but also the name of the next *kaimakam* of Puka. The *kaimakam* gave a terrified look, at which I laughed ostentatiously.

The Muslims realized that I was making fun of the *kaimakam* and laughed at his trepidation. The day was saved because I had the laughers

on my side for at least the next quarter of an hour. With this bluff I was relying on the prestige that I had garnered, namely that I had made the Muslims and the *kaimakam* himself believe that I was a person of great importance. But so as not to overdo it, I changed my tactic to ease the tension. I told the *kaimakam* that a body search was a very personal matter and could not be conducted in front of others. I thus managed to get everyone else out of the office. I then told the *kaimakam* that if he really wanted to see the contents of my bags, he should call in his soldiers, but that a body search was out of the question. With this, I stuck my hand in my pocket as if I had a revolver in it. The *kaimakam* realized how serious I was about the matter and that guns could easily go off. He did not want to let it come to that. After all, he was uncertain if his conduct would subsequently be approved of in Constantinople, something one could never be sure of. Yet he refused to give up his demand for a body search, which was his duty. He was equally determined to send me back to Shkodra the next day. All he had to do was find a way out of the dilemma. He therefore telegraphed the *vali* for advice and instructions, thus indirectly informing my consulate of the whole incident. Consul General Kral assisted me and got me released that evening. The tense negotiations had lasted from eleven in the morning until six in the evening when the telegram in reply arrived from Shkodra informing him that I was to be released. When it arrived, I said to the poor *kaimakam*: “Do you now understand, my dear friend, how I managed to get the Austro-Hungarian consul informed of the matter?” The *kaimakam* changed his behavior towards me instantly. Since it was now too late to get to Qerret as planned, I spent the night in Puka as a “real guest” of the *kaimakam*.

It was in Puka that I first saw the heavy shackles, weighing twenty kilos each, that were put around the legs of prisoners in Turkey. I wanted to acquire a pair of them as a souvenir to illustrate the situation in European Turkey at the time and tried to take the chains with me out of prison. Since they were police property, this was not as easy as I thought it was going to be and, in the end, eight years had to pass before I managed to get some.

In March 1906, my love of woodcarvings led me to do something during my first trip in Albania that could have had serious consequences for me. When I got to the home of the parish priest of Vela, I saw a beautiful carved door, which I realized was quite old. The priest happened to mention that many people had told him to sell it. Without hes-

itating, I asked him how much he wanted for it. The priest replied: "Three Napoleons." I was delighted, plucked the money out of my pocket without further ado and put it in his hands. My swift and direct reaction had an unexpected consequence. Since one always barterers in the Orient before buying anything, the priest began to suspect that the price was far too low and wanted to revise his offer. To achieve this, he stated that he would certainly sell me the door at that price, were it to have belonged to him, however the door was church property and as such it would be for the Bishop of Kallmet, Monsignor Malczynski,³⁵ to set the price. I realized that as a result of my rashness, the priest, Don Marco Negri, intended to have the door evaluated anew by the bishop and of course, at a higher price than three Napoleons. It was now my turn to outfox the fox. "Oh, do forgive me, Your Grace," I began. "When I offered you the sum, I had no idea that it was church property. Now that I know this and am aware that a parish priest cannot sell such goods, let us not speak of the matter anymore." Negri had no inkling what I was getting at, and the matter seemed closed. I had another plan. Without Negri's knowing, I wrote to Monsignor Malczynski, whom I knew, informing him that the parish priest of Vela was willing to sell me a carved door for three Napoleons, but could not do so without authorization from his bishop, and asked him to give the priest permission. I already knew that the Polish Bishop Malczynski had been sent to Kallmet in Albania by the Holy See for disciplinary reasons and that he hated everything Albanian, so I noted in my letter as a description of the door that it was particularly attractive because it was carved in Albanian motifs. Moved in good part by this additional information, Monsignor Malczynski ordered the priest of Vela to sell me the church door and, since paying for it on the spot, I was able to take it with me, admittedly not without some further difficulties, and have the consulate send it back to Szacsal for me. The door arrived and still graces my home there.

What remained were the consequences of the sacrilege. The priest, the bishop, the consulate and I were all to suffer from them. The sale of the Vela door became known and the affair was taken up by those in the parish of Vela who were hostile to the priest. *Fama crescit eundo*, and it was soon rumored that the parish priest of Vela had sold an extremely

³⁵ Francesco Malczynski (1829–1908), Bishop of Lezha (Alessio) from 1870–1908.

valuable church door to a passing stranger for 300 Napoleons, of which he gave three to the parish and pocketed the rest. The bishop protested that the priest was innocent, but the commotion in the parish grew unabated. A group of protesters assembled in front of the priest's home and Negri was forced to flee in the night to avoid bodily harm. In the Albanian view of things, the priest had abandoned his parish and thus lost it. Pursuant to the *Kultusprotektorat* (Religious Protectorate) that the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy exerted over Albanian Catholics, it was now the turn of the Austro-Hungarian consulate general in Shkodra to intervene. In view of all the complications, I cursed the moment I had first laid eyes on the door. The priest moaned and groaned because no one would have him, not even in the other parishes. The bishop strove for quite some time to find another parish for him. After much negotiation, the affair was finally laid to rest. I of course gave no consideration whatsoever to returning the door.

I was later to suffer the consequences of the 1907 sacrilege in the Prokletije. While I was spending the night in an alpine hut in Jezerca that year, I pretended I was asleep, as I often did to hear what people were saying about me. The conversation turned to the question as to whether it was advantageous for foreigners to visit the interior of Albania. One man claimed one thing, another said another. No one had anything against me personally, because I was a nice fellow and a good shot with a rifle. I treated everyone with kindness and did not seem to be evil in any way. However, that fellow who had bought the church door in Vela ought to be beaten if they could get their hands on him, they said, because it was a scandal to desecrate a church. The men of Kelmendi concluded quite rationally that one ought to distinguish between good foreigners and bad ones. I of course hid the fact that I was one of the bad ones. Years after this conversation, when my status in Albania had changed completely, I ventured to tell my Albanian friends from Jezerca that I had been the one to "desecrate" the church and had listened in on their conversation. They roared with laughter.

I remained in Albania from November 1905 to May 1906 until I caught trachoma and decided to return home for treatment, and left for Prizren. It was impossible for me to return to Shkodra because of all the opposition to me that had built up in Constantinople at the end of my second trip. As I did not have a visa, I had to come up with something in order not to get into trouble when I got to Prizren.

I was well aware that under Sultan Abdul Hamid, the government office in Prizren, belonging to the Vilayet of Skopje, officially had no idea of what was going on in the Vilayet of Shkodra. The same thing was often true of the various Austro-Hungarian consulates. From Iballja, I sent a letter to Vice-Consul Lejhanec in Prizren, asking him to send the best horse he could find in Prizren, whatever be the cost, and a *kavass* to the Bridge of Vlasna. I arrived there with six armed Albanians, among whom was the noble Pal Nika of Flet, and mounted the horse. The following procession thus set in motion for Prizren: in the vanguard was the horse of the consular *kavass*, then six armed Albanians walking in pairs, then myself on horseback, then a packhorse with a *ki-radji*.³⁶ Normally, the police checkpoint at the entrance to town ought to have disarmed my companions, but as the procession with the *kavass* at its head advanced solemnly, the policemen believed that we were very special and let us pass without asking for our passports. We thus got into town to great uproar and jubilation on the part of my Albanians and reached the consulate. From here, I accompanied Vice-Consul Lejhanec to pay an official visit to the general, His Excellency Shemshi Pasha.

Despite his lofty rank of general and his pasha title, Shemshi was illiterate. However, he always took his secretary with him so that he could preserve his authority among the officers. The energetic, decisive, sly, and fanatically old-school Ottoman general, born in Bosnia, hated the Albanians instinctively. He was a loyal servant of his master, Abdul Hamid, and was rightly feared by his opponents. This is why he was assassinated by the Young Turks in Monastir³⁷ in 1908.

It is characteristic of his personal courage that, when the Albanians once again besieged Gjakova, he left his companions on horseback and rode through the siege alone to bring word to the hard-put garrison of Gjakova that four infantry battalions under his command would soon arrive. The Albanians recognized the commander galloping through their line and pointed at him. They respected his courage and did not fire a single shot at the lonely rider. These are things that can otherwise only be read in Homer's *Iliad*, in Cooper's *The Leatherstocking Tales* or in the novels of Karl May. One would never believe that they still take place in twentieth-century Europe.

³⁶ Owner of a horse, coachman, driver.

³⁷ Former, Turkish name of today's Bitola.

I had the following conversation with Shemshi, who did not like me from the start. The Pasha: "We were very concerned for your safety during your journey." I: "Thank you, Your Excellency, but I can defend myself. I managed to get right into the center of town with six armed men." So as not to have to take the armed natives with me any further, I then asked for a government escort to Ferizaj. Shemshi gave his consent immediately. At this point, Consul Lejhanec interrupted and said in German: "So your entrance into Prizren was a demonstration of force." I replied: "Yes, quite so, and you, Vice-Consul, were part of it by providing me with the *kavass*."

There was nothing particular to report on the rest of my journey to Mitrovica. I traveled by train and continued from there by horse. In Mitrovica I was given two *zaptiehs* on horseback whom I took with me to Pljevlja. In Sjenica a zealous policeman demanded my passport at dusk. As I did not have one and it would not have made a good impression to ignore police regulations while under government escort, I countered with the question: "Is the *mutasarraf* still at his office?" When the policeman said yes, I ordered him to hasten to the *mutasarraf* and inform him that a foreigner traveling with a government escort would be coming by to pay his respects in ten minutes. The policeman did as he was told. I duly paid the official visit and after it had taken place, no policemen thought of asking me for my passport.

This official visit was one of the most curious I ever experienced. I sat opposite the *mutasarraf*, His Excellency XY, in his office. When we began to speak, it became apparent that of all the Balkan languages, I knew only Albanian, while the *mutasarraf* understood only Turkish. I had a *zaptieh* with me who understood Albanian and Slavic, and the *mutasarraf* had a policeman who knew Slavic and Turkish. They were both called in and stood reverently at the door, quite a distance from where we were sitting. From the other end of the room, the *zaptieh* repeated in Slavic everything I said to the *mutasarraf* in Albanian, whom I was looking at all the time. The *mutasarraf*, staring at me, answered the policeman in Turkish, who repeated everything, word for word, in Slavic to the *zaptieh*, who translated it into Albanian for me. The conversation was accordingly slow and not particularly witty. As we spoke of conventional matters such as how I liked Sjenica, that the climate looked good and healthy, etc., our interpreters were not overly taxed. I also discovered on this journey that Albanian was of no more use north of Novi Pazar.

Louis Drašković came from Pljevlja to meet me in Sjenica, accompanied by Captain Heller of the General Staff, and I continued with them on horseback to Novi Pazar, Prijepolje, and Pljevlja. From a geological perspective, the trip was very interesting, but there were no particular events to report on. I spent a few days with Louis in Pljevlja where I made the acquaintance of Brigadier Langer, who was later the deputy head of the Austro-Hungarian General Staff. In Pljevlja I learned that I was not in the good graces of the regional reserve command in Szászváros.³⁸ The military authorities in Szászváros were furious that I had not replied to their summonses, but my trachoma solved the problem.

I journeyed to Vienna for treatment by Professor Bergmeister and visited my uncle Feri at Schönbrunn every day. I spent July and August in Szacsal where I went chamois hunting up in the Retezát³⁹ Mountains. I never had such a successful hunt in my whole life. Viktor Fáy and the others were pale with envy. Seven chamois shot with eleven bullets, some of them from a distance of three hundred paces. All of them were in flight and in one case I had a coup double. Jenő Horty, of whom I was extremely fond, was also with us on the hunt.

I was in Vienna in October where I was in close contact with the cartographic office of the Ministry of War. I had become acquainted with it in the summer of 1903 and it was editing my maps. I finished my little book *Das katholische Nordalbanien* (Catholic northern Albania) and was in Szacsal in November.

In mid-November I traveled to Bucharest and Craiova. In Bucharest I had occasion to observe how the Italian consulate was active in stirring up the large Albanian community there, and informed Lőrincz Szapáry⁴⁰ of this. I also spent some time in Bucharest with Alexis Catargiu⁴¹ and joined the local Jockey Club, but I did not meet many people.

On 20 November I met Bajazid Elmaz.⁴² Bajazid has been with me ever since and, since the death of Louis Drašković, he has been the only person who has really loved me and whom I could therefore trust completely in everything without fearing for a moment that he would mis-

³⁸ City in Transylvania. Romanian: Orăștie, German: Broos.

³⁹ Hungarian name of Retezat.

⁴⁰ Lőrinc Ágoston Gyula Szapáry (1866–1919), Austro-Hungarian diplomat.

⁴¹ Alexis Catargiu (1875–1923), Romanian diplomat and composer.

⁴² Bajazid Elmaz Doda (ca. 1888–1933), Albanian private secretary, lover, and long-term companion of Baron Nopcsa. He was from Shtirovica in Upper Reka in western Macedonia and died with Nopcsa in Vienna.

use my confidence. Of course, he had his failings, but in view of the positive side, I accepted them willingly. The Serbs murdered his father and brother in Shtirovica in 1913 out of spite for the Austro-Hungarians and, in particular, out of hatred for me because I was active in Albania.

I spent the end of November, December, and January 1907 in Szacsal with Bajazid and traveled to London with him in February. I resided there at Bullingham Mansion 22. From 10 to 13 February I was in Szacsal briefly for the funeral of my grandmother. Bajazid later caught the flu in London and I got tonsillitis. My physician was Dr. Huxley, the son of the famous biologist. He seemed very much like his father. One of Darwin's sons was a good doctor, too, and another Darwin son was a talented mathematician, all going to prove Lombroso's⁴³ theory. This is not the case, however, for the geologist F. Suess junior,⁴⁴ son of the geologist E. Suess.⁴⁵ The father of the great Darwin was no idiot either. Intelligence seems to run in the Darwin family. From London I went once again on an excursion to Sandown to visit the fisherman, Mr. Kemp. At the end of April I was in London once again and traveled from there to Kronstadt⁴⁶ for military training where I served under cavalry officer Zoltán in Feketehalom.⁴⁷ In Kronstadt I spent much time at the home of the Count Zsigmond Mikes. His wife, who was the mother of several children, was a wonderful woman.

At the beginning of August I embarked upon a new trip to Albania. I started from Cattaro,⁴⁸ but things were different this time because I intended to cross the border illegally. On the Ungaro-Croata steamer to Cattaro I made the acquaintance of an Albanian called Mar Gjeku. He asked me where I was going. "To Montenegro," I replied. He then inquired if I would be willing to travel to Albania. I replied: "No, it is far too dangerous in your country. The Albanians are all thieves and shoot foreigners. Mar protested. I then laughed, but told him that I did not have a visa for Turkey anyway, and that it would be impossible to cross the Montenegrin-Turkish border with a rifle. Mar was insulted by the

⁴³ Cesare Lombroso (1835–1909), Italian criminologist, father of the theory of anthropological criminology.

⁴⁴ Franz Eduard Suess (1867–1942), superintendent and geologist at the Imperial Geological Institute in Vienna.

⁴⁵ Eduard Suess (1831–1914), Austrian geologist and professor at the University of Vienna.

⁴⁶ Town now in central Romania, Romanian: Braşov, Hungarian: Brassó

⁴⁷ Town now in central Romania, Romanian: Codlea, German: Zeiden.

⁴⁸ Bay of Kotor, now on the coast of Montenegro.

insinuation that Albanians shot foreigners and invited me to accompany him, so that he could prove the contrary. He promised, if I agreed to go with him, that he would get me and my rifle safely over the border. This was just what I had hoped to hear, but I initially refused his invitation, pretending that I was still apprehensive and did not trust him. In the end, I accepted. My plan worked brilliantly. Had I asked Mar to get me over the border to start with, he would have been suspicious and thought that I wanted to take advantage of him. He would then have asked for money and, not trusting me, might have betrayed me, etc. As it stood, he was delighted that I had accepted his invitation. In addition to not knowing anything about Mar, I was not sure how intelligent he was and whether he would understand that I could go to Shkodra but would probably not be allowed up into the Prokletije.

It was 37 degrees in the shade on 8 August 1907 when I left Podgorica to tour the isolated reaches of the Montenegrin and Albanian mountains, as was my plan. This region was the Shangri La of the “Accursed Mountains,” most peaks of which had never been climbed.

Mar and I mixed in with a group of people shuffling towards the Turkish border. They were members of the Gruda tribe returning from market in Podgorica. There were also about a dozen other Gruda men who, like Mar, worked at the Tótmegyer brick factory near Budapest, had made good money and were returning home in good spirits after half a year abroad.

Mark Gjeka, another of my prominent new friends, had found a shaggy but sturdy packhorse to carry my things, not only my pack but all the personal effects of my traveling companions. These consisted mainly of maize and salt. Since the Albanians returning from abroad had all sorts of other things with them, such as blankets, pots, a lantern and other household objects, the back of the horse was piled high in colorful confusion. A heavy frying pan had to be carried by its owner, much to the amusement of the other travelers. Everyone laughed when this tall fellow armed with a Martini rifle used the frying pan as a rather unpractical parasol. My companions were particularly aware of the humor involved because most of them were carrying real parasols in red and blue stripes with them. Of all luxury goods to have entered Albania, the parasol is the most common. It could almost compete with soap as the number-one “luxury article”. The midday heat allayed by a southern breeze, did nothing to impair the merriment of the

travelers marching on foot. Mark Gjeka and his men were very much looking forward to getting back home after half a year away. Their family members, who had come down to Podgorica to meet them, were delighted to see the adventurers back, and I was personally fascinated by the situation, which was completely new to me. I knew Albania and its friendly, though often uncivilized inhabitants from earlier trips. In most cases, my expeditions had begun in Shkodra and consisted of day journeys from parish priest to parish priest. This time, I had suddenly left "Europe" and was in direct contact with the highland population. I had another reason to be in good spirits, too. There seemed to be a good chance that I would be able to climb the highest, virgin peaks of Northern Albania.

We had left the plain behind us between Podgorica with its numerous Albanian shops, a town of importance to Montenegro, and Tuz, or rather between Podgorica and our next stop, the Turkish border settlement of Dinosha. It is a barren region covered in limestone scree that evinced a few fields of harvested grain here and there. The landscape was in pleasant brownish hues from the limestone, the leftovers of the harvest and the drought of the past weeks. The rounding limestone mountains rising to the east, though not to any great height, offered no unusual forms and glowed in a light grey color.

The plain, covered in diluvian scree, was neither geographically nor geologically of interest. As such, my attention was focused entirely on the conversations of my new companions. The Gruda men spoke primarily of their impressions of Budapest, and I was rather surprised how often they compared it to Shkodra. Questions from their relatives about whether the bazaar in Budapest was as big as the one in Shkodra were typical of the thinking of people who had never been beyond the borders of their own country. I suspected that what was said about Budapest and "Europe" during the march broadened the horizons of the native family members.

From Dinosha we crossed a stream that is not marked on the general map (1:200,000) but is probably identical to the one mentioned by E. Schulz. Its banks, in different horizontal and conglomerate stone strata rose sharply as a result of erosion from recurring periods of flooding. They offered us a bit of shade, but not much relief from the heat. The men of course took advantage of the shade right away to smoke a cigarette. We were all crouched under the protruding banks when, in no

time, large leather half-kilo pouches of tobacco were brought forth, none of which contained the seals of the Ottoman Tobacco Régie. The women in our party had to put up with a less shady spot, but were nonetheless given some cigarettes.

My friends surprised me by offering me a large bottle of milk that they had brought with them for me from Podgorica without my noticing. They had been afraid that it would spill during the march. Such little acts of unassuming kindness in detail are one of the commonly found characteristics of the inhabitants of the northern Albanian mountains, deeds that are, alas, so often lacking in Europe.

Refreshed by our stop, we reached the Turkish-Montenegrin border at two in the afternoon. The border crossing, near Omer Bozovci, has no particular markings, unless one knows that numerous wild-growing pomegranate shrubs and other thorny Mediterranean-type bushes signal the presence of a nearby settlement.

Not far from Dinosh, I was shown the remains of an apparently very old church. Unfortunately there were no stone ornaments or inscriptions left to judge its age.

The Imperial Ottoman authorities were represented in Dinosh by a customs official and a platoon of soldiers on duty, *nizams*,⁴⁹ all in fine uniforms.

When we got there, all of the policemen were sound asleep. We had intentionally left Podgorica around noontime, knowing that all Turkish officials had a siesta in the afternoon heat. The only official who was awake was a *koldži*, a customs guard, who was having a cup of coffee at the inn of Dinosh. The *koldži* naturally wanted to inspect the baggage piled high on my horse, which contained my rifle, too. Mar persuaded him to have a glass of raspberry syrup with us first. The *koldži* agreed. The first glass of syrup was followed by a cup of coffee, which was followed by another glass of syrup, and then another coffee etc., etc. All of this took up over an hour. When the *koldži* finally came down the stairs to inspect the packhorse, the other Albanians explained to him that they had not been able to wait for the inspection. They had sent the "lame" horse on with the women so that it would reach Selita by sunset. It was very slow and, if it did not arrive by nightfall, it would certainly break a leg in the dark, with the path as bad as it was. The *koldži*

⁴⁹ Turkish soldiers.

was faced with a *fait accompli* and, with his protest that he would inspect the horse all the more rigorously next time, the matter was put to rest. Satisfied at having been treated to syrup and coffee for over an hour, the *koldži* did not even think of asking for my passport. I was glad of that for, unbeknownst to Mar Gjeku, I had a visa for Shkodra so nothing serious would have happened to me, but I knew that I would have problems getting a travel permit for the mountains had they sent me to Shkodra. For this reason, I thought it better not to use my passport at all, and did not tell Mar about my visa so that he would be extra cautious when we crossed the border. On top of this, I had initially told him that I was not even interested in going to Albania. I had to seem consequent with Mar. At any rate, with his trick, I got across the Turkish-Montenegrin border without being recognized and was for some time able to travel in the highlands of Albania freely. Things changed later, however, when the Turkish authorities discovered that I was back in the country.

When we got past Dinosa, the scenery and the mood changed dramatically. As we entered the Cem Valley, the expressions on the faces of my placid companions changed and grew tense. Now that they were back in the country, the Albanians all hastened to retrieve the Martini and Werndl rifles that they had deposited at the homes of friends on the way.

The return of the Gruda men to their tribal homeland was celebrated as a victory. They were greeted by calls and rifle shots from the promontories and the other bank of the Cem. News spread like wildfire that the men of Gruda who had first ventured to try their luck and seek employment abroad had defied the odds and returned safe and sound. The twenty-five Napoleons that Mark Gjeka pulled out of his pocket were better proof than anything of the financial success of the mission. However, the blisters on their hands caused great consternation among their Gruda compatriots because hard physical labor is not the favorite pastime of men in the highlands.

Our further advance was slow because everyone who saw and greeted us with a *hoş geldin*,⁵⁰ the standard greeting in Gruda, wanted to know what the returnees had been doing and how their stay in Budapest had gone. We passed no settlement without having to stop for a glass of milk, a cup of coffee or at least a sip of water.

⁵⁰ Welcome (Turkish).

The Cem Valley, up which we traveled from Dinosha to Selishta, is interesting because of the cave inhabitations that are still being used and probably date from ancient times. As in Dinosha, stone-hard diluvial sediment rises on the riverbanks over other layers that have been washed away by the rain and have created caverns that serve as accommodation. They are fenced off either by a low stone wall or by a wicker fence and are used by shepherds in the summer months. In the daytime, most of these people are outdoors for lack of room. We were thus welcomed and entertained for the most part by these modern-day troglodytes, who were neither hostile nor particularly savage.

Aside from meeting shepherds, there were other things that delayed our progress up the Cem Valley. Wherever there was a bit of flat land along the river, there were cultivated fields that produced tobacco, maize or grain. Grapes hung in abundance from the vines in the hedges. They had owners, but no one took offense when passers-by plucked and gorged themselves on the fruit. On the contrary, they would have found it strange if travelers did not stop and partake.

Shepherds, *kullas*,⁵¹ cottages and grapevines thus slowed down our progress and we reached Selishta much later than planned. Just before we got to Mark Gjeka's house, we had to cross the Cem on a hanging bridge made of precarious-looking woven rods.

On 9 August I left Mark Gjeka's hospitable home and climbed up to the parish of Gruda at 320 meters above sea level. From there, I advanced through Kastrati territory to Trabojna.

Since the new house of the parish priest was still under construction and the old one was mostly torn down, accommodation in Gruda was nothing to write home about. The priest, however, made up for the inconvenience with kind hospitality.

In Trabojna, I met Don Luigj Bushti or Father Nou, as his parishioners in Nikaj call him. He was an old friend of mine and an attentive host.

The population of this settlement was greatly alarmed since the only well in the karstic landscape had run dry. They were more than interested in what I had to tell them as a geologist about finding water. However, nothing was to be done because it soon turned out that the water vein in question was very thin and it had found an escape through the

⁵¹ Fortified stone tower or home (Albanian).

rocks. As the Kroni i Zi spring, situated three quarters of an hour north of the church of Trabojna, had gone dry in the summer drought, too, I suggested that they look for water at the Shpella e Prenkut cave farther to the north. I had noticed large patches of moisture and sinter deposits below the mouth of the cave when we passed it on our way from Gruda to Trabojna. I do not know if they followed my advice.

Having returned to the church from my fruitless outing as a geological consultant, I had an opportunity to meet one of the Sworn Virgins, *virgjinesha*, peculiar to Albania. Dr. E. Schulz has written about them recently, as have Hahn and Steinmetz. The *virgjinesha* I met was a young girl who renounced her gender so that she would not have to be separated from her father. There was nothing betraying the fact that the handsome and armed young lad sitting and smoking with the men was of a different nature.

From Trabojna in Kastrati territory I continued the next day (10 August 1907) on to Brixha on Hoti tribal land.

I arrived in Brixha just in time to attend mass and was able to take part in a luncheon given by the priest after the service. He found me a guide with whom I hiked from Fushë Rrapsha, that I already knew, to the group of huts known as Gropa e Ahut in the high pastures of the Veleçik region. It was here that I spent my first night outdoors with the shepherds of the Albanian mountains. That we were not in a proper settlement, but among nomads was evident from the fact that we drank melted firn ice instead of water and a mixture of firn ice and sheeps' milk instead of coffee. Otherwise, the appearance of the alpine huts and the hovels in the villages is more or less the same.

As the alpine huts at Bun i Thorës were about half way between Okol i Bogës and Theth, they made a perfect spot for a midday rest. It was hard to decide which hut to choose. All of the shepherds insisted on being our hosts. I left it to my traveling companions to choose. At any rate, we were warmly received. After lunch, consisting of maize bread, yoghurt and a mixture of butter, cheese, and corn flour called *maza*, my companions lay down for a snooze. I chose to have a look around the area that had never been visited by a "European."

Thunderclouds caused me to interrupt my inspection of the area and to take shelter in the hut. The storm passed and we were able to go out again. As the hut was filthy and thus not too appealing to spend the night, I decided to continue on to Theth and stay at the home of the par-

ish priest who would be my host for my excursions in the coming days. Aside from comfortable accommodation, Theth had the advantage of being centrally located. I also knew several people there from my earlier trips. The unpleasant part was the greed and avarice of the inhabitants.

One major impediment to further travel was the fact that, while I was there, the Shala tribe, to which the Shoshi belong, were not only, as always, at war with their eastern neighbors, the Nikaj, but were also at that moment feuding with the Shkreli because both tribes were laying claim to the same pastureland on Mount Troshan. As I learned on my arrival at the priest's house, it was unadvisable to climb the Kakinja summit and impossible to get to Mount Troshan.

My first climb from the church of Theth, that is 780 meters above sea level, was to Maja e Boshit in the accompaniment of Zog Sokoli and Lek Curri.

We had a pleasant experience during this hike when we got to the alpine hut called Kurt i Dudavet⁵² at 1,230 meters which was made entirely of wicker. The shepherd's mule would not budge and this was regarded by all the natives as a bad omen for any further travel. "Had we known that the mule was ill, we would not have set out in the first place," was the excuse given to me by my very disappointed companions. The prophecy almost became true when we were approaching the Qafa e Dnelit pass (ca. 2,000 meters). An old shepherd of the Shala tribe took us for marauding Nikaj and was aiming his rifle at us to shoot, attack being the best defense. No *besa e çobanit*,⁵³ which the shepherds all strictly observe, was in force at that time. It was not easy to persuade him of his error and shield ourselves from his bullets. We remained demonstratively calm and this did the trick. Dod Prela i Prel Marashit later told me that he had been so petrified that he was still shaken. My companions, unaware of the fear that had seized Dod Prela, found no better solution than to make fun of the old man. Dod Prela had enough reason to be frightened because of quite a number of unsolved blood feuds he was involved in.

When we got to Maja e Drenit, I realized that we would not be able to enter Nikaj territory from Shala and that I would have to give up my plan of crossing the Valbona pass via Shala and Curraj. In Shala I learned

⁵² Possibly Kurt i Ducajve.

⁵³ Shepherds' truce.

that the *bajraktar* of Shoshi, on orders from the Turkish authorities, had been laying in wait for me for three days to kill me. His plan only failed because I arrived four hours after he had departed. It was the parish priest who informed me of the danger I had been in.

I made use of my stay in Shala to learn something of the past of this tribe. Having recorded what I could of the stories of their ancestors, I returned to Shesh. On 19 August, I started out from here and climbed the peak Maja Praça, which is only 1,630 meters high, and visited the one-time and now forgotten village of Kapreja in the Nerlunza Valley. Then, accompanied by Zog Sokoli and Lek Curri, I set off for the first time for Gusinje⁵⁴, having cleverly gotten rid of a whole bunch of nosy companions.

Since an expedition to the valley of Ropojani-Vruja seemed fraught with difficulty, my plan was now to visit the alpine huts of Bun i Jezercës, where a number of unknown alpine lakes were said to be located.

The path was not dangerous but was difficult enough. On numerous occasions we had to crawl hand and knee over avalanche rocks. Rubber shoes, known as *opankas*, which the intrepid Steinmetz used on his recent tours, are excellent for this type of terrain. Aside from a small patch of snow near Qafa e Pejës, there was no snow until we got to the north-western face of Mali i Shorës, which forms the southern boundary of the Qafa e Jezercës at 1,820 meters.

The light on the Qafa e Jezercës was amazing, but as it was late in the day, I was not able to stay long and admire the wild and imposing massif—no sign of vegetation, only snow and rock. The sun set and all the higher peaks glowed in a gentle rose red that contrasted with the deep blues and purples rising from the valleys. Despite the overwhelming beauty of it all, there was no point in photographing it.

At dusk we hastened back to the Jezerca huts below us, announcing our arrival with cries and shots. Rifles were discharged in the dark of night to welcome us back. We could then be certain that the inhabitants of the huts of Mark Kola and Zef Toma knew we were coming and that they would get a hut ready for us, make coffee and wait for our arrival.

Before we reached our destination for the night, an opportunity for hunting arose. We were at 1,800 meters in complete darkness when, as we

⁵⁴ Town now in Montenegro, Albanian: Gucia.

crossed a patch of snow, our presence stirred a group of mountain goat creatures who galloped off. I had the impression they were chamois. I dropped my notebook and instinctively seized my loaded rifle, as did my companions, though somewhat more slowly. We were on the point of discharging a volley of fire at them, when at the last moment our hunting instinct failed us. This was fortunate because, as it turned out, they were just long-haired domestic goats that had strayed from the main herd. The error would have caused us much trouble with the owner of the “chamois.” The episode was, however, not without its advantage. My reputation among the natives had grown because I had raised my rifle at the right moment, ready to shoot. In the eyes of the Albanian highlanders, only those who know how to use their rifles are real men. *Tamam shqiptar* “a real Albanian”, this was the highest praise one could aspire to.

It was very late by the time we got to Bun i Jezercës, which I calculated to be about 1,710 meters above sea level.

The arrival of a foreigner in Jezerca, the part of Kelmendi territory where no European had ever set foot, caused great excitement. They were fascinated at me as a person and at my clothes, but there were two other objects that caught their attention particularly: the scope on my hunting rifle and the thick rubber soles of my shoes. I would recommend these to anyone planning such a trip. They raise one's prestige among the locals enormously.

There was enough to eat at Jezerca. My first dinner there consisted of meat, *maza*, cornbread, milk, cheese, *kos*⁵⁵ and onions. There were plenty of these staples to be had throughout my stay. The only thing that was lacking was water. The Albanians all insisted that the water in the ponds around the alpine huts was not good, so there was nothing to be done. We had to adapt to local ways and drink melted snow, which was not too appetizing. Here as in other alpine settlements in Kelmendi and Kastrati, large blocks of snow are melted in wooden troughs. As the huts have no chimneys, the snow and, consequently, the water is usually contaminated with smoke, rust, and ash particles. The snow blocks are brought in by the women only.

After an excellent dinner to welcome us, my hosts at Bun i Jezercës exchanged the latest news, both political and non-political. It was interesting to see that they were actually more interested in the health and

⁵⁵ Yoghurt.

appetite of their sheep than anything else. Considering their situation, this was quite normal. We went to bed at four o'clock Turkish time, which is the equivalent of about 11 o'clock in the evening. They spread a mattress out for me and I used my coat as a cover. Although I was comfortable enough, I could not get to sleep for quite a while. The cold in the room and my novel situation among the so-called savage Kelmendi kept me awake for many hours. I had no idea that I had been asleep at all when the inhabitants of the hut began to stir and awakened me at the crack of dawn.

The trip to Bun i Jezercës was worth all the effort. There were new topographical discoveries wherever I looked, with many things to change and add to the current maps I had with me.

On 22 August we were kept indoors by an uninterrupted downpour, but this gave me an opportunity at Bun i Jezercës to meet some of the men of the Muslim tribe of Krasniqi who were spending the night at our hut. A large part of the Valbona Valley belongs to Krasniqi. My well-meaning Kelmendi friends introduced me as an Italian, and I was obliged to expound at length on the wonders of Rome and Italy, even on the recent earthquake in Calabria. The pro-Italian sympathies of my audience were more than evident.

In the night from 22 to 23 August fresh snow fell on the mountains south of Bun i Jezercës and it was in the sparkling frosty weather that I departed with Zog Sokoli, Lek Curri, and Zef Toma to explore the upper Valbona Valley. We soon readied ourselves for an unplanned hunt when we heard that there were chamois in the Lugu i Gradës basin. Lek Curri climbed up to Qafa e Paplukës and Zog Sokoli clambered up the Maja e Lisit slope. A *çoban*⁵⁶ was sent around the back of the Qafa e Gradës pass and I advanced from the west towards Lugu i Gradës. There were chamois there but we did not get a shot at any of them. From what I have heard, the chamois have all but disappeared from this part of Albania because of the good rifles the men now have. In a few years time, they will only be known from legends in the treeless expanses of the Prokletije. They seem to have survived better in the woodlands of Cukal and Munella.

From Qafa e Gradës we advanced over large patches of snow on a slope of Maja e Jezercës towards the salient though the small twin peaks of Maja e Rragamit. A few hundred meters below us there were three

⁵⁶ Shepherd.

depressions full of snow that led, further down, into the fork towards the Valbona Valley.

I spent the night of 23–24 August at the source of the Valbona in Bun i Valbonës (2,550 meters). On the 24th I crossed Zog Sokoli's pastures to Ndreaj, which was not far from the source of the Valbona. On 25 August I gave Zog Sokoli his well-earned wages as he was getting tired from the strenuous hiking and continued on with the robust and ever-mirthful Lek Curri. I also hired Sadri Luka from nearby Okol who was well-known for his intelligence and dauntless courage. He was recommended to me for the coming tours in view of his many contacts with the Kelmendi. Zog Sokoli and Sadri Luka detested one another and had once, as a result of their enmity, endangered the life of Steinmetz. I had to be wary because, like Steinmetz before me, I was now letting Zog Sokoli go and hiring Sadri Luka to accompany me. I had to make sure not to compromise Zog Sokoli's reputation in front of his tribe and to prevent any occurrence of rage on his part. Things worked out well with a good tip and on 26 August I was in a position to begin climbing the Maja e Kozhnjes, known on my map as Maja e Radohimës, that forms the highest point of the Prokletije range.

The tour took place without incident, although it was very strenuous from Okol onwards. At about 1,750 meters I climbed up the narrow path that both Steinmetz and Liebert had taken from Qafa e Pejës to Qafa e Shteguqenës. The last leg of the climb on the southern side of the massive mountain face was particularly perilous because we were confronted with an almost vertical wall indented here and there only by a few deep grooves of water. Lek Curri was excellent in this situation as he was amazingly dexterous. He seemed to cling to the rocks like a fly. He climbed the slipperiest parts first and then hauled our equipment, me and Sadri Luka up after him. I was not the only one of the three of us to be relieved when we reached the top of the frightening cliff face in the late afternoon and got to the narrow ridge rising lonesome in the sky. We were hungry and exhausted.

We stopped here for a short rest. My companions pulled out some of the cornbread and sheep cheese that we had been nibbling on since morning. We devoured the rest of it and drank some water from a dent in the cliff. I then took out my notebook.

The thermometer showed 10 C. in the shade. The aneroid barometer showed to my amazement only 2,430 meters. In 1906, I had guessed the

altitude to be 2800 meters and regarded it as the highest point in Northern Albania. The climb proved to us that it was not as high as the Maja e Jezercës. I was frustrated that I had not climbed the latter when I was but a few hundred meters from the top a few days earlier. If I had only known that Jezerca was the highest of all! Dr Liebert told me he thought it was about 2,600 meters.

We descended initially down a steep and narrow slope on the northeast side until we got to the Qafa e Radohimës, a 2,310 meters high pass, where we had to cross a steep ice field. We slid down it at great speed by using all three of my loden coats put together as a sleigh. Fun of this sort is not rare in the Malësia e Shkodrës. Lek Curri told me at any rate of many such instances of slithering down the mountainside. Snow tires and crampons exist here, too.

On 26 August I was unable to investigate the geological structure of the stretch between Maja e Radohimës and Bun i Livadhrit, because of the darkness. I was obliged to wait until the next day, when I climbed to the top of Radohima again, this time from the northeast side. I also investigated the Gropa e Livadhrit të Bogës made of Jurassic-Cretaceous limestone.

From Bun i Livadhrit të Bogës, I continued northwards with the intention of reaching Gusinje along the western side of the Ropojani Valley, as far as possible. I did not intend to enter the town itself in order to avoid a confrontation with the Muslims there and to avoid creating problems for the Ottoman government, our consular officials and thus for myself.

My companions and I decided to spend the night in Rreth i Vukoçës. The first refreshment that we were offered was, as usual, snow and milk. This time, the mixture proved too much for my stomach and I had to put off the excursions planned for the following days. Dinner was the same as always: *maza*, *kos*, cornbread and black coffee, and this did not help. As I was carrying little medication with me, I decided to limit my food intake on the following days, as far as I was able, to warm milk coffee. The people were most kind in helping me, although it was difficult for them to prepare this unaccustomed drink because they did not have any pots suitable for heating a large amount of milk. My hosts decided to use the frying pan, which was black with soot inside and out and dripping with oil from the *maza* it usually contained. To drink, I had the little bowl that was usually reserved for black coffee. As a result, mixing coffee and milk and then filling the bowl was a complicated

procedure, which became the focus of much attention and the object of amusement for the mountain people.

From Bun i Rrethit të Vukoçës, I continued on with some shepherds to their next summer quarters at Bun i Kodrës së Niçit. To call the way linking the two settlements a path would be a euphemism, for one trod at one's risk. Nerves of steel were needed to advance along the narrow precipitous pathway between a rising cliff on the one side and a chasm several hundred meters deep on the other. Every step we took sent bits of shifting limestone flying into the depths. At Shkalla e Danit (1,700 meters) the "path" was even worse. It got narrower and narrower until hardly any space was left between the rising cliff and the chasm. As we climbed, we made our way through a hollow in the stone, open to one side where the chasm gaped below us. It was 1.5 meters in width but so low that we had to crawl most of the way. The cliff face itself was slippery and it was hard to get a grip. No one who gets dizzy should ever venture outdoors at the hut of Kodra e Niçit, perched as it is on a little promontory over a 60 meters high cliff.

The hut itself was in a miserable condition. The sky was visible through the holes in the slate roof and the stone walls were plugged with moss. This did little to hold back the gales of wind all night that sent smoke and sparks flying into every corner of the room.

The Spartan dinner was nothing special either. When it was over, the shepherds gathered their sheepskin vests or *xhurdis*, put on the cartridge belts they had taken off for dinner, shouldered their loaded Martini rifles and went out to sleep in the chilly night air with the flocks. Sheepskins were laid out for the rest of us and clothes and blankets were handed around as covers. Everyone was sound asleep in no time. The silhouettes of the men were reflected only by the glowing coals that shone in the dark.

At the first light of dawn, everyone was up in a jiffy. Coffee was made and the shepherds, covered in frost and dew, made their way into the hut one after the other to warm themselves by the fire with a cup of steaming coffee.

We discussed the situation briefly to see how I could get a closer view of Gusinje. They decided it was best not to take the usual path down through Vuthaj,⁵⁷ but to keep to a higher path along the slope.

⁵⁷ Town now in southeastern Montenegro. BCS: Vusanje.

Final preparations were made and we were on our way. After a relatively short hike to Maja e Potkajs, I was delighted when from a promontory I had reached, I finally saw Gusinje in the distance.

The fertile valley was an idyllic vision of peace and tranquility. I sat there on the promontory for about half an hour making notes, while my companions were on their guard for Muslims who might be approaching. From the distant valley came the barking of dogs in Vuthaj, so we turned back and made our way to Bun i Kodrës së Niçit.

In order to investigate the region around Gusinje, I decided to hike from Bun i Kodrës së Niçit to Nikç. In lengthy discussion, however, my companions, and Prenk Olumi in particular, the owner of Bun i Rrethit të Vukoçës, came up with so many reasons not to go in that direction that I returned to Bun i Rrethit të Vukoçës on 30 August and took the route over Qafa e Koprishtit the next day.

Something curious happened before my departure for Bun i Rrethit të Vukoçës. To my great consternation, I discovered that my boots had not withstood the treatment they had suffered in the last few days. The thick rubber inlay had broken away from the thin leather sole. I had to do something right away because this could have dramatic repercussions. The “wild and savage” Albanians competed with one another to come up with a practical solution. Lek Curri, of course, made fun of them and cracked his usual appalling jokes. That the sons of the mountains were just as good with a needle and thread as they were with a rifle was proven by their dexterous work on my boots, which continued to serve me well for some time. Needle and thread are kept on the inside of their felt caps.

The four of us set off once the boots were repaired. The men advanced carrying only their rifles, followed by a dairymaid who lugged my backpack, weighed down with rock samples. She accompanied us right up to the pass at an altitude of 2,190 meters.

At noon we reached the hut of Koprisht. After lunch, that consisted once again of *maza*, as it had for the last few days, we carried on along a ridge to the north of the hut at an altitude of 1,900 meters and crossed the Maja e Ropunës to Jama.

After several days of hiking in harsh barren limestone, we were relieved when we descended from the Maja e Ropunës and saw meadows before us and entered terrain with soft soil. It was a delight to the eyes and to the feet. On our way down to Jama, I noticed some interesting

Cretaceous rock formations. I was initially collecting only with Lek Curri, but enthusiasm is contagious and very soon all of my companions had set aside their rifles and were busy breaking blocks of limestone to make their first palaeontological discoveries. It was a pity that the scene was not observed by one of the so-called reporters who write those dreadful negative stories about the savage Albanians.

We followed a steep path, almost a staircase, from Jama to Nikç and continued from there on to Vukël.

I remembered the aged priest of Vukël, a Franciscan, and his dilapidated house from an earlier trip. He received me generously and I felt very much at home with him. He also found a fellow for me who would accompany me in the coming days from Osonja to Selca.

On 2 September the two of us set off from Selca to Budaç and by the afternoon I was already sitting and drinking coffee in the little fir-tree cottage of Lani Turku of Budaç. It was here that I met the people with whom I would be spending the next five days. The owner of the house, the *bajraktar* of Nikç, was unfortunately not home at the time, and I was thus received by his brother. I soon felt more at home here than anywhere else in the Albanian mountains. Security and freedom of movement was greater here than in other areas. The people were more noble and cultured and the food could rival that offered in many an Albanian vicarage. When evening approached, they slaughtered a lamb, without my noticing it, and we had an excellent dinner with it and other food.

I spent my time in Budaç touring the countryside, sleeping, eating and drinking. One excursion took me to Leshnica, another one to Qafa e Godijes, and on a third one, on 5 September, I climbed Trojan.

On this climb, I found a pocket compass that, as I later learned, Steinmetz, had lost a few weeks before me. I was unfortunately unable to return it to the owner because I lost it myself a few days later during a hasty departure for Paja.

Snow and a bitterly cold east wind prevented me from staying long at the top of Mount Trojan. We all departed swiftly on our return down the mountain and, in order not to retrace our steps, decided to spend the night, not in Budaç, but in Paja, a settlement that I did not know at all.

After dinner, predictions were sought about the future. To this end, the men held the shoulder blade of the lamb we had eaten against the fire and studied the light and dark spots in its structure against the glare of the flames. One ominous spot evinced several tiny, dark red drops. This

meant the arrival of armed men. Would they be robbers or soldiers? It was a bad omen in any case. Convinced of its veracity, the men believed that a band of Montenegrin robbers was on its way, and were deeply shaken.

I was so impressed by Paja that I decided to stay on a bit longer, despite the swift approach of autumn, so that I could visit the region of Dolja and Berishdol. But all of my plans were confounded by an unexpected event. The shoulder blade of the lamb we had eaten the day before had told the truth.

While I was there, the Turkish authorities dispatched three hundred soldiers to Budaç to capture me. The ambush failed of course because I was in Paja. However, instead of me, the Turkish troops took three hostages prisoner, among whom was a certain Gjok Doda of Shkreli, who was being looked for by the police and was to be sent into exile. With the hostages, the soldiers hoped that the Kelmendi and Shkreli tribes would hand me over. They almost succeeded because Syni Doda, the brother of Gjok Doda, was by pure coincidence one of my travel companions. It was an exceptionally awkward situation. I needed to find out whether Syni Doda intended to turn me over to the Turkish authorities in order to procure the release of his brother and, to this end, I told them that I needed to take a nap for a while. The Albanians found this quite normal and it gave me an opportunity to listen in on their conversation. I heard Syni say to the other Albanians: "I will never see Gjok again, but better for him to perish than our guest." I now knew what my situation was and realized that I did not need to fear being turned in. However, I was now honor-bound to try and procure Gjok's release. I firstly wrote a letter to the consulate to protest against the way the Turkish authorities had proceeded to try and arrest me. I noted that I was extremely insulted, in view of my social standing, by the fact that I had not been asked through the consulate to return to Shkodra but was being treated as a criminal, and demanded satisfaction. I sent the letter off to Shkodra that very night by courier. I then hastened in one day from Nikç via Kapa e Brojës to the parish church of Shkreli. The next day, I returned to Shkodra and got into town in the afternoon, having at the last minute managed, with Kral's help, to avoid being caught by a Turkish patrol that had been sent out to seize me and my notebook.

Accompanied by the Austro-Hungarian consul, I proceeded straight to the *vali* to demand personal satisfaction from him. The *vali* was obliged to apologize when I showed him the visa in my passport. He noted only

that my letter of recommendation was from 1905, to which I countered that his predecessor had been so rude to me when I had had the honor of presenting the letter to him in the summer of 1905 that I regarded it as impossible to approach him again in the autumn of 1905 with a new letter of recommendation. For this reason, the letter was still in my possession. It was only now that I could hand it over officially without being subjected to abuse. I countered the *vali*'s further excuse that he did not know who I was, because I had crossed the border illegally, by stating in no uncertain terms that I had used the official Dinosha border crossing. Responsibility for the fact that the Turkish authorities were not informed of my presence lay with the Turkish authorities, or rather, with the Dinosha police and their habit of taking a siesta in the afternoon. In view of this, I demanded that all hostages be released immediately. I had fortunately proven that the Turkish authorities were once more to blame, and was able to continue my journey. Consul General Kral served as an excellent second for me during this verbal duel.

Another interesting episode took place some time after the incident in Budaç when the *vali* of Shkodra once again officially prohibited me from traveling in Albania, but told me privately that, if I were to go to Mirdita, he would look the other way. At this same time, however, Zef Nozi of Spaç in Mirdita had warned me that a certain Myslimë Lezi from Luma and some other men were on the lookout for a foreigner in order to have a hostage to exchange in a private conflict with the Turkish authorities. Myslimë and his companions had turned to some Mirdita men for assistance. I strongly suspected that the *vali* was aware of this and had recommended that I travel to Mirdita so that I would be caught and he could triumph in front of the consul by saying: "I told you so. This is what happens when foreigners travel without a permit from the Turkish Government."

I accepted the *vali*'s offer and set off for Mirdita anyway, though taking great care. The tour went off perfectly and nothing happened. Some Mirdita men took the parish priest of Laç hostage instead of me, which very much annoyed the *vali*, not to mention the priest. When I got back to Shkodra, the *vali* told me that he would have to prohibit any further travel on my part and, this time, could not look the other way. He had received strict orders from Constantinople in this respect. But this did not help Bedri Pasha. I told him that I was very disappointed to hear this and set off again anyway.

In 1907, after investigating the Prokletije range, I spent most of my time in Mirdita. It was at this time that I climbed the highest peaks there: the Munella, the Guri i Nusjes and the Zeba. I also traveled through Zadrima.

At this juncture, I must mention a small incident that occurred in 1907 at the Bojana Bridge near Shkodra, as it provides a good illustration of conditions at the time. I was traveling with my faithful *kiradji*, Pjetër Dushi, and my old servant, Gjok Prenga. We had set out from Nënshat late in the afternoon and only reached the Drin Bridge at Shkodra after sunset. Its two large wooden gates were closed. According to the rules, only government officials are allowed through at night. As I was not an official, I would have had to have slept outside of Shkodra and waited for the opening of the bridge the next morning. This was something I wanted to avoid. I rode up to the gate and, in an authoritative voice, ordered the guard to open up. "Are you an official?" he asked. "No, I am a *nemce* (Austrian)," I shouted back. "Open up, right away!" My imposing manner made an impression on him. The soldier informed the guardhouse that someone wanted in. The gates were opened and my companions and I got through.

On the other side of the bridge, our baggage was inspected and no problem arose. The Turkish customs officials, however, seemed puzzled by my aneroid barometer, which was illegal at the time in Turkey. One of the officials asked what it was, to which I inquired if he had never seen a pocket watch. The official blushed in shame and let the aneroid through. As I mounted my horse, my carbine over my shoulder, that they had not noticed, became visible. "He has a rifle," stated one of the policemen, and a second one approached with the question as to whether I had a license for it. As I had no license, I was trying to come up with some white lie when a third policeman saved me the trouble. "Of course he has a license. He is carrying the weapon so openly, and it is a good-quality rifle," he shouted with conviction. The others were relieved and I was able to continue my journey unhindered.

Our consul, among others, was amazed at my luck and my impudence when I turned up at the Grand Hotel Mičić at ten in the evening, with my rifle over my shoulder.

More perilous than the adventure at the bridge was one in Kalis. In November 1907, I wanted to travel from Shkodra to Mount Korab via Kalis and from there, to hike to Shtirovica. To this end, I turned to the

Abbot of Mirdita for his advice. I knew that the abbot was well informed about Kalis and the surrounding area. He recommended that I go and see a certain Mustafa Lita in Kalis, who, he said, was a friend of his. I thus set off. Between Fan and Arrën, I put on Mirdita dress. I gained some insight into the customs of the robbers of Mirdita when we stopped on Mount Zeba for a rest and for lunch. Two Catholics came by with eight sheep. When the first of them saw us, he was terrified and pointed his rifle at us. The sheep he had with him were shorn and bore a rectangular marking on their backs. This proved to me that they had been stolen from Reka where they use this sign as identification. After this, we continued on our way.

Mark, one of my companions, was a follower of Mustafa Lita at the time. Like many or all of the men of Fan, he had pilfered a lot in Dukagjin and Reka, and provided me with a good deal of information on our way to Kalis. The countryside between Arrën-Reç and Mount Korab, and the territory of Puka is called Dukagjin and the people who live there call themselves Dukagjinis, and are called that by their neighbors. On Mount Zeba, between Arrën-Reç and Guri i Nusjes, there were large groves of beech trees. There was no visible lookout on Mount Zeba and as such, my companions and I managed to get to Ujmisht in the rain without being noticed. While we were descending towards the Drin River, we passed the hut of a fellow who asked my men from Fan if they had friends in the area. Bajazid said yes. Later, this man observed us approaching his *kulla* and rushed towards us to protect it because he was afraid that we were robbers. We did not notice him at the time and took a shortcut across some fields. When the fellow caught up with us we were no longer near his *kulla*. There was a heated exchange until our opponent recognized my man, Nikoll Xhuxhaj, as his *kumbara*. He then accompanied us to Ujmisht to the house of a certain Mahmud, who was another *kumbara* of Nikoll Xhuxhaj, where we decided to spend the night. The head of the family was absent, so the others summoned him. The sole topic of conversation all evening were the raids that the men of Fan and Dukagjin were conducting in the Reka region and their fights with the *nizam* posts. I learned from the conversation that the armed bands attacking Reka consisted of up to two hundred men and that the raids usually resulted in dead and wounded. The booty, which often consisted of hundreds of sheep and fifty to sixty horses, was usually taken to Gjakova over secret trails where it was sold off. The leader of such armed bands is

called a *kallauz*. Apart from indulging in thievery, the men of Ujmisht go abroad to find work as *boza*⁵⁸ and *halva*⁵⁹ sellers.

The costumes worn by the men of Ujmisht include white *çakshir*⁶⁰ trousers, wide at the top and narrow at the bottom, and stockings that reach up to the calves, often with a red pattern. The trouser legs are held together at the bottom by the laces of the *opankas*. On their upper bodies they wear an *anteri*⁶¹ and a thin *xhurdi*⁶² with no fringes on the back. It goes down to the hips. All of them wear the *perçe*.⁶³

We slept well in Ujmisht. The houses are of the *kulla* type, all at some distance from one another. In Vila we found *kullas* that were built closer together, and houses made of rubble with no whitewashing. In Ujmisht I learned something of their habit of going abroad for work. On the way to Vila we met some men who were on their way to pick up a bride. They recognized me as a foreigner, but Mahmud stated that I was his *mik*⁶⁴ and that quelled suspicions. The wedding procession soon went its own way and we observed it from a distance as it stopped in front of the home of the bride. After numerous volleys of gunfire, the men of the procession entered the house, had something to eat and took the bride with them. This is different from the custom in Reç where no one enters the bride's home. Mahmud accompanied us to Vila. Traveling in an Albanian costume is much better than in European dress. Firstly, the people do not stare so much and secondly it is much easier to make contact with the locals. Mahmud turned back just before we reached Vila because he was party to a blood feud there. There was a beautiful mosque in Vila and yet all of the inhabitants were robbers. However they did not rob in their own village. Order must reign at home. Mark was sent in advance from Vila to Kalis to inform Mustafa Lita that we were on our way and returned from Kalis that evening. When we got to Kalis, I was drenched, as I had been the previous day, because of the pouring rain. My clothes soon dried beside the open fire.

The living room of Mustafa Lita's home was on the ground floor. One entered it through a small corridor. It was completely empty with

⁵⁸ A cider-like drink made of millet or corn.

⁵⁹ Oriental sweets.

⁶⁰ Turkish *çakşır*.

⁶¹ A long-sleeved jacket or nightshirt.

⁶² Black woollen jacket.

⁶³ Tuft of hair at the back of an otherwise shaven head.

⁶⁴ Friend, guest.

the exception of a fireplace across from the door. The floor on both sides of the room was covered in carpets. To the left of the fireplace was the seat of the homeowner and to the right was the place of honor for his guest. A lambskin was spread out on the floor across from the fire where Mustafa Lita's men sat making coffee. There were hooks on the walls for the rifles, however, aside from Mustafa Lita's Bulgarian infantry rifle, all the other weapons were left in the corridor.

Mustafa Lita was a portly fellow, but agile and quick in his movements. He seemed quite muscular. He had a large grey moustache, always entered the room with large forceful strides and hastened to take his seat, during which time all the rest of the men rose to their feet. He was promptly served by his men. One of them took his socks off and another brought water for him to wash his feet. Another man handed him his meter-long pipe and cigarettes and someone else gave him a light. Mustafa Lita was taciturn and looked quite confident without having to say anything. He had large steel-colored eyes that revealed little of his thoughts. The only indication of what he might have been thinking came from his intonation and gestures. He was not a calm person, but was not overly agitated, simply decisive. There was something rather peremptory in his conversation. The reason I am endeavoring to describe Mustafa Lita in such detail is that he was one of the most dastardly robbers of Dibra in all of Turkey at the time. He reminded me of descriptions I had read of Ali Pasha Tepelena,⁶⁵ the ruler of Janina. I told Mustafa Lita that I had come to help him fulfill a wish of his, without referring precisely to what I meant. Mustafa Lita then revealed that he had asked the abbot to get him the position of a *bimbashlik*,⁶⁶ but that Husein Hilmi Pasha, the inspector general of Macedonia had prevented it. We then conversed of matters of little importance. Soon thereafter, we washed our hands for dinner and a table was brought in for the food. Mustafa Lita sat down at the table alone and broke the bread, distributing the pieces. Everyone else in the room waited at his place for Mustafa Lita to call them to the table. Mustafa Lita ate quickly and the evening was well spent.

The weather was not particularly good the next day and Osman, Mustafa Lita's son, told us that the trail to Shtirovica was snowed in. He

⁶⁵ Ali Pasha Tepelena (1744–1822), ruler of Janina and southern Albania.

⁶⁶ Army major. Turkish *binbaşlık*.

suggested that we should stay in the upstairs room of the *kulla*, the carpeted room in which Shemshi Pasha had spent the night, so that the many guests downstairs would not see us. Osman also told us that three men from Tropoja had once been held prisoner there and had been locked in the attic overnight. He admired my Mannlicher carbine, but my chequebook and my field glass even more. Then he left the room. While we were in Shemshi's room, two sparrows flew in. We caught them and gave them to Mustafa Lita's young son, joking all the while that we had ourselves flown into Mustafa Lita's *kulla* and were caught. That evening, Mustafa Lita came up to our room for dinner. Osman and Dalip visited us the next day, but the weather continued to be bad. On the third day, it was nice out in the morning and so we told Osman that we really had to get to Shtirovica that day. We asked for men to accompany us on our way. Osman disappeared and it was only in the afternoon that he returned. Now, he said, it was too late for us to depart. We replied that it did not matter if we got to Shtirovica after dark. Osman said he would go and talk to Mustafa Lita, and then returned with the reply that Mustafa Lita could find no men for us that day. Osman promised that he would accompany us to Shtirovica personally with a whole group of men.

Neither Bajazid, nor I appreciated all the excuses and we began to suspect that something was amiss. In the afternoon, Mustafa Lita called for Bajazid and informed him that we were his prisoners. He was demanding ten thousand Turkish pounds for our release, and a further ten thousand if his *kulla* were in any way damaged as a result of our capture. He also tried to get Bajazid on his side by promising him two thousand pounds. Bajazid resisted and, though horrified, skillfully proposed that Mustafa Lita not demand money, but rather agree to turn me over in Prizren as a spy, as I was in native disguise. Mustafa Lita suspected a plot and refused. Bajazid returned to the room and informed me about what was going on. My initial impulse was to shoot Mustafa Lita and put an end to the nonsense, but I thought better. Mustafa Lita then came up to our room and I greeted him calmly. He repeated what he had said to Bajazid and added that he was not doing this to harm me, but simply to infuriate the sultan who had refused to make him a *bimbash*. If his *kulla* were to be burnt down by Turkish troops as a result of this event, he would be forced to demand twenty thousand pounds. I replied that it was immaterial whether he wanted ten or twenty thousand pounds

because it would be the sultan, not I, who would have to pay up. I added that it would be a shame if his *kulla* were to be burnt down, because being chased by soldiers in the middle of winter and having to spend the winter in some miserable hut would be unpleasant. I promised that I would do what I could to prevent him from being pursued. Mustafa Lita agreed. I informed Mustafa Lita that he had caught such a big fish that he would not be able to get it out of the water. After we had discussed the matter thoroughly, I suggested that we talk about something else, but Mustafa Lita would not desist. I asked him for five days time to consider whom I should best inform about my capture. Among the alternatives were Abbot Doçi, the consulate in Shkodra, the consulate in Prizren, Husein Hilmi Pasha, my father and the Austro-Hungarian embassy in Constantinople. I told Mustafa Lita that I was considering writing to Hilmi. He replied that this would certainly result in the secondment of soldiers. I noticed from the expression on his face that he was not too enthusiastic about this. I therefore insisted and he give me the time to think things over, I said “sa duket” and departed.

Not long after his departure, a certain Doda arrived, whose brother was training for the priesthood in Rome. I had him make the sign of the cross. He asked me to say the Lord’s Prayer for him and inquired about the various parts of mass in order to see if I were really Catholic. I replied to his questions and told him how I had been betrayed by Mustafa Lita. I then gave him a letter for the Abbot of Mirdita that he was to send off right away. In the letter, I requested that the Abbot send five hundred armed men or opium and twenty men. Doda departed and Osman then came into the room. I greeted him, but did not say anything of significance. I asked him, in passing, who had planned our capture? He said he had devised the scheme himself. I replied that he had studied his father’s ways well, adding with a laugh that he was being *pa besë*⁶⁷ to his guests. He blushed in shame. At Osman’s request, we went outside for target shooting. I was a better shot than Osman, who soon skulked away. Dalip then came to see us. He was outraged at Mustafa Lita’s behavior towards his guests and muttered that nothing like this had ever happened in Kallis. He added that he wanted to help us. I realized that Dalip was out for personal profit and discussed the situation with him seriously. He asked me how the matter would end. I told him that Mustafa Lita would get no

⁶⁷ Disloyal.

money, his *kulla* would be burnt down and in a final shoot-out he, that is, Mustafa Lita, Osman, Mustafa Lita's second son Ali, Bajazid and I would all die. "The men of all the highlands of Shkodra, all of Mirdita, Mat, and Lura will arrive. Troops will be sent from Dibra, Gostivar, and Prizren, and Mustafa Lita will be crushed." Dalip noted that not even all of Kalis was for Mustafa Lita, because people were upset at his behavior. The question thus arose as to what was to be done. After much discussion, Dalip and I came up with three possible outcomes. One was that Mustafa Lita would demand his 10,000 pounds; my Albanian friends and Turkish troops would arrive; Lita's family lineage would be dishonored; and everyone would be massacred. The second possibility was that Mustafa Lita would demand a *bimbashlik* position for my release. In this case, I would try to calm down my friends and would endeavor to keep Turkish troops out of Kalis and negotiate with the authorities. The end result in this event was unclear. The third variant was that Mustafa Lita would take me to Prizren and turn me in as a spy. He would thus be amnestied by the government and I would support his request for a *bimbashlik*. Dalip promised to transmit this proposal to Mustafa Lita. Bajazid and I hid a razor under the carpet in case Dalip's scheme failed and Mustafa Lita continued to hold us prisoner, planning, in case a guard should be sent to sleep with us and try to take our weapons and knife away from us, to kill the guard and climb out of Mustafa Lita's tower with sheets and carpets tied together.

Dalip slept in our room and spoke to Mustafa Lita in the morning. He also intimated that he hoped to get a *bakshish*⁶⁸ out of the deal. Bajazid was very depressed the whole time. I tried to give him courage. Following Dalip's talk with Mustafa Lita, Mustafa Lita, Ali, Osman, and Dalip all came up to our room. Mustafa Lita declared that the whole detention had simply been a trick to test our resilience and that we were free to carry on to Shtirovica. I sensed a trap and reiterated the proposal I had made the first day that I would assist Mustafa Lita in getting his *bimbashlik*. Now that everyone knew about our imprisonment, this was the best solution because he could hand me over to the Turkish authorities in Prizren as an Austro-Hungarian spy. The proposition was accepted and Bajazid was to be sent into Prizren. I was to be handed over to the Turkish authorities there, armed with my Mannlicher carbine.

⁶⁸ A tip.

The Mannlicher carbine was an important element for we had agreed that Mustafa Lita would say that he had recognized my importance as a public figure by the quality of my weapon. In actual fact, I wanted to make sure that Osman did not keep the weapon as a “souvenir.” Osman had been careless in expressing his interest in the rifle.

I promised that I would help Mustafa Lita get his *bimbashlik*. After Mustafa Lita's departure, Osman informed us that Dalip had done the trick and helped us. I replied that he was stupid, because he would now not get the Mannlicher carbine as it was to be confiscated by the *hükümet*.⁶⁹ Just before we left Kalis, Mustafa Lita asked me to inform the abbot that nothing had happened to us in Kalis. I thus expedited a second, open letter to the abbot via Doda, after the first, secret one, and we were all invited down to lunch by Mustafa Lita. Throughout our stay in Kalis we were not visited at all by Mustafa Lita's son Ali or by a certain Rrahman, because they were too ashamed at Mustafa Lita's betrayal of his guests.

Kalis has isolated houses in central Albanian style and little hamlets consisting of groups of houses built together. Blood feuds among the various families are laid to rest quickly. It is rare here for people to hold up in hiding like they do in Lura. The men of Dukagjin steal in Reka. The men of Reka steal in Skopje and Macedonia, and even in the region of Adrianople and Anatolia.

On the fifth day of my stay in Kalis we set off for Prizren: me, Bajazid and Mustafa Lita with two horses. Mustafa Lita rode on one horse. The other one was for Bajazid and me. The horses took us to the plateau near Qafa e Restelicës where deep snow prevented them from going any further. We had a frugal meal of cheese and bread consisting of cornmeal, flour, and suet.

In the afternoon, we continued on towards Restelica. Because of the fog and snow, we almost lost our way, but managed finally to get to Kepi and, from there, to Restelica. Mustafa Lita, Abdul Rrahmani, Dalip, Bajazid and I slept in the house of Molla Sadiku. The rest of them in another house. The room was carpeted and comfortable. There was even an iron-cast oven, but the windows were tiny and let little light in. We had been drinking coffee at a coffeehouse when Molla Sadiku invited us to his place. Many visitors came around to the house of Molla

⁶⁹ The Ottoman government.

Sadiku, including a *hadji* who spoke Romanian and other clerics. I conversed a bit with the *hadji*, but spent most of the time with Dalip planning the rest of the journey. The people there seemed quite educated. Most of them could read and write.

Restelica is situated at the edge of a plateau above a deep valley. It is a large village with lots of shops and coffeehouses. The streets look quite civilized. The stone houses look well built, although there is no white-washing. Restelica has over three or four hundred houses and more than a hundred horses. Its inhabitants are by no means poor. A lot of Slavic is spoken here. The people did not ask many questions about me. Only the *hadji* was curious. Bajazid whispered to me in Hungarian “ne mondjon semmit.”⁷⁰ I later discussed the coming day with Mustafa Lita. I suggested that we arrive in Prizren in *aksham*⁷¹ so that my arrest would not draw too much attention. I would spend the night in an individual cell of the prison there.

The next day was market day. We thus suspected that the *hükümet* office would be closed. Aside from this, we agreed that I would not be taken into custody with my Mannlicher carbine, but with Bajazid's Martini rifle. This would avoid my Mannlicher being confiscated.

We left Restelica the next morning according to plan and marched all the way to Prizren without a stop. I had spent most of the last few days on foot and Bajazid was exhausted despite the horse. Our lunch consisted of cheese and bread. On the evening of our arrival in Restelica we had eaten beans, meat and other Turkish food. It was all good enough, but I had terrible heartburn afterwards. When we were on the road passing through the settlement of Zli Potok, I wanted to have an apple. Bajazid was very upset at this and told me that it showed a lack of manners and was rude to eat while on the road in eastern Albania.

I recognized the road from Karaula Guri Dervent onwards. We reached Prizren an hour and a half before *aksham*. Just before we got into town, my rifle and cartridge belt were taken away from me and a rope was put around my waist. The rope was held by a Kalis man to show that I was their prisoner. Mustafa Lita was terrified that I would betray him in Prizren. When no one was watching, I gave Bajazid a note for the consulate. Mustafa Lita took my baggage and returned it

⁷⁰ “Don't say anything.”

⁷¹ The evening.

the next morning to the *hükümet*. Bajazid was not allowed to go to the *hükümet* because Mustafa Lita was afraid of being tricked. My entry into Prizren in Mirdita dress caused great attention in the streets. At the *hükümet*, too, though not overly. Mustafa Lita told the police *bimbash* that he had come across me on the trail from Vila to Kalis, recognized that I had disguised myself as a local, and had lured me to his home. I had tried to escape, but he had caught me and was now delivering me up to the authorities. I was shown to the *bimbash*, whom I knew from earlier, but who did not recognize me. I was then sent to the *mutassarif*. To impress Mustafa Lita, I sat down *à la franca*, crossing my legs, and spoke to the *mutassarif* in French. I confirmed what Mustafa Lita had told him and asked the *mutassarif* to inform the consulate. The *mutassarif* seemed embarrassed and stared at my passport until I said: “*Ne regardez pas toujours ce passeport, les lettres restent toujours les memes.*”⁷² I then repeated my request, but in a more demanding tone of voice. I was taken back to the *bimbash* and then handed over to the prison commander, a certain Mylazim, where I was to spend the night. Bajazid had informed the consulate which now intervened on my behalf. The *mutassarif* and the consulate telegraphed to Salonika. Vice-Consul Prochaska sent me food and blankets for the night in prison. After dinner, a telegram arrived from Hilmi Pasha and later another one from the *vali* of Skopje and I was accompanied to the consulate in full honors. I spent the evening there. Prochaska was highly amused by the episode. He is a kind man, but no genius. I spent several days in Prizren. In his telegram, Hilmi Pasha had barred me from any further travel in Turkey. When Mustafa Lita took my baggage to the *hükümet* and they did not even inspect it, he was disappointed, having hoped to make a bundle on my aneroid barometer, etc. The police commissioner brought everything, including the confiscated Martini to the consulate. As such, everything went well in Prizren. However, in Shtirovica, Bajazid’s father had heard of the whole incident with Mustafa Lita and turned up in Prizren with ten armed retainers. He had left a further forty men in Restelica. His original intention had been to ambush Mustafa Lita near Kepi, but he got there too late, and now he wanted to shoot Mustafa Lita in Prizren. Bajazid and I prevented him from doing so. We told Doda and Bajazid’s father about everything that had taken place in Kalis. The truth was

⁷² “Don’t keep staring at this passport. The letters are not going to change.”

known in Prizren and Mitrovica and, as such, Mustafa Lita hastened back to Kalis a few days later. Of course, I was unable to help him any further.

A few days later, I rode to Ferizaj with Bajazid and some *suvaris*⁷³ and from there we took the train to Skopje. There, I stayed initially with Vice-Consul Lukes, a conceited fellow if there ever was one, but not stupid. Just blasé and somewhat priggish. I endured three days of his company and then moved to Hotel Turati.

I was in Skopje for the jubilee of Emperor Franz Josef. As it is unseemly to wash dirty linen in public, so to speak, I ordered champagne for everyone at the mess of the Austro-Hungarian Reform Gendarmes where I was wont to take my meals.

While I was in Skopje, the large Serbian school burned down in the middle of the night. The Serbian physician Šuškalović told me he thought the fire had been set by the Bulgarians. The *vali* was at the scene of the fire at eleven at night, but there were neither hoses nor water to be had. Šuškalović noted with some satisfaction that at least the cash register was saved. He seemed quite uneasy at my question as to whether there was much cash in the register because he sensed I was alluding to funds for political propaganda. He thus replied: "How much could there possibly be. I don't know. Probably not a lot." Šuškalović also informed me that arson was all the rage in Monastir, too—a new variation of activities to the detriment of the Serb community.

He then went on to tell me an amusing story from Kosovo Polje. An Albanian thief had once stolen four oxen from the courtyard of a Serb farmer. Reforms were currently underway in Turkey and he began to fear that the theft would have consequences for him, so he returned the four animals to their owner three days later. He told the farmer that he had discovered the beasts in the possession of a well-known robber and had relieved him of them, which was of course not true. He then asked for four pounds as a reward. The oxen had thus become cows for milking.

The story is most probably true, and I found it very funny. It is typical of reform in this country. Everything the reform officials propose is rejected by the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in Constantinople, and any steps against the Albanians of course all the more so.

⁷³ Horse guards.

A revolver was once confiscated from a Muslim by an industrious reformer. The Muslim protested and the revolver was returned to him by government order. Initially they wanted to suspend the officer, too. Later they merely ostracized him by transferring him to the remotest corner of the vilayet. Neither the civil representatives nor the Austro-Hungarian Embassy showed any real support for the reforms in 1907. The Turks had been frightened off of reform in 1904. By 1907 they had calmed down because they saw that the whole reform action was simply paper and that no one in a position of authority would allow it anyway. The Austrian consul, Para, who was a hard worker, was sidelined and replaced by weaklings. Then the slogan of the day was to maintain the *status quo* in the Balkans and in Macedonia. Austro-Hungarian diplomacy failed miserably in this connection and was actually replaced by Italian influence in purely Muslim Albanian regions such as all of Kalis, Reka, Opolje, and Krasniqi. Italy's influence even increased among the Catholic clergy, who were all followers of Aladro⁷⁴ and Italophile. They regarded Aladro as the personification of a small Catholic Albania. Consul Lukes in Skopje and Prochaska underestimated Italy and were convinced there was no danger. For example, Lukes was shocked at Chlumecky's book on the Italian question.⁷⁵ It seemed as if officials high up had issued instructions for the public to be informed that Austria-Hungary was not interested in the Balkans at all.

Aehrenthal⁷⁶ was pursuing Yildiz-friendly policies to the detriment of reform in Macedonia. Our officials remained unaware that they were faced with a Sisyphean task. The result of this double-dealing was the concession for the Sandjak Railway.

The assertion published in a number of English and other papers around 1908, namely that Austria-Hungarian diplomacy was double-dealing in 1907, particularly in that it was only pretending to support reform in Macedonia while in reality it was against it, was later denied by Austria-Hungary in official communiqués. However, these statements were nothing but official white lies. Despite all the reforms in

⁷⁴ Don Juan Aladro Castriota y Perez y Velasco (1845–1914).

⁷⁵ Leopold Freiherr von Chlumecky, *Das westbalkanische Problem und Italiens Kampfum die Vorherrschaft in der Adria* [The problem of the Western Balkans and Italy's struggle for supermacy in the Adriatic], 2nd edition (Vienna & Leipzig: 1907).

⁷⁶ Alois Lexa Baron von Aehrenthal (1854–1912), foreign minister of Austria-Hungary from 1906 to 1912.

1907, Austria-Hungary was more interested in its relations with the anti-reformist sultan in order to get the concession for the Sandjak Railway, as the former Austro-Hungarian ambassador, Margrave Pallavicini⁷⁷ told me later. He also said that we only got the concession when the sultan was taken off guard and that they had not really wanted to issue it.

I was delighted to hear about the Sandjak Railway concession and regarded it as a sign of active policies in the Balkans. I was of the view that the constant squabbling between Austria and Hungary could only be overcome by expansionist foreign policies that encompassed both of their interests. The existence of common interests is essential not only to keep a state together, but equally to keep a band of robbers together. The moment the leader of a unit has no common advantages to present to his members, cohesion collapses, be it that of a country, of a group of shareholders or of an armed band.

Husein Hilmi Pasha had barred me from any further travel in Turkey following the events that took place near Prizren, and the representatives of the Dual Monarchy were only too happy, as I later learned, to appeal to me to cease my travels and to return to Hungary via Zibesče. However, I did not want to abandon my research entirely, so I had to find a way of abiding by the exact wording of the ban and nonetheless get around it.

I therefore left Turkey via Zibesče and entered Hungarian territory near Zemlin⁷⁸. From Zemlin, I continued via Bosanski Brod, Sarajevo, Ragusa⁷⁹ and Cattaro⁸⁰ to Cetinje and applied for a Turkish visa there to get back to Shkodra, being convinced that Ahmet Fevzi Pasha would not be aware of what had happened in Prizren. I thus returned to the point of departure of my trip to Kalis. All I had to do now was to find a way of getting around the ban against traveling in Turkey.

This was achieved when I rented a house with a year's lease, because from that time on I was no longer a foreign traveler who happened to be in the reaches, but a Hungarian residing in Turkey. Excursions from Shkodra could not be seen as anything out of the ordinary.

I stayed in Shkodra until mid-January and then returned to Vienna

⁷⁷ János Markgraf von Pallavicini (1848–1941), Austro-Hungarian diplomat.

⁷⁸ Zemun.

⁷⁹ Dubrovnik.

⁸⁰ Kotor.

where I remained until 11 March. In this period, Alfred Pallavicini met my sister. Mama organized several receptions and later two balls at Hotel Bristol. I helped her arranged them, mostly putting the menus together. The whole process culminated in the engagement of Ilona and Alfred at a banquet and dance.

I took advantage of my stay in Vienna and the experience of my travels a year earlier in the previously unexplored Prokletije Mountains to hold lectures on Northern Albania in Vienna and in Budapest. The two lectures were held under the auspices of the respective geographical societies, but turned out quite differently than I had imagined. The only leading figure of society to attend my Budapest lecture was Count Béla Széchenyi. The auditorium in Vienna was graced by the presence of two archdukes, Archduke Rainer and Archduke Franz Salvator, as well as a number of Excellencies, and turned out to be one of the highlights of the season. From auditorium attendance it was easy to see what topics interested Budapest and what topics interested Vienna.

Also present was Monsignor Primo Doçi, the Abbot of Mirdita. Out of regard for Consul General Kral, I did not mention him, and this brought latent hostilities between us to a peak. The problems began with the publication of my book *Das katholische Nordalbanien* [Catholic Northern Albania] in which, to keep Kral happy, I did not use Doçi's Albanian orthography and made fun of the Albanian alphabet row. I was also so bold as to publicly accuse a parish priest of Mirdita of usury and refused to withdraw the accusation when the abbot demanded that I do so. Consul Kwiatkowski⁸¹ took advantage of all of this, for reasons I will go into below, and it led to an open dispute between Doçi and me, that lasted six years. The row continued and I heaped the abbot with scorn until he finally realized that his rage was pointless and sought a formal reconciliation in 1914 through a confidant, the priest Dom Ndoc Nikaj.⁸² A well-meant attempt to bring us back together, made by Prek Bibë Doda,⁸³ failed in 1910.

The following could be added about Kwiatkowski. When consul general Theodor Ippen⁸⁴ left Shkodra after years of successful work,

⁸¹ Rémy von Kwiatkowski, Austro-Hungarian consular official in Shkodra.

⁸² Dom Ndoc Nikaj (1864–1951), Albanian writer and publisher.

⁸³ Prek Bibë Doda (1858–1919), captain of Mirdita. From 28 May to 22 June 1914 he was foreign minister of Albania.

⁸⁴ Theodor Anton Ippen (1861–1935), author and Austro-Hungarian consul in Shkodra from 1897 to 1904.

and was replaced in temporary function by Kwiatkowski who was vice-consul, discussions were held as to who would replace Ippen on a permanent basis. There were only two serious candidates for the post. One was Kwiatkowski who was already in Shkodra, relying entirely on the Catholic clergy and who, in view of his pro-Catholic policies had already been in serious conflict with the Porte, and under whom the cleft between the Catholic and Muslim Albanians was widening evermore. The other was Consul Kral who was in office in Monastir at the time and whose main contacts were with the Muslim patriots of Albania. He was endeavoring to win the Muslims of Shkodra over to Albanian national interests, but he could only do this by distancing himself somewhat from the Catholic clergy. The Foreign Ministry decided on Kral and, in compensation, Kwiatkowski was called back to Vienna to be the desk officer at the ministry for Albanian affairs. Kwiatkowski was unhappy with this solution and used his position to spin intrigues against Kral. I regarded it as my duty to support our representative in Shkodra, that is, Kral. As a result, Kwiatkowski was my opponent.

During my lecture on Albania, he sat beside his friend Doçi and explained to him the parts that he might find objectionable. This almost had terrible consequences, but I maintained my sangfroid so that the only concrete result of the simultaneous translation were years of hostility between the Abbot of Mirdita and me. In order to counter-balance the storm whipped up by Kwiatkowski, I gave another Albanian, Georg Pekmezi,⁸⁵ 250 crowns, officially so that he could publish his *Albanesische Bibliographie* [Albanian bibliography].

I spent my time involved in scholarly research and other issues involving Albania. As a reaction to the Sandjak Railway concession, there was now talk of a railway line up the Drin Valley. I contacted department chief Riedel, who was promoting the idea of building a line from Cattaro to Dibra. As an extension of the Sandjak Railway, I proposed a line from Ferizaj via Spas and Orosh to Ndërfandina, and another line from Cattaro via Ndërfandina to Dibra. I published an anonymous article about this in the *Österreichischer Rundschau*.

In mid-March I went to Szacsal and stayed there until the end of April. In May I went back to Vienna, where I remained until July. In early July I returned to Shkodra, but I contracted a periostitis infection

⁸⁵ Gjergj Pekmezi (1872–1938), Albanian linguist, publisher and public figure.

in the bone of my right pelvis. I collected some rock material of the Triassic period in Kçira and returned to Vienna on 18 July where I was treated by Dr. Károlyi. A few days after my departure from Turkey, the Young Turk Revolution broke out. There had already been signs of something amiss in Shkodra because, on my departure, someone betted with me that great events would soon take place. I did not believe him and lost the bet. In early September, I went to Újarad⁸⁶ and from there, in Elek's automobile, via Temeswar⁸⁷, Lugoj and Caransebeş to Szacsal to attend the wedding of my sister to Margrave Alfred Pallavicini. I was delighted to note that Romanian peasants were also invited to the wedding. Politically speaking, this was a good move.

I returned to Albania in late September. Hurrah! No more problems with the new Turkish authorities. The whole country seemed to be on a honeymoon. I got to know Prenk Bibë Doda who had returned to Mirdita. He is sexually impotent as a result of a nervous predisposition that also made him indecisive and fickle. In addition, he had a glass eye, but hid the fact from the people of Mirdita. Aside from all this, he was not stupid and, being the tribal leader of Mirdita, he enjoyed much influence there. An example of his power is that, following a court case in 1912, he had a man convicted and sentenced to death, an action that otherwise only a reigning monarch would undertake. I spent most of my time in Shala and Nikaj and, on the expedition, wore Albanian clothes for the second time. In contrast to 1907, I had my hair shaved, with only a *perçe*⁸⁸ left at the back. I was traveling with Mehmet Zeneli of Shala, his brother Keçan Deda, and Gjeloş Rama of Curraj i Epërm. We spent our nights like robbers in an icy cave called Shpella e Bravnikut where we had taken two rams, other food, and furs with us. From Shpella e Bravnikut I explored the Krasniqi tribal region, but I was soon forced by the bad weather and snow to return to Shpella e Bravnikut. From here, I returned to Shkodra in the rain and snow, despite the fact that I was wearing woolen clothing and *opankas*. This is considered quite a feat. I only gave my companions enough time to roll and light cigarettes. A subsequent stay in Curraj i Epërm for several days was the best part of my Albanian travels in this period. In Curraj there was an uninhabited build-

⁸⁶ Suburb of Arad in the Romanian part of the Banat region.

⁸⁷ Romanian: Timișoara.

⁸⁸ Tuft of hair at the back of the head (Albanian).

ing. It was actually a church and was being used during my travels as a corn loft. It also had several unfurnished rooms devoid of whitewash. I spent my nights in this building with Mehmet Zeneli. We made ourselves a bed of insect-free hay. The Curraj people soon learned of my arrival. They also knew that there was nothing to eat in the church building, so every evening a family invited us to dinner. I delighted in their invitations and returned home late at night, torch in hand, to my modest quarters. Every morning, various men of Curraj would come and visit. Each of them brought food with them: fish, meat, salt, onions, sauerkraut, apples, schnapps, and so on. Mehmet used all of the provisions to make us lunch. A cloth was spread out as a table for me and my guests, and we had great meals. In 1908, as far as I could see, the Curraj and the Merturi were the tribes that were the least touched by outside influence. The worst of them were the money-grubbing Thethi people.

What was particularly interesting was the impression I made on the Curraj people, dressed as I was in Albanian costume and with my head clean-shaven like them. When I originally arrived in Albania, I rarely put on Albanian dress because I thought the natives would think I was up to something. Later, when everyone knew me and told me after my longest trip through the mountains that I was a real highlander, I thought I could allow myself this luxury. It may not have served any real purpose, but it at least enabled me to hear a lot of Albanian folk tales. When I was in European dress, it happened that a storyteller from the mountains would interrupt his tale because he was aware that a foreigner was listening in. Some of them became very embarrassed and asked me not to pay attention to their silly stories. When I was in Albanian dress, even though they all knew who I was, they were not as disturbed by my presence. I later noticed the same phenomenon among Romanian shepherds in Transylvania. I also managed to learn how to predict the future from the shoulder blade of a slaughtered goat or sheep, and other such things.

I learned about Austria-Hungary's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina with two weeks' delay when I was on the Qafa e Mrethit pass on the border between Curraj and Vrana. I fired five shots into the air and explained to the Nikaj and Shala with me what this meant.

I had the impression, immediately following the Sandjak Railway concession, that the Dual Monarchy was now pursuing more active policies in the Balkans.

I spent late December 1908 and early January 1909 dealing with family matters in Újarad. In mid-January I was sent to Vienna to talk to the chief of the General Staff, His Excellency Conrad,⁸⁹ whom I had never met, about possible action against Montenegro should war break out.

His Excellency Conrad was impulsive, vehement and emotional, but his thoughts were clearly structured and he was quick to understand things. He was also a total idealist, of the best kind, a man who was receptive to all things good and beautiful. I was moved by the devotion he showed to his aged mother, personified in a Vieux Saxe porcelain figure. Later struggles quickly broke his spirit. They gnawed at his heart and he suffered greatly because of his kindness and impulsiveness until there was nothing left of him. The changes resulted in a certain weakness of character that came to the fore, and he was often easily manipulated by people around him. As an idealist, he was never a good judge of people, because he judged them all by his own standards. As he was subject to much influence from others in later years, it became increasingly difficult to rely upon him. He began to do things the way other people around him wanted them done.

It was because of the people around him that Field Marshal Conrad achieved little of decisive effect. Only once did he manage to carry out a plan he had devised for German troops and German officers. It was successful. This was in Gorlice when the Russian front was breached. The southern Tyrolean offensive led by Austrian officers petered out and got stuck in the sand, so to speak. Austria-Hungary was a melting pot in which things always carried on as usual.

Count István Tisza⁹⁰ was wont to call Conrad a “curious fellow.” There is no other way Count Tisza, who calculated every step before taking it, could possibly have characterized the impulsive general, whose genius he did understand. After the capitulation, Conrad wrote his memoirs like a man sentenced to slavery. His high spirit and enthusiasm were gone by this time.

Discussions with Conrad resulted in the following plan. Should war be declared on Serbia and Montenegro, something would have to be undertaken in Northern Albania to stir things up in Montenegro. To this end, the northern Albanians were to be supplied with arms before

⁸⁹ Count Franz Conrad von Hötzendorf (1852–1925), Austro-Hungarian field marshal and chief of staff.

⁹⁰ Count István Tisza von Borosjenő (1861–1918), Hungarian political figure and prime minister.

the war. It was resolved to smuggle 10,000 Mannlicher carbines and a million cartridges into Albania and distribute them among the Albanians before the declaration of war. Austria-Hungary also earmarked 30,000 crowns for distribution in order to win over public opinion. Because of the Turkish coastguard, the lack of adequate transportation and the bad roads, it was decided that the weapons would be smuggled into the country bit by bit. The military authorities and I calculated that we would need at least a month and a half to smuggle the materiel in. The first batch of materiel for the action would need to arrive in Albania in early February. The military plan was also approved of by His Excellency Macchio⁹¹ on behalf of the ministry of foreign affairs. I was to receive the weapons from the arsenal. I was in contact with Krobotin,⁹² director of the arsenal and later minister for war, about the packaging of the materiel. The coast of Bregumatja was proposed as the site for landing the materiel. When I had finished arranging these matters in Vienna, I returned to Shkodra on 13 January, smuggling on my body six hundred loaded Mannlicher cartridges, which weighed twenty-five kilos, and began to implement the action in coordination with the consulate general. The six hundred cartridges made quite an impression.

At the end of January, Kral and I received orders that contradicted what had been decided in talks with Conrad. About ten days after these negotiations, I was in Bregumatja with a goniometre measuring the coastline for the landing of the weapons when a message from Consul Kral was brought to me asking me to return to Shkodra immediately. When I got back, the consul told me that orders had arrived from the foreign ministry in Vienna that our arms smuggling venture would have to wait until war had been officially declared. I regarded these orders as outrageous and wrote to Excellency Macchio without delay, telling him that I regarded the change of plan as nonsensical. Firstly, the Young Turks, who were sympathising with the Serbs in any case, would announce their neutrality on a declaration of war and guard the Albanian coastline more strictly than ever, and secondly the initial outburst of sentiment among the Albanians would fade after the declaration of war. Even if we did manage to get the weapons into the country later, it

⁹¹ Baron Karl von Macchio (1859–1945), Austro-Hungarian diplomat. He served as minister to Montenegro (1899–1903) and Greece (1903–1907), Balkan expert at the foreign ministry (1909–1914), and de facto ambassador in Rome (1914–1915).

⁹² Baron Alexander von Krobotin (1849–1933), Austro-Hungarian field marshal and minister for war.

would then be extremely difficult to incite the Albanians against the Montenegrins. This explanation seemed sufficient. As to the difficulty of smuggling the materiel in after a declaration of war, I wrote the following in my letter: "I would be interested in learning how His Excellency intends to carry out such smuggling activities." Oppenheim replied to Consul General Kral on Macchio's behalf, but the new orders remained in force. The plan to smuggle the materiel in was dropped. However, we did receive the 30,000 crowns. We acted in strict secrecy, but the funds we distributed for the agitation caused such an uproar that Montenegro deployed 3,000 soldiers along the Turkish border. The amount of money at our disposal was rumored to be in the millions and we were frustrated that the weapons would not be arriving on time as originally planned. In the midst of all of this, we were startled to read an article in the *Die Zeit*, which announced that the Hungarian finance authorities had confiscated several crates of modern rifles destined for Albania that had been smuggled on board the steamer Shkodra of the Ungaro-Croata line in Fiume.⁹³ Our plan had been made known. The Ballhausplatz⁹⁴ was the only one to blame. They had kept our plan so secret that they obviously neglected to inform the Hungarian finance authorities about it. This shows what bad smugglers the people at the Ballhausplatz were. I suspected that something like this would happen. Count Miklós Thoroczkay, delegation head for foreign affairs, confirmed my suspicions in 1915. Following the Ivánka interpellation, to which I will return later, he told me that the foreign ministry was so intent on keeping secrets in 1909 that it had even refused to inform the Hungarian minister of the interior, F. Kossuth,⁹⁵ of the contingent of weapons to be shipped to the Albanians.

I was mischievous enough to ask His Excellency Conrad, a year after the Annexation, if he had ever got the confiscated weapons back from the Hungarian finance authorities, and learned on that occasion that he had not even been informed about the confiscation. As a result of my agitation among the Albanians, the Turkish authorities placed a police officer at my door. When I protested about this, a low-ranking policeman then appeared, dressed as a beggar. My servants recognized him despite

⁹³ Rijeka.

⁹⁴ Reference to the Austro-Hungarian ministry of foreign affairs, located until 1918 on Ballhausplatz square in Vienna.

⁹⁵ Ferenc Kossuth (1841–1914), Hungarian minister of trade and commerce (1906–1910).

the costume and so I greeted him and brought out an armchair for him to sit on. Having been “unmasked,” the policeman disappeared, too. As a consequence of this, the whole block where my house and the consulate were located was ringed off, with the entrances from all four streets being blocked by the police who took down the names of all visitors. Thus, nothing ever came of the plan to arm the Albanians. The whole action was proof of how marasmic, inconsequential and stupid the ministry at the Ballhausplatz was. Of course, in view of my letter, relations between His Excellency Macchio and me cooled substantially.

It was no surprise that the anti-Austrian boycott arising from the Annexation crisis reached Shkodra and Lezha, too. In these parts it was spread by Sadri Keçe, a Muslim of the Kelmendi tribe.

As I had just received a large roll of linoleum via the Austro-Orientalische Handelsgesellschaft, I almost became a victim of the boycott myself. The linoleum arrived and Mr. Nesavdal, the company’s representative, was to deliver it to my home, but a day passed and the linoleum did not make its appearance. Nesavdal said “tomorrow, tomorrow,” but he was unable to get anything out of customs because of the boycott. My patience grew thin so I decided to act myself. I informed my servants that they would soon have to go up into the mountains to get twenty or thirty brave armed men because I intended to lead an armed group to the customs office to get my linoleum by force. The servants spread the word. Rumors were in full flight and as soon as everyone had heard about it, I set off for the customs office, in person and without a bodyguard, to deal with the customs formalities. In a private conversation, I told the head of customs that I would soon be coming around to pick the linoleum up. He nervously informed me that this would not be possible because the *hamals*⁹⁶ happened to be on strike. I smiled and thanked him for the information, calmed his fears and ensured him that everything would turn out alright, adding, *en passant*, that I had taken some steps. If the people carrying out the boycott were to use violence, I would respond with violence. People readily believed that I would resort to violence as I was well-known in Shkodra as a *sheytan*.⁹⁷ I had recently had Mehmet Pardo Efendi, a Muslim from Shkodra, thrashed in his pharmacy by some men of mine—though in such a way that there was no proof of my involvement. A Catholic

⁹⁶ Porters.

⁹⁷ Devil.

priest was also set to receive a similar beating from my people. When, twenty-four hours after my visit, Nesavdal went back to the customs office to inquire about the goods once again, the *hamals* immediately loaded the linoleum onto two ox carts, and I received it. I did not neglect to express my gratitude to the head of customs, and we remained friends. If our aging ambassador in Constantinople, Margrave Pallavicini, had done the same there at the start of the boycott and instructed his consulate to take requisite measures, there would have been two hundred foreign porters on the scene and the whole boycott would have been brought to a rapid conclusion.

The Turks were capable of anything, but they usually hesitated to make acute conflict situations worse if the final result was uncertain. This was why a man of resolve and intelligence usually got his way in Turkey. He only had to be willing to put all of his money onto one card and use all of his energy, without in any way infringing upon Turkish honor. If his opponent were publicly humiliated, he would have no choice but to react, but if one managed simply to ignore a public official, the latter would regard this as his fate. Because of absolute rule in the Ottoman Empire, the Turks put up with private humiliation better than we Europeans do.

I was in Albania until 15 July and the Annexation Crisis passed. During all of this time, Bedri Pasha was *vali*, and I had quite a few run-ins with him.

One morning, he sent a policeman to inform me that he would be in his office an hour earlier than usual because he wished to speak to me undisturbed. I replied to the policeman saying: "Tell the *vali* that I received his message," and then, of course, did not go to see him at all. I preferred to keep him waiting all day. That evening, the consul intervened, asking the *vali* how he dared to send a simple policeman to summon an Austro-Hungarian subject to his office. The *vali* replied that it was no summons but a simple invitation for a cup of black coffee. Having received this reply, I sent the *vali* the following message: "Ayant compris par le Drogman de notre consulat que l'agent de police ne m'a pas, cet après-midi, cité par devant l'autorité, mais que Votre Excellence a eu l'amabilité de m'inviter chez elle par voie privée et comme ami, je regrette d'avoir manqué cette occasion de m'entretenir avec Votre Excellence. Je me ferai un devoir de vous rendre visite prochainement et me permets en attendant de vous présenter quelques unes de mes

publications. Veuillez agréer, Excellence, l'assurance de ma plus haute considération."⁹⁸

The next time, the *vali* used a different tactic. He informed me that I could travel in Albania, but would have to take a *zaptie*h with me. It was not a bad trick. In order to prove he was not receiving bribes from the traveler he was accompanying, a *zaptie*h was more or less forced to report that the traveler in question was conducting political agitation. On the basis of such a report, the government could then ban anyone from traveling. In addition to this, traveling with a government escort was dangerous business in Albania, and many people preferred not to make the journey at all. There was thus reason enough for me to reject Bedri's offer. I would prefer to have taken a servant of Prenk Bibë Doda with me instead of the *zaptie*h, but this was not possible either, because Prenk Bibë Doda was a Catholic and thus suspicious for the Turks. People would have noticed and, even if I had asked for the *vali*'s permission, he probably would not have granted it. I had no other choice than to put on a good face and accept Bedri's proposal. Nonetheless, I devised a plan to achieve my objectives in a roundabout way. As originally planned, I set out for Mirdita in the company of a *zaptie*h. Through the intervention of the Franciscan priest of Gomsiqja and of Pal Nika, I got the men of Mirdita to have Nue Laska refuse entry to my *zaptie*h and to me in Dush i Poshtë. Nue did as requested and refused to accompany us any further. I pretended to be thunder-struck and the *zaptie*h was sincerely shocked. I then abandoned the expedition and returned to Shkodra to complain to the *vali*. The *vali* was embarrassed when he realized that he was to blame. To solve the dilemma, he told me I could travel wherever I wanted in Mirdita and should take a servant of the Prince of Mirdita, Prenk Bibë Doda, with me. This was exactly what I wanted. I left Shkodra ostentatiously with a servant of Prenk Bibë Doda, but soon managed to get rid of him and was able to travel on my own. I had thus achieved what I wanted in this roundabout way. In addition to major run-ins with the *vali*, we also had "little duels." On one occasion, the *vali* told me, this time stressing that he

⁹⁸ "Having been informed by the dragoman of our consulate that the police officer did not officially summon me this afternoon, but rather that Your Excellency had the kindness of inviting me over privately and as a friend, I regret having missed the opportunity of speaking to Your Excellency. I will see that I pay you a visit in the near future and venture in the meantime to present you with some of my publications. Please accept my best wishes."

was speaking not as *vali* but as my friend, that my long stay in Shkodra was causing concern and it would therefore be a good idea if I left Turkey for a while. I took his advice and told him that I intended to depart for Cetinje in thirty-six hours. The *vali* was pleased at this but wondered when I intended to return. I replied: "The day after tomorrow." At this, the poor *vali* fell silent.

I had a particularly amusing encounter with the *vali* when I went to complain about something. Guessing that I was about to confront him with something unpleasant, he received me but then began moaning and groaning about the pain he was suffering as a result of an illness. He hoped I would not cause further suffering to an ailing man. As Consul General Kral had already informed me that the *vali* was wont to be in terrible pain whenever recriminations were brought to him, I spent over a quarter of an hour of my time consoling the poor man. I then noted that everyone had his problems, explained to him what my complaint was and expressed the hope that he would assist me because he certainly did not want to cause me pain, too. In other words, I demanded that he annul a decision he had cunningly taken earlier.

My expeditions of 1909 were concentrated firstly on the region between the main Prizren to Shkodra road and the Drin River. At Raja, I crossed over to the northern bank of the Drin and worked my way westwards until I got to Mazrek near Shkodra. From Mazrek I wanted to continue northwards to investigate the southern foot and then the ridge of the northern Albanian Alps, but I was prevented from doing so by the recurrence of an old illness.

In 1909 I was also caught up in an Albanian love affair. The brother of my *probatim*⁹⁹, Sokol Shytani from Shala was engaged to marry a girl from Dardha e Shoshit, and when the moment arrived for the wedding, the men of Shoshi brought to his *kulla* the beautiful girl who was, it seemed, somewhat inclined to a dissolute life. In order not to marry the fellow from Shala, the girl steadfastly put off the wedding date, even after she had arrived at the home of the groom. She thus lived with him as a concubine for several days. She then pretended she was ill and asked Sokol Shytani for my intervention so that she could be admitted under my protection to the Austrian hospital in Shkodra until her recovery. I promised to fulfil Sokol's wish and said I would return the girl to him

⁹⁹ Blood brother.

once she was better. When Sokol Shytani left Shkodra and the girl was alone at my place, she declared to my surprise and that of Monsignor Mjedja¹⁰⁰ that she was not sick at all and did not want to be admitted to hospital. It had all just been a trick to get out of the house of Sokol Shytani. She begged the two of us not to return her so that she would not be forced to live as a concubine or to commit suicide in order to avoid the sin. I was in an extremely delicate situation. If I did not return the girl to the fellow from Shala, I would be found guilty of willfully aiding and abetting the flight of a spouse who, under tribal law, was legally married, and would be the object of a blood feud with Shala and Shoshi. Were I, on the other hand, to return the girl to the groom, I would be subject to excommunication which, in Albania, was imposed with great pomp and ceremony. I would then have had not only all the clergy against me but most of the highlanders, too, who were very superstitious and did what their priests told them to do. Since Sokol Shytani had given me the girl for safe keeping and would demand her back, I could not keep her in my home or allow her to flee to a monastery or anywhere else. As I had all male servants, I was forced to keep the girl locked up and guarded. I therefore made it clear to everyone that she was indeed my prisoner and played for time as much as I could. The slogan “win time and win out” had served me well on numerous occasions. The next time Sokol came by for the girl, I was not at home as I was away in Durrës¹⁰¹ to get coal. My servant Bajazid refused to hand her over to Sokol, saying he was not authorized to do so. This of course surprised Sokol Shytani, who recognized that something was going on. The first battle had been won. My only hope was to play for more time. To my surprise, when I got back from Durrës, the Austro-Hungarian consulate in Shkodra demanded that I release the girl, stressing that the matter would be bad for my public image. This demand complicated matters. The crisis came to a boil when Sokol Shytani, informed that I was back in Shkodra, came around a second time to pick his brother’s fiancée up. When the behavior of my servants towards the girl was threatening to have consequences, I succeeded in inviting Sokol Shytani, the head of the house in Dardha e Shoshit and Archbishop Mjedja over to my place at the same time.

¹⁰⁰ Lazër Mjedja or Mjeda (1869–1935), Archbishop of Shkodra.

¹⁰¹ The main port city of Albania. Italian: Durazzo, Serbian: Drač, Turkish: Dıraç.

The girl, waiting in the other room, realized that a decision on her fate was imminent. She wept and screamed, making a scene. In the midst of all the commotion, I asked my guests what I should do, saying that I was at the end of my tether. Both Sokol Shytani and Mjedja insisted on their respective proposals and demanded that I act according to what they thought was best. Since the two of them were unable to solve the problem and were acutely aware of this, I asked them to accept my proposal. Both agreed in principle, though with reservations. Mjedja said he would agree if the solution did not infringe upon church law, and Sokol repeated the same with regard to Albanian customary law, the *Kanun* of Lekë Dukagjini. I informed them that I had a proposal which both sides could accept and threatened, if they did not agree to it, that I would otherwise act of my own accord and ignore the interest of one or the other side entirely. The two men recognized that further resistance was pointless and I was then able to make my proposal. Sokol Shytani would take the girl back to his *kulla* for fourteen days, but had to promise solemnly and before witnesses that, if she still refused to get married at the end of this period, he would let her return to her home unharmed, that is, he would hand her over to her brother, who would witness the promise. The archbishop, for his part, promised to wait fourteen days before instituting the excommunication and only to act if Sokol should break his promise and keep the girl by force once two weeks had passed. We also agreed that keeping the girl would be equivalent to forceful kidnapping. In this case, the girl's brother would have the right to take revenge on Sokol Shytani. All sides accepted the compromise. I advised Sokol to treat the girl well in the coming fourteen days and to buy her some sweets. He then set off with her, back to the mountains. I never did see the actual bridegroom. Before the fourteen days had passed, Sokol's brother and his bride got married at the altar. Since that time I have been good friends with both families, the one from Shala and the other from Shoshi, and have often spent the night in their homes.

The 1909 trip was also the only occasion on which I was forced to be rude to an Albanian. This occurred in Iballja when I threw an armed man out of my room because he was making fun of me. Aside from the fact that he was carrying a rifle and a revolver, the situation was dangerous because it involved issues of honor and prestige.

Geological and archaeological studies played a major role in my 1909 trip, as did my notes on ethnography. The physical and intellectual de-

mands of the trip resulted in my falling ill in June and I was confined to bed in Shkodra until 13 August.

One day during my illness I learned, quite by accident, of the death of Vay Mussi, a good friend of Dr. Julius Enderle¹⁰² who had been a colleague of mine at the university, and of my only really close friend, Count Louis Drašković, who perished in wretched circumstances in Constantinople. For Louis, who had been serving as Austro-Hungarian dragoman there, death was a fortunate thing in a way because, in view of his idealism and high expectations, he would have suffered terribly in the following years to see the collapse of the Turks, whom he so loved. I am convinced that he would have joined the Turkish army as a soldier and died on the battlefield. People like him are rare indeed. His early death was only a loss for others, because people like him suffer too much from their ideals. I find it difficult to speak about Louis, what I lost with his departure and what I still remember about him. My only consolation is that it was better for him that way.

As I had two relapses in Shkodra, it took me some time to recover from my illness. I was fine mentally, but was physically so sick that, for weeks, I could drink no more than 5–6 cubic centimeters of water a day and became acutely aware that I was gradually starving. My servants attended to me with devotion. Bajazid often spent the whole night in my room, anxious that I would stop breathing. Gjok and Mehmet wept. My condition continued for several weeks and thereafter, when I was able to eat a bit of aspic, up to two tablespoons full in twenty-four hours, everyone was relieved. As Professor Steyskal diagnosed on a later occasion, I was suffering from an attack of the nervous system, which slowed my heart to thirty-six beats a minute and caused terrible cramps in my stomach and guts such that I could not eat anything. Since Steyskal has been giving me Belladonna, I have had far fewer attacks and have been able to get over them much more quickly.

I was still ill when a motorboat of the *Compagnia di Antivari* conveyed me to Rijeka.¹⁰³ From there, I was taken by automobile via Cetinje to Cattaro where I caught the steamer for Ragusa. The Kuhns were very kind to me in Cetinje. My mother received my telegram and came down to Ragusa to pick me up. Mehmet Zeneli accompanied me

¹⁰² Dr. Julius Enderle (1875–1908), Austro-Hungarian paleologist.

¹⁰³ Reference here is to Rijeka Crnojevića at the northern end of Lake Shkodra.

to Ragusa, where he was quite bored. I was rather amused that he justified his wish to return to Albania by the fact that he had not stolen any sheep for quite some time and was missing the fun.

There was a good hospital in Ragusa where I recovered and, once I was feeling better, I continued my journey northwards. On the trip from Ragusa to Vienna, I was very keen to visit the Balkan Institute in Sarajevo that Patsch¹⁰⁴ had founded and that I was supporting with some modest funds. I wanted the institute to devote itself primarily to Albanian research.

At this juncture, I would like to narrate a rather quaint but funny event that occurred later and had to do with this institute. For financial reasons, Patsch wanted to have his brochures printed at the government printing office in Sarajevo. He asked me to intervene on his behalf with Count Burián,¹⁰⁵ the minister for Bosnia. This I did and Burián replied that Patsch should submit a request. I informed Patsch without delay and, when several months had passed and there was no word from Patsch, I believed that the matter had been solved. Quite by accident, however, I learned that the opposite was the case. I therefore asked Burián what the matter was and found out that Patsch had not made any written request at all. Having learned this, I asked Patsch why he had not submitted a request and found out from him that he was not allowed to do so until his section chief, Thallóczy,¹⁰⁶ authorized him to do so. I informed Thallóczy and Burián and the matter was finally solved with a laugh.

The authorization to go to press was of course issued, but the episode reminded me of another one that occurred during an automobile journey through the Hátszeg mountains. Baron Leopold Bornemisza was at Boldogfalva on his way from Deva to visit the Kendeffys. His vehicle, however, broke down at Plop on the other side of the Hátszeg range. He therefore telephoned to Hátszeg and asked Count Gábor Kendeffy for assistance. Gábor set off in no time to pick him up, but this time, Gábor's automobile broke down on the other side of the mountains. A carriage driver from Plop who happened to be passing by on his way to Hátszeg, saw Gábor's vehicle at the side of the road

¹⁰⁴ Carl Patsch (1865–1945), German-Austrian historian and archaeologist.

¹⁰⁵ Stefan Graf Burián von Rajecz (1851–1922), Austro-Hungarian diplomat and statesman.

¹⁰⁶ Ludwig von Thallóczy (1854–1916), Austro-Hungarian Balkanist.

and said to him: “Ne búsuljon, nincs egyedül, túl Plopen is még akadt egy.”¹⁰⁷

From Sarajevo, mother continued on to Újarad and I returned to Vienna, where I remained through September and October. In early November I was in Újarad and Szacsal. In mid-November I accompanied Bajazid to Skopje and returned from there to Shkodra. The prime objective of this journey was to explore the tribal territory of the Hoti and Gruda, situated in the mountains immediately to the north and north-east of Lake Shkodra.

I traveled via Rrjoll and Kastrati to Tuz and from there, via Dečić—which was later to become well known—to Qafa e Kronit and Gruda. I returned to Shkodra via Trabojna, Vuksanlekaj and Rrjoll.

As I had made some connections in Gusinje in 1909, I hope to go there in the summer of 1910. This was only possible in Albanian clothes. On the other hand, when I was in prison in Prizren in 1907, it was the fact that I was dressed like an Albanian that made me look suspicious to the Turkish authorities. I had to find a compromise between the two because there were Turkish officials in Gusinje. I decided to travel in December. I discussed my travel plans with the *vali*, not mentioning Gusinje at all. The *vali* endeavoured to dissuade me with talk of bad food and freezing temperatures. He stressed that I should at least take a lot of luggage with me, which in view of the harrowing trails would have made my journey impossible. I agreed with the *vali* in general terms. I assured him that he need not worry about me in the cold because the clothes I had worn in the summer were warm enough for the winter months, too. As to food, I promised him that I would take supplies with me. The *vali* agreed about the food but did not want to let me go in such light clothing. He said I would have to procure warmer things, hoping to contravene my plan as it was virtually impossible to find warm clothes in Shkodra. I insisted that my summer clothes would do the trick, but promised, if they did not suffice, that I would take some heavy Albanian woollen blankets with me as they would certainly be warm enough. As Albanian blankets were well known for protecting against the cold, the *vali* could do nothing but approve my request. He simply repeated he hoped I would be careful not to catch a cold. From this moment on, since I knew full well that my European clothes were far too light for the winter, I felt justified

¹⁰⁷ Don't worry. You are not alone. There is another car broken-down in Plop.

in dressing in Albanian cloths with the blessing of the Turkish authorities. This hurdle in reaching Gusinje had been overcome. Unfortunately, there were others to follow and impede my travel plans.

In early January 1910 in Shkodra, Consul General Kral asked me to compile a report on the conditions in the diocese of Sappa, where Monsignor Sereggi¹⁰⁸ was bishop. I completed the report in several phases and include part of a slightly altered version of it here because it elucidates the conditions of the clergy in Albania at the time.

Monsignor Sereggi's motto was "there must be a parish priest for every fifty families." Since he did not have to finance the priests himself, he was not particularly concerned as to how much this motto of his would cost the Austro-Hungarian ministry. He set about implementing it and informed the parish priests of the new system. He also told them that conditions in the church in the Iballja region were catastrophic simply because there was no bishop as vicar in Mila, that is, a bishop who would be well-nourished on Austro-Hungarian subsidies. The priests liked both ideas because they would have smaller parishes and thus a far shorter walking distance to get to the bishop, and the vicar was responsible for sending the request to the consulate. In Zadrima, Sereggi had already implemented his principle of small parishes, one after the other. In the diocese of Shkodra there were parishes that took over twenty hours to cross, but in Zadrima they took a mere twenty minutes to cross. If we did not fulfill Sereggi's every wish and demand, he would cry: "Austria has done nothing for us!" If we endeavored to impede Sereggi's plan for tiny parishes by allowing fewer pupils to study at the seminary than Sereggi wanted, that is, to have less young priests available and thus less parishes, Sereggi would 'indignantly' send the pupils to Italy where they would become Italophiles. And the funds needed to do this would be supplied by Austria-Hungary.

The reason for antagonism between Catholics and Muslims throughout the region is the intransigent attitude of the clergy. "It is no sin to steal from a Turk." It was this sort of thing that the clergy silently approved of.

The reports that Sereggi sent to the consulate about conditions in the parishes were wrong and intentionally distorted. The vicarage in Iballja, for instance, was in good condition. Sereggi wanted it to be renovated

¹⁰⁸ Jak Serreqi (1861–1921).

because the parish priest there was an Italian. The church in Iballja was in desperate need of repair, but the priest gained nothing from this personally, and repairs were therefore not carried out. No proposal was made to repair the decrepit church of Qelza where you could see the sky through the cracks in the walls, because it served as effective anti-Austrian propaganda. No one reported either that the church in Fierza had been without a roof for three years because the parish priest was a good friend of Qerim Sokoli, and Qerim was Austrophile, like all of Thaçi tribal territory, etc., etc.

Throughout the region from Dardha to Apripa, public opinion is against the Franciscans and for the diocesan priests. This did not use to be the case. They say that only good-for-nothings and the children of poor parents end up in a monastery. No Franciscan from a good family is of any use in providing advice. In actual fact, not a single priest has any influence whatsoever on what is going on in the area between Qelza, Qafa e Malit, Dardha and Fierza.

Monsignor Sereggi has given the parish priests order after order, but the parish priests have bad reputations and cannot achieve anything. If they try to implement the ridiculous orders of the bishop, they get into quarrels with the parishioners and lose even more of their reputation and any popularity they had.

Arrogance and conceit prevent Sereggi from dealing with the real problems of the highland population. Lust for power makes him forget his role as a charge of Austria-Hungary. He confuses the roles of protector and protected and believes that the protected have the right to order their protectors around. I heard sentences like "I am angry with the consulate," meaning "they are not doing what I want," and "Austria has done nothing for us" from Sereggi in Nënshat in 1907. Now all the parish priests in the diocese of Sappa are up in arms.

The only remedy is to show the clergy an iron fist for a while, to mete out punishment and to hang the breadbasket a bit higher. One can never get a grip on Albanians with half measures.

The following is to be noted about the parishes. The parish priest of Berisha is a stubborn fellow, a hothead who knows no bounds. He carries out all of Sereggi's orders. The whole parish of Berisha has been excommunicated because there are unwed women in six homes. All functions, with the exception of baptisms and the collection of church tithes, have been suspended to force the parish to expel families with concubines from

tribal territory and to burn their houses down. Sereggi has also issued such orders to the parishes of Iballja and Fierza. Nothing happens, but the people in Berisha are furious with their priest and have stated they will do nothing to please the bishop. Sereggi wants to use government troops against the parishes and has already contacted the *kaimakam* in Puka about the matter, though with no success. I have called openly for the tribes in question to defend themselves against the bishop and his use of troops because this would lead to an open conflict with the government. To save his honour, the priest can always make the highland people believe that the bishop asked the consulate for Austrian troops in the name of Christ to burn down the houses of the excommunicated, even though the consulate did not agree because it did not want to get involved in issues involving Christ and the Catholic Church. This way, the in compliant consulate and not the bishop would be the scapegoat.

Qerim Sokoli said to me one day: "Have a look at the fat ankles of the Franciscans; then you'll know who they are." Thin ankles are a sign of nobility. As to the parish priest of Berisha, Qerim wondered how he could possibly enjoy any respect there. Everyone knew that as a child he was forced, out of poverty, to live off the charity of the house of Prel Mehmeti in Iballja and that he stemmed from a family that was worse off than any in Berisha. To send a man like this to Berisha, bordering on Iballja, as a parish priest showed how little the bishop understood the values of the mountain people.

The parish priest of Shllak stated that he had built his beautiful church exclusively with Italian money. He also revealed that the bishop was receiving an annual 500 Napoleons from Italy, adding that there was not a single parish church in the whole country that had been built with Austrian money. For this reason there were no inscriptions on churches about this, whereas his parish church in Shllak had a sign on it saying that it had been constructed with Italian assistance. In general, the priests complain that "Austria has done nothing for us." Some even say: "It would have been better for Austria-Hungary to give up the *Kultusprotektorat* during the annexation crisis, so that Italy could take its place." I pointed out the error in this thinking and said to the highlanders, whose priests had made such assertions, that if Austria-Hungary gave up the *Kultusprotektorat* because of Italian agitation through the clergy, it would be Turkey and not Italy that would take its place.

The weak administration of the parish of Qelza can be explained by the following incident. The highlander Luk Malosi seized and carried off the sister of the parish priest. She initially declared that she would marry Luk, but later said the opposite. Encouraged by the priest, the parishioners took revenge for the dishonor he had suffered, and slew Luk, who received sixteen gunshots. The priest fled to Nënshat. The bishop, however, sent him back to Qelza, even though all the clergy was against this. The presence of the priest there, who endeavored to protect the guilty parishioners, and in particular the main culprit, roused the other side to such an extent that Luk's brother and twelve other men took revenge and shot the main culprit and his two brothers in an ambush. Another fellow who was accompanying the culprit was shot, too, and one of the twelve avengers was wounded. The parish priest fled to Nënshat again and the *kaimakam* had several houses in Qelza burnt to the ground as punishment.

The priest of Qelza is in favor of Italy. His home is in ruins, but he is angry with the consulate and, as long as Consul General Kral is in Shkodra, he refuses to pay it a visit to apply for the grant to build the vicarage. In addition to this, he says that Austria is responsible for the fact that the parish is in such a state because Austria does nothing for the Catholics and it is high time to turn to Italy instead.

The parish priest in Iballja is an Italian but he has done little damage because he does not like the Albanians and has little contact with them. He is also in great conflict with his parish because of their concubines.

It is quite normal in this country to marry off under-age children without asking for their consent. The Albanian Council of 1893 condemned this practice but did nothing about it. Despite the custom, while I was in Iballja, the parish priest had ordered a house to be razed to the ground and its owner driven away because the latter had married his daughter to a Turk in Gjakova. I succeeded in stopping the burning of the house, which would have led to a feud between the tribes and in making the people aware that it was the bishop who was behind everything.

In Dardha I was asked who would occupy Albania—the Dual Monarchy or Italy. Three years earlier, the name of Italy was entirely unknown there, or at least if it was mentioned, then only to say that Father Deda had been relieved of his duties by Austria-Hungary because he was Italian. I also heard much more talk of Italy in other settlements than three years earlier.

The person behind all of this was Monsignor Sereggi, since the Italian consulate had no direct contacts with the highland people there. The Italian consulate in Prizren, for its part, spun its web up to Gjakova.

A few years ago, the parish priest of Fierza had a great row with the village of Bugjon and as a result, for quite some time, the priest of Iballja had to take over responsibility for the parishioners there. He was well received by the locals and had excellent relations with the village. Even his one-time opponents had to admit this. Pastoral care in Apripa was ensured in part from Fierza and in part from distant Berisha. The conflict with Sereggi was most pronounced in Apripa because of the polygamy that occurred in many of the families there.

Sereggi did everything he could to make himself notorious. For years, he kept back various donations that were to go to build a church in Apripa. Now some of this money has found its way to the parish priest of Berisha who refuses to distribute it under the pretext that the local people there have not done their part. The people who showed me the church in construction complained that a lack of funds was preventing it from being completed. To impede the construction of a church just because some of the families in the parish, who have already been excommunicated, hold concubines does not seem to me to be particularly sensible.

As Bishop of Sappa, Monsignor Sereggi showed how to get rid of concubines and that it was possible to do so in Iballja and Apripa, too. He managed this in a great, theatrical coup a few years ago. After the solemn celebration of mass at Easter, he took off his robes *coram publico*, hurled his mitre and crook to the floor and, instead of blessing those present, he cursed the families holding concubines in front of everyone else. The impression left by this spectacular deed was so great that he attained his objective without even having to burn their houses down and increase the dire poverty all the more.

In the summer of 1909, Aehrenthal began to conduct more active pro-Albanian policies. The new direction was particularly apparent in the case of Qerim Sokoli. Qerim was one of the Albanians who had played a prominent role in our military preparations in the spring of 1909. He was thus in a compromised position with the Young Turks, who were our foes at the time. Accused on a false pretext, he was thrown into prison in the summer of 1909. There is no doubt that his imprisonment was related to the candid pro-Austrian position he had taken.

Since Qerim was innocent, the consulate should have intervened, as it had done successfully on many other such occasions, but this did not accord with Aehrenthal's new policies of keeping the Turks happy. As such, Qerim remained in prison until Christmas 1909, and of course learned his lesson. Whenever he later acted on behalf of Austria-Hungary at my request, he only went as far as he could without compromising his own interests. In 1913, Rossmann complained to me that Qerim had not been of any great assistance to him.

Over Christmas, a traditional shoot-up was once again to be held in Shkodra, although the custom was illegal. I was in a great dilemma, because I did not know whether to take part or not. To avoid the problem, I put on Albanian dress and departed unseen for Kolaj where I was free to take part in the Christmas shoot-up without being compromised. The shoot-up in Shkodra began in the courtyard of Prenk Bibë Doda and, not knowing that I was absent, my detractors reported me to the *vali*, alleging that I was the one who had initiated it. When I got back to Shkodra after Christmas, the *vali* accused me of breaking the law and, with a pseudo-frown on his face, asked me if the allegations were true. I replied: "Yes, Your Excellency, I admit that I was the one who started the shoot-up." The *vali*'s eyes lit up. He now finally had an excuse to prosecute me and possibly even order my expulsion from the country. "Why did you do so?" he asked maliciously. "Excellency," I replied, "I did not think that you could hear my rifle from Shkodra. After all, I was in Torovica near Kolaj, and not in Shkodra at all. As far as I am aware, it is not illegal to celebrate Christmas there." The *vali* was taken aback and stated that he had been informed otherwise. "I know, Excellency," I responded humbly, "They accused me of taking part in the shoot-up even though they knew full well that I was not even there, and, by the way, this is not the first time that they have reported me to Your Excellency. But now you know the truth about all the rumors spread against me." The *vali* looked embarrassed and the whole campaign against me was dropped.

Part III

**Between the Annexation
and the Balkan War**
(1910–1912)

Consul General Kral was transferred away from Shkodra in January 1910. He told me before he left that I would have greater difficulty traveling in Albania under his successor. I myself left Shkodra in mid-January, not knowing that it would be a long time before I could return to my geological research there.

I thus left Albania not long after the definitive departure of Consul General Kral. His successor, Consul General Zambaur,¹⁰⁹ did indeed make travel in Albania impossible for me and it was at this time that I began to take an active interest in politics. At this juncture, I would like to sketch something of my relations with the Ballhausplatz, or rather with its officials and subsequent heads.

I had little to do with the Ballhausplatz while Aehrenthal was conducting more pro-Albanian policies and Consul General Kral was in Shkodra. It may have bothered some ministry officials that I had direct access to the Minister of Foreign Affairs in view of my social standing, but it was of no great importance to me and I was able to carry on with my research. Kral certainly had minor problems because of me from time to time, but I kept him informed of what was going on in the country. As I was professionally interested in geology and not in consular affairs, I had no objection to Kral's political positions as long as he supported me in my geological research and travels. One hand washes the other. For this reason, we got along very well, and still do. Vice-Consul Fillunger told me later that Kral never mentioned my name in his reports. I found it terrible on Fillunger's part to have told me this, just to damage the reputation of his former superior. With a consular corps consisting of people like Fillunger, one can understand how Austro-Hungarian commercial interests were represented abroad.

¹⁰⁹ Adolf Ritter von Zambaur (1864–1919), Austro-Hungarian consul in Shkodra from the autumn of 1909 to 1913.

The situation changed when Zambaur arrived in Shkodra, Mr. Zambaur was ill at ease when subjects of the Dual Monarchy were present in his sphere of power. It made more work for him and he did not like people finding out, behind his back, what was going on. He felt threatened in his glory because someone might have been able to criticize him. I endeavored to point Zambaur's weaknesses out to Count Berchtold¹¹⁰ in 1913, but with no great success. In a letter, I suggested that the minister ask some neutral civilian and military witnesses to provide written evidence about him. It was all a waste of time because, despite his good will, Berchtold was weak by nature, and the clique of Ballhausplatz officials, of whom I will later come to speak, was all too powerful.

Consul General Rappaport¹¹¹ was a fellow of the same caliber as Zambaur. In 1907, he tried to arrange for my expulsion from Turkey during the affair with Mustafa Lita when he blindly accepted Hilmi's proposition. Neither he nor Hilmi Pasha ever thought that I would find my way back to Turkey via Zemun, Sarajevo and Cetinje. When Zambaur arrived in Shkodra, he knew how well informed I was about events in the region, and immediately contacted our ambassador in Constantinople, Margrave Pallavicini, to propose that I be expelled from Albania. Rappaport, at that time, was desk officer and specialist for Albanian affairs at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Vienna. He, too, liked to keep subjects of the Dual Monarchy out of Albania. This was evident in 1913, for instance, when, giving his official reaction to a request made by Count Pachta, an officer in the cavalry, to spend his holidays in Albania, he remarked that one did not need any war ministry spies in Albania. Baron Franz Mirbach, captain in the General Staff, reported this statement to Count Pachta and an embarrassing scene ensued between him and Rappaport. Zambaur, Rappaport and some of the masterminds behind them imposed their system on all civilians and then systematically on all ministry officials who knew anything about Albanian affairs and had an opinion of their own. I was soon removed from Albania. Kral was transferred as consul general to Smyrna and Consul General Theodor Ippen, who was very knowledgeable about Albania, was seconded to London. Newcomers were dispatched to Albania in their stead. Kral

¹¹⁰ Count Leopold Anton, Freiherr von Berchtold (1863–1942), Foreign Minister of Austria-Hungary from 1912 to 1915.

¹¹¹ Alfred Rappaport von Arbengau (1868–1918), Austro-Hungarian vice-consul in Shkodra, later consul in Macedonia.

was later brought back to Albania, in 1914, when Petrovic was obliged to leave Durrës. This was, however, simply a coincidence because Petrovic had to be removed from Durrës because of a love affair. Consul General Ippen, for his part, had nolens volens to be sent to London as a specialist in Albanian affairs, because of the peace conference that took place there in 1913. Removing him entirely would have caused too much of an uproar. Another influential figure who was a close friend of Rappaport and Zambaur at the Ballhausplatz was section chief Macchio,¹¹² who was later Austro-Hungarian ambassador to the Quirinale in Rome. Section chief Macchio was still angry with me because of the letter of 1909, and Zambaur, Macchio and Rappaport coordinated their activities closely. Macchio was also a good friend of Zambaur's because, as an officer during Macchio's time at the mission in Cetinje, Zambaur had accompanied him into the interior of Montenegro and had compiled excellent military reports for him, for which Macchio had received much praise. I learned this from Baron Gundenus who was attaché to our ambassador in Athens, the latter being none other than Macchio. Rappaport was called back to the ministry in Vienna from Salonica and put an end to his scandalous behavior there by marrying his mistress. He was a good friend of the Zambaur family since Frau Zambaur,¹¹³ who stemmed from a respected family, had cleverly visited his wife and thus made her socially acceptable in their circle of ministerial officials. All of them now turned to a Mr. Georg Pekmezi, an Albanian employed by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and asked him to keep all the Albanians coming to Vienna away from me to make it harder for me to keep abreast of what was going on in Albania. They also spoke against me in their talks with the so-called Albanian patriots. I informed Count Berchtold of all of these things in the coming years and, as to Pekmezi, I gave Berchtold proof that he had endeavored to cut a deal with Viennese physicians to whom he had brought Albanians, his compatriots, for treatment. The physicians were to demand exorbitant payments from these inexperienced foreigners and then divide the gains with Pekmezi. But all this evidence had no influence. As to the Viennese physicians, it must be noted to their credit that they rejected Georg Pekmezi's offer with indignation.

¹¹² Karl Freiherr von Macchio (1859–1945), Austro-Hungarian diplomat before and during the First World War.

¹¹³ Hortense von Zambaur (1866–1933), writer and wife of Consul Adolf Ritter von Zambaur.

In view of the situation, it was not long before I was in conflict with the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Macchio and his colleagues were hostile towards me and, as a result, I soon had almost all of the Ballhausplatz against me. The deputy head of the General Staff, Excellency Rudolf Langer, told me: "Baron, I can assure you that the very mention of your name at the Ballhausplatz is like a red rag in front of a bull." I will return later to the incident that caused the conflict to break out. It was the conduct of those individuals who later suffered under my attacks, that resulted in my abandoning my relatively harmless research and travel in Albania in 1910 and in my turning since that time to politics—to the great distress of many a diplomat. Unfortunately, many of these gentlemen have escaped my barbs because they have died in the meantime. I prefer to have my foes alive, not dead.

There were still no storm clouds on the horizon in January. I spent January and February 1910 in Vienna, Újarad and Szacsal. From 10 February to 7 May, I was in Vienna working on the archaeological material I had gathered in Albania in 1908 and 1909. I was encouraged to embark upon this new field of studies by a kind word from Suess, who said: "I see, you're learning," and set about describing the material. I repeated what I had done in another field in 1899. I worked my way through about six hundred articles on archaeology in southeastern Europe, from which I made notes, and leafed through about another thousand which were not very pertinent to my subject. This research resulted in my study *Vorgeschichte und Ethnologie Nordalbaniens* [Prehistory and ethnology of northern Albania] published in the *Wissenschaftliche Mitteilungen aus Bosnien und der Herzegowina* [Scholarly reports from Bosnia and Herzegovina]. In this work, I adhered to the theory put forth by Patsch in Sarajevo that there were two archaeological cultures in Albania: an older Thracian one equating with the Bukëmira culture, and a younger one with an Illyrian population, equating with the Hallstatt-Glasinac culture. I then endeavored to link the traces of these two peoples to the modern Albanians, and included not only archaeological data, but also folklore, such as the Polyphemus legend that still exists in Albania, tribal traditions, the genealogical tree of the modern Albanian tribes, somatic data on the Albanians, and linguistic information. I became aware during this research that palaeo-ethnology, as the goal of all archaeology and linguistics, was an interesting field, but that, as a historical field of scholarship that depended on hy-

potheses, it was tainted by most scholars who were out to promote chauvinist goals of their own. The French regard everything ancient in Europe as being Gaulish, the Germans as Germanic, the Czechs as Slavic. The Italians speak highly of the small Mediterranean dolichocephalic race. We Europeans are technically advanced barbarians who are both conceited and childish.

In mid-May, after a short stay in Újarad, I visited Gábor Kendeffy at Herkulesbad¹¹⁴ and went on a couple of geological excursions with Béla Inkey,¹¹⁵ the results of which I published in a short text in *Földtani Köz-löny* [Bulletin of the Hungarian Geological Society] in Budapest. My stay at Herkulesbad lasted a mere ten days and took place when one of the two great comets was lighting up the sky. The peasant population regarded the comet as the omen of a coming great war and, as it turned out, the two objects were indeed followed by the Balkan Wars of 1912–1913 and by the Great War. In the Middle Ages, conflicts that arose after the appearance of a comet were interpreted as a sign that it had been sent by the Almighty to announce the war. I am relieved to note that the spectral analysis of these heavenly bodies has put an end to speculation as to their true nature. One can see how difficult it must have been for people in the Middle Ages to rid themselves of beliefs about the supernatural and what problems must have been faced by free-thinking individuals when trying to solve the puzzles of the cosmos. We can safely pardon the astrologists of old, but there are still a lot of charlatan astrologists around today.

From Herkulesbad, I traveled back to Újarad and to Kronstadt, and then decided to return to Albania. Before setting off for Shkodra, I paid a visit to the Turkish, or rather Young Turkish Consulate General in Budapest to get a visa and, as they were getting my passport ready, I had a chat with the consul general about this and that. Among other things, we happened to discuss the school issue. The consul general had great ideas and stated literally: “Nous fonderons maintenant des milliers d’écoles.”¹¹⁶ I knew that one could best judge the abilities of the Turks by seeing whether they could actually manage to build a few kilometers of decent roads in Europe, that is, by seeing whether or not the Young

¹¹⁴ Spa town now in southwestern Romania. Romanian: Băile Herculane, Hungarian: Herkulesfürdő.

¹¹⁵ Béla Inkey (1847–1921), head of the agrogeological department of the Hungarian Geological Institute.

¹¹⁶ “We are now going to found thousands of schools.”

Turks were able to invest funds on projects for the common good. On hearing the pompous phrases of the Young Turk consul, I sensed the first indication that, despite all the meaningless speeches and propaganda, Turkey was lost for good. Had the consul general said less and spoken simply of a modest number of schools, I would have had faith in the rebirth of the country under the Young Turks. By the autumn of 1910, when I mentioned all of this to Baron Burián in Sarajevo, my view on the collapse of European Turkey was definitive, despite all the contrary reports coming from Constantinople in the autumn of 1911. I also learned at this time, for instance, that over half of the windows in the Pljevlja barracks that had been handed over to the Turks in the spring of 1909 had been smashed in. Captain Heller of the General Staff also informed me that the paving on the bridges of all the roads between the Bosnian border and Pljevlja was now missing because the Turks consider it an insult to have proper roads in their empire. My secretary told me that the major fire that broke out in Constantinople in 1911 was set by the Young Turks as the most convenient method of clearing land for the new boulevards. In addition to this was the “old Turkish” way in which the Young Turks dealt with a problem affecting his brother Kadri. These were further indications that I received in the late summer of 1911. No one has better described Turkey than Dumont, who said: “La Turquie est campée en Europe.”¹¹⁷ This definition suffices to explain why the warrior Ottoman people always had an excellent and well equipped army, but a miserable civil administration. The decline in the quality of the army under Sultan Abdul Hamid was an exception, because the sultan had reached the conclusion that Turkey could no longer be held together by brute force, but only with clever diplomacy.

Abdul Hamid was the last of the great sultans. It was his destiny to solve the titanic and virtually unsolvable dilemma of protecting a barbaric people from culture and civilization. For quite a while, he managed this impossible task, though by incredible means. The way he succeeded in playing the Great Powers and hostile neighboring countries off against one another without even leaving the Yildiz Palace is an incomparable work of art. Romanian ships in Piraeus were plundered by Greek mobs; the Greeks in Philippopolis¹¹⁸ were slaughtered by the

¹¹⁷ “Turkey is camped out in Europe.”

¹¹⁸ Plovdiv.

Bulgarians; Serbs and Bulgarians murdered one another in Macedonia, while the Albanians harassed the Serbs and Bulgarians; and all the time, Abdul Hamid sat back like a spider in the corner of its web.

The first thing the Young Turks did, in true Ottoman tradition, was to reform the army. The problem in this connection is that, in order to defend themselves from other countries, modern armies now increasingly need civil administration, railway transportation and technology, more so than they did thirty years ago. In addition, under the Young Turks, every pound of dynamite, every magnet needed for military telegraph equipment, and every defective locomotive still had to be purchased abroad.

I reached Albania at the end of June 1910. After discussing the matter with Macchio and Co., I had Consul Zambaur convince the *vali*, Bedri Pasha, to forbid me from undertaking any travel in the country. I do not wish to mention the name of the diplomat involved in this little conspiracy because he served Hungary well in later years (after 1920).

I discovered what Zambaur was up to from the *vali*'s physician, Dr. Sadeddin, who was in love with Miss Martha, the adopted daughter of Margela, the mother of Prenk Pasha. Sadeddin wanted to be on good terms with me, hoping that I would have a positive influence on Miss Martha, whose brother I had often helped out and got out of danger. Martha was said to be the sister of the *bajraktar* Lezh Prenga. Other rumors told a different story. It was said that she stemmed from a secret liaison between Primo Doçi, the abbot of Mirdita, and Davidika, a daughter of Margela and sister of Prenk Pasha. These rumors probably had a grain of truth because, when I once suggested to Margela that Prenk Bibë Doda should marry Martha, her whole body started quaking. She stammered that this was impossible and that she would rather choke Martha to death with her own hands. Davidika at the time, before Margela's death, gave the impression of a grown woman and not of a virgin maiden. In addition to this there were at least twenty years separating Martha and Davidika. Martha's alleged brother, Lezh Prenga, the *bajraktar* of Kthella, was a young man I was very fond of and about whom I still often think. Unfortunately, he was killed at a young age, around 1911.

While I was in Shkodra, Toghut Pasha was making his way to Gjakova with his army to disarm not only the Muslim Albanians but also the Catholics. The Catholic Albanians asked the Austro-Hungarian government to intervene on their behalf, noting its readiness to act in

1909. Dedë Gjo' Luli,¹¹⁹ the chief of Hoti, went to see Consul Zambaur to persuade the Austro-Hungarian government to exert its influence so that the Catholic Albanians, who had been promised arms in the spring of 1909 to attack Montenegro and would have done so even without arms, could at least keep their weapons now because the Young Turks were said to be disarming all of the Albanians. Dedë Gjo' Luli was more or less thrown out of the consulate and Zambaur stated that all Albanians had to give up their weapons since the Young Turks would not do them any harm. Zambaur, however, told me with a chuckle: "We're supposed to pull the wool over their eyes. I wonder what I am supposed to say to them when the Young Turks start to beat them up." Dedë Gjo' Luli came around to see me. He moaned that there was no salvation from the Turks and that he saw no other solution than to ask Montenegro for assistance. I realized that I could not persuade him of the contrary and told him that it was not in my power to stop him from doing so. Thus began a new chapter in northern Albanian history, the period from 1909 to 1913, during which the Catholic tribes of Albania were supported against the Turks by their one-time foe, Montenegro. It seemed to be effective support but in actual fact they were being made use of to combat Turkey. Dedë Gjo' Luli and the Hoti tribe were the first to go over to Montenegro. Then the Shkreli, the Kastrati and even some of the Kelmendi followed. This was the first so-called "peaceful emigration" of the Albanians.

Since I foresaw all of these complications and the ones that followed, I returned to Vienna to see Aehrenthal in order to complain about Zambaur's conduct and inform him that he was driving the Albanians into the arms of Montenegro. Aehrenthal was extremely ruffled when I entered his office, shouting at me: "Baron, I must tell you that I am deeply dissatisfied with your behavior." I replied word for word: "Excellency, you have forgotten that you do not have a vice-consul standing in front of you." Aehrenthal realized that he had gone too far, but defended Zambaur's conduct. We then had a very heated discussion of policies and politics. Aehrenthal insisted: "The Young Turks are no better than the Albanians." I wanted to raise the issue of the collapse of Turkey. He then added: "Baron, I appeal to your sense of patriotism and ask you to leave Shkodra entirely." Before this, he had intimated that I might be

¹¹⁹ Dedë Gjo' Luli (1841–1915), nationalist figure and guerrilla fighter from the Hoti tribe.

awarded a medal, as bait so to speak, in order to get me to submit to his will. I asked Aehrenthal for twenty-four hours to consider his request and then rejected it, informing him thereof in writing.

Aehrenthal was single-minded to the point of stubbornness and brutality. He would tolerate no contradiction; he was bossy yet clever. Later, when he was made a count, he lost his power of reasoning with people and always insisted on having his way. If anyone expressed doubts as to his reasoning and wounded his vanity, he could be very nasty. This was, for instance, what gave rise to his *prima donna* exchange with Izvolsky.¹²⁰ As the son of the Jewish Baron Lexa, he got into the diplomatic service under the protection of the wealthy Count Zdenko Kinsky,¹²¹ who had property in Chlumetz.¹²² Baron Lexa, who was a wholesale grain merchant, as Count Zdenko Kinsky informed me, spent much time in Chlumetz on business and, during one of his meetings, Count Kinsky promised to help get the young Lexa, who later adopted the more acceptable family name of Aehrenthal, into the diplomatic service. The fact that Aehrenthal, or rather Lexa, did nothing more, once he had been made a count, can easily be explained by his Jewish background.

After my exchange with Aehrenthal, I had a talk with Macchio, from which I would like to mention the following dialogue. I: "Excellency, what you people (i.e., the Ministry of Foreign Affairs) are doing with the Young Turks is simply kissing their asses." He (in a grave tone): "What does it matter. The others are doing the same thing. At least we do so with dignity."

When Bajazid got my telegram to pack all of my possessions and get rid of the house, I also told him he should complain publicly on my behalf about Aehrenthal's stupid Albania policies.

After Aehrenthal, I visited Conrad, the head of the General Staff, at his home in Reisnerstraße and pointed out the fatal consequences that Aehrenthal's Albania policies would have in the future. I also told him what I had asked Bajazid to do. I explained that I at least wanted to

¹²⁰ Count Alexander Petrovich Izvolsky (1856–1919), Russian diplomat who served as foreign minister of Russia from 1906 to 1910.

¹²¹ Count Oktavian Zdenko Kinsky von Wchinitz und Tettau (1844–1932), Austro-Hungarian aristocrat and great-grandfather of the Prince Hans-Adam II of Liechtenstein. Despite widespread claims during his lifetime, Aehrenthal actually had no Jewish ancestry at all.

¹²² Chlumetz, Czech: Chlum u Třeboně, town in Bohemia, near the present Czech-Austrian border.

preserve my reputation among the Albanians, because the time would come when we would need the Albanians and when I perhaps would have to repair the mistakes made by Aehrenthal by using my personal influence. I then reported what had been said during my exchange with Aehrenthal. I had brought forth all sorts of arguments against his policies and, to counter them, all he could find to say was: "If you will forgive me, Baron, I am the better judge of things from a higher perspective." With respect to the Albanian question, Conrad concurred entirely with what I thought. He then asked me what I thought about Aehrenthal's "higher perspective." I replied: "It's plain bullshit." Conrad retorted: "At least you call a spade a spade." I was surprised at the time by Conrad's decisive reaction.

The problem that Conrad and I saw coming in the Albanian question materialized in 1914, four years later. During the Great War, everyone in Vienna had forgotten what had taken place in 1910, 1911, and 1912, and they wanted once again to get the Albanians to attack Montenegro. All endeavors in this direction failed. I was involved in them personally, and I must say that I was disappointed, but I could understand the Albanians. In Vienna, and of course at the Ballhausplatz more than anywhere else, they raged at the Albanians and called them faithless. The Albanians, for their part, had already recognized in 1900 that Austria-Hungary, or rather its diplomats, were simply using them as pawns rather than protecting them. As late as 1914, a lot of Albanians were saying to me: "Do not forget that, if our sons are still alive today and not dead in a trench in Yemen, it is because of Montenegrin support in 1911." The Catholic Albanians achieved liberation from Muslim tutelage with the help of Montenegro, not of Austria-Hungary.

Having given up my house in Shkodra, I was constrained to spend more time in Vienna than I had done in the past. In July and August I was in Újarad, but I was very bored there. At the end of August I went back to Vienna for a few days and in September I finally got to Bosnia. There, I spent much time with Burián in Ilidže, where Thallóczy was staying. I also got to know Varešanin¹²³ and General Auffenberg,¹²⁴ who was later to become war minister. I also met my old friend, Ali Begović.

¹²³ Marian Freiherr Varešanin von Vareš (1847–1917), an infantry general and Austro-Hungarian governor of Bosnia and Herzegovina from 1909 to 1911.

¹²⁴ Moritz Freiherr Auffenberg von Komárow (1852–1928), Austro-Hungarian general, who was minister of war for a year from 19 September 1911.

Not overwhelmingly well dressed, Ali and I went on a foot tour through the Bosnian serpentine zone, the road leading from Zavidovići to Hajderović. We got lost in the rain at night and ended up sleeping in the stables of a Serb farmer. We then hiked to the Orthodox village of Ozren, from where we proceeded to Maglaj where I stayed as the guest of the district prefect, Baron Kettenburg. He was married to Bianca Berks, the former fiancée of Louis Drašković. From Maglaj I continued on to Tuzla where I spent the night at the home of a Muslim farmer, the father of several attractive sons from eighteen to twenty-four years old, not far from Tuzla. From there, I carried on to Doboj and stayed in a hotel. On this tour, I noted that geologically speaking, the Bosnian serpentine zone was identical with the Albanian serpentine zone. I also noted throughout the region that the farmers in the lowlands were putting up a lot of buildings, a sign that they had much disposable income and were beginning to lead more comfortable and luxurious lives. It was a great pleasure to see them, in comparison with what took place in 1899, although the people themselves did not look particularly happy.

Throughout the tour, all the farmers we met talked about the “redemption of the *kmeta*.”¹²⁵ People were very excited about this Serbian rallying cry for a compulsory redemption. It was all the rage at the time and was on everyone’s mind. When I got back to Sarajevo, I informed Burián about the perils of the emotionally-charged atmosphere. Two weeks later, when I was back in Vienna, I noted with satisfaction that the newspapers were reporting on peasant uprisings against the military in northwestern Bosnia and in Doboj. Rational means can be used with good or evil intentions to work up crowds of people. Usually, however, the crowds remain passive until a speaker succeeds in finding the right words, the terms needed to fire the fantasies and emotions of the people. Such rallying cries do not need to be rational or intelligent in order to hypnotize the masses. The phenomenon has been observed again and again among the uneducated in political and social issues and among the educated in cultural and artistic life. Successful plays at the theater often have their origins in such rallying cries. The compulsory as opposed to facultative redemption of the *kmeta* was, at any rate, such a rallying cry for the Serbs in Bosnia. Another catchword was *kuferasch*,¹²⁶ that referred

¹²⁵ BCS *kmet* “serf, peasant.”

¹²⁶ *Kuferasch*, an Austro-Hungarian term of the period, derived from German *Koffer* “suitcase.”

to Austrian, and occasionally to Hungarian officials who went to Bosnia without a penny to their names and returned with their suitcases brimming, that is, as wealthy men.

Just as interesting as my talks with the Bosnian minister, Baron Burián, was a discussion I had with the monks at the monastery in Ozren. Said played the part of the faithless interpreter pretending to be on the side of the monks and later told me what had really taken place during the conversation. One of the monks stated: "I want an educated country. The one we have here in Bosnia has more police barracks than schools." I replied (with a smile): "But during the annexation crisis it was a good thing that you had them." The monk (upset): "What did the German say?" Said translated my words, at which the monk was furious. "What? This German is laughing and making fun of our situation! He'll see what we're going to do in a couple of years." I (to Said): "What did His Excellency say? Why is he so upset?" Said (who had found out that the monk understood some German) replied to me: "His Grace is upset that you have taken such a barbaric stance." The year 1914 would reveal what the monk was talking about in 1910.

I returned from Bosnia to Vienna via Jajce where I had a look at the waterfall and the old royal fortress, and thought about Louis Drašković. I then continued on to Banja Luka and from there to Zagreb where I stayed for a few days with his family. There was his father, a wretched, ailing and thus annoying and weak old fellow, his sister Mädi and the youngest son. They were all very kind to me as I was an old friend of Louis. They showed me the photos of his grave in Constantinople. "Memories of things fair touch the heart so gently," Louis had once written in a poem. I was in agony. Mädi Drašković gave me her brother's papers to publish because Louis had written an article about the Sandjak of Novi Pazar for Patsch. They also gave me Louis' old hat that he wore so often. From Zagreb, I traveled back to Vienna where I spent October and November and was in contact with the newspaper *Die Zeit* that supported opposition to Aehrenthal. I gave Kanner¹²⁷ a memorandum on the Balkans. Professor Singer and Dr Kanner escorted me politely out the door, but kept the memorandum and were later surprised to find that I was an expert in geology and not on politics. In the memorandum I called for an autonomous Albania as quickly and as large as

¹²⁷ Heinrich Kanner (1864–1930), Austrian Jewish political figure, journalist and newspaper publisher.

possible so that it could become an independent country upon the inevitable collapse of Turkey.

At the end of November I went to Boldogfalva for several days, and then to London. I was in England for New Years Day 1911. At the end of January, I was called over to Le Havre to describe the dinosaur remains there. On that occasion, I held a lecture in French, on the subject of the animal in question and dinosaurs in general and concluded it with the following words about the struggle for existence: “Et si maintenant, en sortant dans la rue, vous voyez la lutte quotidienne, ne soyez pas attristé, car c’est la lutte pour l’existence qui a développé chaque espèce, qui a ennoblie la race humaine, et c’est la lutte pour l’existence qui fait que la France marche à la tête de la civilisation et du progrès.”¹²⁸ These maudlin words released a storm of applause among the conceited and emotional French, in particular since the conclusion seemed to refer to the social conditions of the workers and to the port city of Le Havre. The mayor of Le Havre asked me to repeat my lecture at the theater before a large crowd, but I was clever enough to decline his invitation.

From Le Havre, I returned to London and held another lecture, this time in English, on the geological structure of Albania before the Geological Society of London. I wanted to experience not only the way ordinary people live in London, but also life at the clubs, so I had myself introduced as a guest member for a month at the St James Club in Piccadilly, with the assistance of the diplomat Sándor Khuen,¹²⁹ the son of the former Hungarian prime minister, Count Khuen-Héderváry.¹³⁰ Among other typical Englishmen, I got to know the fishermen of Sandown on the Isle of Wight. Among my more interesting acquaintances were the families of the museum director A. S. Woodward,¹³¹ of Professor Seeley,¹³² and of the former museum director H. B. Woodward,¹³³

¹²⁸ “And if now, when you go out onto the street, you witness the daily struggle, do not be sad because it is the struggle for survival that has enabled all species to develop, that has ennobled the human race, and it is this struggle for survival that has caused France to march forth at the head of civilization and progress.”

¹²⁹ Sándor Count Khuen-Héderváry (1881–1947), Hungarian diplomat.

¹³⁰ Károly Count Khuen-Héderváry de Hédervár (1849–1918), Hungarian political figure and prime minister of Hungary in 1903 and 1910–1912.

¹³¹ Arthur Smith Woodward (1864–1944), English palaeontologist and president of the Geological Society.

¹³² Harry Govier Seeley (1839–1909), English palaeontologist, professor of geology and mineralogy at King’s College in London (1896–1905).

¹³³ Horace Bolingbroke Woodward (1848–1914), English geologist.

not to mention Lydekker,¹³⁴ Boulenger,¹³⁵ a Belgian who had settled in England, and Pycraft.¹³⁶ I also visited Mr. Sherborn¹³⁷ in his *garçonnère*. Pycraft lived with his wife and child in a rented house. Woodward and Boulenger also had small homes where they lived with their families. Lydekker lived in Hampton, in the countryside near London. In his zoological research, he enjoyed the support of the Duke of Bedford whom he always referred to for short as “the duke.” Bedford had given him a beautiful lodge with a very nicely kept garden. Actually, Lydekker, who viewed zoology more as a sport, had money of his own and for this reason had an unpaid job at the Natural History Museum. He had several sons and daughters and I would often spend several days there at Easter enjoying opulent English breakfasts and going on long walks.

Among the scholarly societies whose meetings I attended were the Geological Society, the Zoological Society, the Geographical Society and the Royal Society, though I only rarely attended the meetings of the latter two. I was invited regularly to meals at the Dinner Club of the Geological Society and the Dinner Club of the Zoological Society. The club members met at the Criterion and the Café Royal and the food at both restaurants was very good. The Woodward and the Seeley family, including Professor Seeley while he was alive, lived in typical London townhouses, each of which was three-storeys high, but with only three windows, and with columned porticoes. The English style of architecture seems very reminiscent of the old style seen in northwestern France. [...]

My private life in London carried on calmly and uneventfully, with Bajazid taking care of my daily needs, such as strawberry jam, etc. One amusing event did occur when Bajazid and my Irish servant MacDonald went off to the post office one day to procure a firearm license for my revolver for ten shillings. Instead of this, he mistakenly got a dog license for 7sh. 6 d., but was later able to exchange it for the license I needed by paying the remaining 2 sh. 6 d. Bajazid knew very little English at the time. He understood the word dog, but thought they meant that one was not allowed to shoot dogs with the weapon. For those who know that in Austria, a firearm license is issued by high-level police au-

¹³⁴ Richard Lydekker (1849–1915), English naturalist and geologist.

¹³⁵ George A. Boulenger (1858–1937), Belgian-English zoologist, specialist in fish, reptiles and amphibians.

¹³⁶ William Plane Pycraft (1868–1942), English osteologist at the Natural History Museum in London.

¹³⁷ Charles Davies Sherborn (1861–1942), English geologist and scientific bibliographer.

thorities, I might add that in London, the post offices, where the licenses are issued, are usually in the hands of shopkeepers. In addition to procuring firearm licenses and buying stamps, people can also do their grocery shopping in the morning there. Little grocery shops were chosen because these are the shops that are most used by the public. [...]

During my stay in London, northern Albania was on the verge of a new uprising and I asked the Foreign Ministry in Vienna if I might travel to Albania that year. The reply was “no.”

At the end of March I left London for Berlin, which was very foreign to me. There I held a lecture at the German Geological Society of Berlin on the geological structure of Albania and met Professor Praca, Professor Tornier¹³⁸ and the Prussian geologists. I also saw the dinosaur remains from German East Africa. The Turkish ambassador was present at the lecture. During the discussion that took place after the lecture, one of the geologists asked me how I got to travel in Albania, because this was known to be extremely difficult. I replied that the question caused me some embarrassment and asked the Ambassador not to be upset if I told the truth. I then explained that under Abdul Hamid, Albanian robbers had assisted me more than the imperial Ottoman authorities, and under the Young Turks it was the authorities who assisted me more than the Albanian robbers. Later, another geologist asked me if I were related to the dinosaur specialist Baron Nopcsa. [...]

From Berlin, I returned to Vienna and went off to see the editorial board of *Die Zeit*. The expert opinions on the memorandum I had given them the year before were now back, and Singer and Kanner welcomed me with open arms, making their newspaper available to me. I used it to initiate a public campaign against Aehrenthal, and later involved the papers *Vaterland* and *Reichspost* in it. It was at this time that Archduke Franz Ferdinand telephoned Pallavicini, who was representing Aehrenthal as Minister of Foreign Affairs for a while, and asked him not to impede my travel to Albania. I was very touched by this gesture by Franz Ferdinand. Some time before this telephone conversation took place, Excellence Conrad had informed me that Archduke Franz Ferdinand was very interested in my travels. The Archduke had learned from Conrad of the difficulties the Ballhausplatz had placed in my way and, one day, when he was traveling from Hungary to the Semmering pass and had

¹³⁸ Gustav Tornier (1858–1938), German Zoologist and palaeontologist.

business with Pallavicini, he phoned him and, among other things, told him that it would be very nice if I could be allowed to continue my travels in Albania. That same afternoon, I was informed by the Military Chancellery of the kind gesture of the successor to the throne. I had dinner that evening at Hotel Krantz with Pallavicini, who, it should be noted, had been upset with me because of my political activities in Albania. Out of the blue, Pallavicini said to me in a rather snippy tone: "I see you have found yourself a high-level protector who is interested in your travels." I replied calmly, as if coincidentally: "Yes, I heard about that." In view of my calm reaction, Pallavicini thought that I was referring to Conrad, and repeated, pointedly, this time: "A very high protector indeed!" As stolidly as before, I answered: "Yes, quite so, the Archduke." At this, Pallavicini warned me: "You should be aware that he is not really supporting you, but, as he told me this morning on the phone, he did mention your name in passing." I explained to him that I had heard the news that afternoon from the Military Chancellery, to which Pallavicini countered that I was not to believe that the Archduke had any particular influence on foreign policy. This last sentence of Pallavicini turned out to be true because Franz Ferdinand's personal intervention did not help me in the least to continue my travels. In fact, his intervention turned out to be solely to his advantage because, as a result of it, I began to inform him regularly for several months about what was going on in Albania. It was from me that he got much of his information.

I kept Franz Ferdinand up to date despite his alleged hatred of Hungarians, because I regarded him as the head of the hawks and was convinced that it would be better for the Dual Monarchy to declare a war swiftly on Serbia and Russia. Subsequent events proved that the hawks were right, and, yet, many proponents of Aehrenthal's policies of appeasement (the policies were officially those of the emperor, but they must be called Aehrenthal's because he was the responsible minister) still claim that the Monarchy was only ready for war in 1914. This is, of course, nonsense, because in 1914, it was not the Dual Monarchy but Russia that was ready for war. According to the best judge, Conrad, the head of the General Staff, the Monarchy was already ready in 1909. For this reason, Conrad and I were among the hawks in 1909. That the Great War went the way it did is the fault of Aehrenthal. With regard to Archduke Franz Ferdinand, I explained to Excellency Conrad at the time that he only really hated the Hungarian Jews. I received confirmation of this from my uncle, the anti-

Semitic Count Robert Zselensky,¹³⁹ who was also a follower of Franz Ferdinand. The anti-Hungarian plans of Archduke Franz Ferdinand are probably more myth than anything, although it is possible that he made use of his anti-Semitism to corner certain Hungarians. In view of the complex structure of the Monarchy, it would seem to me very doubtful whether he could have carried through with anti-Hungarian sentiment, if he had had such feelings in the first place. With its many ethnic groups, the Dual Monarchy in its structure was much like Turkey in recent years. The Germans played the role of the Ottomans and the Hungarians that of the Albanians. The Germans, like the Ottomans, were the dominant players. The Hungarians, like the Albanians, were the only ethnic group that did not have substantial national interests outside of the empire. Consequently, for both empires, the only logical policy, even from a centralist stance, was to keep a lid on agitation from abroad and to grant the Hungarians and Albanians financial benefits and political and national rights. The difference between the centralist Monarchy and Turkey was that the dominant race in Turkey was uncultured and unable to advance. In the Dual Monarchy there was culture and an ability to make progress. There is an Arab saying about the Ottomans: "Wherever the Turk treads, even the grass withers." Perhaps Franz Ferdinand adhered to such thinking. It does seem, at any rate, that he not only hated the Hungarian Jews, but showed preferences for certain other ethnic groups. In view of the appalling nonsense that took place in parliament, I could almost subscribe to his absolutist and archconservative train of thought. Count János Hadik¹⁴⁰ once told me that the Archduke was very stubborn and led by fixed opinions. He was convinced of his Divine Right; he regarded the Catholic clergy as a pillar of support for the throne; and he was abnormally given to the pleasures of hunting. There were rumors a few months before he was murdered that he suffered from epileptic seizures and would babble nonsense from time to time. Whatever the case may be, he had a very bad temper, but a good deal of energy. Before his death, the Austro-Hungarian General Staff endeavored to make use of him for the Great War by producing banners with his portrait on them in order to frighten Russian soldiers.

I stayed in Vienna until the beginning of May and published several articles, some under my own name and others under the pseudonym of an

¹³⁹ Count Robert Zselensky (Zelenski, 1850–1934), Hungarian politician, author of books on economy.

¹⁴⁰ János Hadik (1863–1933), Hungarian political figure who was prime minister for seventeen hours in 1918.

“Expert on Albania.” The Ballhausplatz was thoroughly displeased with them. At the end of May, I was in Újarad and wanted to go up into the Carpathians in mid-June, but an editorial against the Young Turks that appeared in the *Fremdenblatt* and caused great uproar, forced me to hasten back to Vienna. I had hoped that this article would bring about political change in Vienna. I made sure while I was there that *Die Zeit* and the *Vaterland* published laudable reviews of the editorial. It was difficult, but I managed it in the following manner. One evening at Hotel Krantz, several weeks before the days in question, Pallavicini, who was Aehrenthal’s deputy at the Ballhausplatz, stated that *Die Zeit* was a dreadful rag and that it was only railing at Aehrenthal and the Foreign Ministry because it was not getting any government subsidies—all of this, of course, to get me to break ties with the newspaper. I heard his opinion, but did not react to it or even think much about it. Now the time was ripe. With all the logical arguments I could muster, I endeavored to persuade the editor-in-chief, Kanner, to publish something in praise of Aehrenthal. Kanner, whose vanity had been wounded, was not to be moved, so I played my trump card. “Are you aware, Herr Kanner,” I said, “that the Ballhausplatz speaks badly of you and your newspaper, alleging that you are only campaigning against Aehrenthal, because you are not getting any money from him?” Kanner, who had probably heard about this before, drew a long face. His mouth opened slightly and his eyes grew big and round. “A stop must be put to all of this,” he retorted in marked anger. Although I realized that I might get myself thrown out of this office, I did not give up. “Look at the situation. In the *Fremdenblatt* article of 21 June, Aehrenthal did exactly what *Die Zeit* has been demanding for weeks now. If *Die Zeit* were to praise the *Fremdenblatt* article tomorrow, it could drag him through the mud all the more for something else the next day without being accused of partiality. If it does not praise Aehrenthal tomorrow, the allegations made by the Ballhausplatz against the newspaper will be fuelled all the more.” Kanner was speechless for a moment, but then telephoned Professor Singer and, half an hour later, I was driving away in my automobile with a copy of the article praising Aehrenthal to take it to Dr Sieberts,¹⁴¹ the editor of the clerical and conservative *Vaterland*. Sieberts

¹⁴¹ Paul Siebertz (1877–1954), German journalist and author. Siebertz was editor-in-chief of *Das Vaterland*, “newspaper for the Austrian monarchy” in Vienna from 1907 to 1911 and was the author of several books, including *Albanien und die Albanesen* [Albania and the Albanians] (Vienna: 1910).

was an honest, though not overly intelligent fellow. He was enthusiastic, but too optimistic and easy to manipulate. He initially refused to believe that *Die Zeit* would publish an article in praise of Aehrenthal and the editorial in the *Fremdenblatt*, but when I showed him the copy and pointed out how important it was to demonstrate to people abroad that public opinion in the Dual Monarchy was united on the Albanian question, he agreed to flatter Aehrenthal, too. I even got him to promise to mention the article in *Die Zeit*. This was important because *Die Zeit* at that time was a democratic, liberal newspaper, although later, despite its pledge to democracy, it snuggled up to the War Ministry and got subsidies from it. The subsidies were withdrawn definitively in 1913, as War Minister, Excellency Krobatin, later told me. Lieutenant Colonel Spaits of the correspondence office of the ministry informed me that the War Ministry used the funds to found the *Militärischer Rundschau* to replace the *Vedette*. Since it was no longer receiving subsidies from the War Ministry, *Die Zeit*, apparently now receiving money from Belgrade, went over to the Serbian camp in the spring of 1913.

I was alas not present when Aehrenthal received the news that he had been praised by *Die Zeit* and that the *Vaterland* had printed an article lauding the one in *Die Zeit*. He must, at any rate, have had the impression of having committed a major error. The Young Turks, whom Aehrenthal was trying to appease, were more furious at the *Fremdenblatt* article and the support for it in *Die Zeit* and the *Vaterland* than Aehrenthal had expected. The Albanian uprising that had begun in May was getting bigger and bigger.

After this devilish accomplishment, I set off for Albania as an unofficial newspaper correspondent. When I got there, I behaved as if I were omnipotent and, as a result, many people began to believe that I was working for the Ballhausplatz. They saw in my behavior a continuation of the new political course seen in the *Fremdenblatt*. Of course, I never claimed that I had been sent by the Ballhausplatz, but I did state to anyone who was willing to listen that my views corresponded entirely to those expressed in the now famous *Fremdenblatt* article.

The riskiest political venture I ever undertook was my intervention on behalf of the Albanian highlanders in 1911. Zambaur, our consul in Shkodra, had disliked me from 1910 onwards. Despite the gentle warning in the *Fremdenblatt* article, Aehrenthal's policies continued to be anti-Albanian and pro-Turkish. I had only enemies in Montenegro as a

result of my anti-Slavic activities in 1909. The Young Turks hated me because of my openly Albanophile leanings and, as to the Albanian rebels, they were with me, but had fled to Montenegro where they had been given flour, rifles, and bullets, though not in sufficient quantities. The extent of my support in Albania can be seen from the fact that, when the Albanian uprising broke out that year, rumors spread that I had hastened to join the rebels, sporting a fake black beard. These rumors were so convincing that Aehrenthal, who had thought that I was in London, asked the Austro-Hungarian Embassy there to find out whether I was actually there. My influence with the rebels was the only capital I could use. I would thus have to bluff my way through.

In Cetinje there resided a number of Albanian leaders—some, like Hilë Mosi,¹⁴² who meant well, and others, like Ismail Kemal¹⁴³ and Luigj Gurakuqi¹⁴⁴ etc., who simply wanted to take advantage of the situation. The whole show was being run, according to Montenegrin wishes, by Sokol Baci of Gruda who had fled to Montenegro years earlier.

I sailed from Kotor to Shkodra and, in my talks with the highlanders on board the steamer, I realized that my influence among them was just as strong as it had been in 1910. When I finally got to Shkodra, I knew what I had to do.

Disembarking at the customs office, I asked in a loud, commanding voice: “Where is this Torght Pasha fellow? I have business to discuss with him.” Shkodra was in a state of siege at the time and even the consuls of the Great Powers were being annoyed and molested. As such, my overly self-confident appearance made quite an impression. “He is up in Koplik,” was the answer. From the customs office, I proceeded without further delay to see Prenk Bibë Doda. I achieved nothing with him, so I took one of his Turkish-speaking servants with me and, consciously ignoring our consulate, set off to see Halil Bey, a representative of the Young Turk Committee, whom I had met in Vienna a few months earlier when he was returning to Shkodra from Constantinople with Prenk Bibë Doda. Bajazid had once got him drunk at the Ronacher Theater and, as the saying goes, *in vino veritas*. From Bajazid, I knew that Halil Bey was a fanatic, conceited fellow. Only rough treatment could impress him. He

¹⁴² Hilë Mosi (1885–1933), Albanian political figure and poet.

¹⁴³ Ismail Kemal bey Vlora (1844–1919), known in Albanian as Ismail Qemali, Albanian political figure and father of Albanian independence.

¹⁴⁴ Luigj Gurakuqi (1879–1925), Albanian political figure and writer from Shkodra.

received me without delay and extended a brief welcome. With the help of my interpreter, I asked the not very polite question, "Tell me, what is all this Young Turkish nonsense here in Albania?" My interpreter, a Catholic from Mirdita, translated what I said, word for word, and not without pleasure. This fine representative of the Young Turk Committee was perplexed at hearing such a question from the mouth of a subordinate, and he was well aware that the Mirdita fellow would immediately tell everyone in town about the rude question Baron Nopcsa had put to Halil Bey. Halil endeavored to put off the conversation, telling me through the interpreter that the interpreter I had brought was not suitable for discussing such issues. He would come and see me at my hotel in the evening with another interpreter. I could see that Halil had taken me very seriously. That evening, he arrived at the hotel, as promised, with the dragoman of the vilayet administration to discuss the political situation with me. From my self-confident manner, he no doubt believed that I had some sort of secret authorization from Aehrenthal. I used the meeting that evening to demonstrate to him, in no uncertain terms, the insanity of Young Turkish conduct, and repeated my lecture the next day to the civil governor in the same fashion. They were sufficiently impressed. I then had a telegram sent to Torghut in Koplik, informing him of my imminent arrival. I also paid a visit to Archbishop Sereggi, and to the Young Turk and later Albanian nationalist Kodheli,¹⁴⁵ who was head of the Marubi Photographic Institute. I visited other people, too, such as Nassuf and Osman Tepelia, wholesale merchants in Shkodra, and Zambaur. In my talks with the Albanians, I complained bitterly about Aehrenthal, as I had done the previous year. While I was in Shkodra, on the day before I was to ride up to Koplik, an amnesty was proclaimed by Torghut Pasha. The dragoman of the vilayet administration, with an expression of joy and optimism on his face, showed me a copy of text before it was published. "Qu'est-ce que vous dites de ça?" he asked me, expecting me to praise the text. I replied, "Dites-moi, est-ce que Torghut Pacha est fou? Ça irritera les Malesores encore plus! Ils ne l'accepteront jamais. Au contraire. Comment peut-on s'imaginer que ça aura un effet? Ne m'en parle plus!"¹⁴⁶

¹⁴⁵ Mikel Kodheli (1870–1940), also known as Kel Marubi. Kodheli was head of the Marubi Photo Studio in Shkodra after the death of its founder, Pietro Marubbi (1834–1904).

¹⁴⁶ "What is that you say?" "Tell me, has Torghut Pasha gone mad? This will irritate the highlanders even more! They will never accept it. On the contrary. How could one possibly imagine that this would have an effect? Let us drop the subject!"

The day after I criticized the amnesty, Torghut Pasha informed me that he would meet me in Koplik that afternoon. I asked Filip Kol Kauri, the brother of the Archbishop of Shkodra, Monsignor Sereggi, to lend me a good horse to get to Koplik. The first thing the wealthy Filip, as a genuine Shkodra merchant, asked was how much I was willing to pay for the horse. My servant informed him that this was no problem. The Turkish government also gave me two *zaptiehs* on horseback who made a terrible impression, and I set out at noon for Koplik at a trot and a gallop. One of the *zaptiehs*, as I expected, did not get beyond the edge of Shkodra with his weary beast.

In Koplik I had a long talk with the commanding general, Torghut Shefket Pasha. He explained to me that he intended to wipe out the highlanders and settle Bosnian emigrants along the Turkish-Montenegrin border in their place. The Turkish government also had plans, he noted, to denationalize the Albanians and then attack one Slavic country after the other, in order to destroy them all. After this clear statement of his intentions, I asked Torghut Pasha about the pillaging and destruction of churches by the Turkish military. Torghut offered to take me to Rrjoll with him so that I could see that the church there was in perfectly good condition. For our safety, he added, we would take some soldiers with us. My instinct told me to decline his offer.

We then came to talk of the Mount Dečić issue. Torghut Pasha had the following interpretation of the events that had taken place. Turkish troops had several times attempted to take Mount Dečić, but had failed. A ceasefire was then arranged between Torghut and the Albanians and, when Torghut left the site, Turkish troops tried once again to approach Dečić. He claimed they did so simply to set up a better camp near a source of water. The Albanians noticed their advance towards the position they had formerly attempted to seize by force. So, despite the ceasefire, they shot at the advancing Turks, thus alerting their men who were holding Dečić. The Turkish troops, although superior in number, then withdrew without returning fire, and peace was restored. In spite of this, Torghut Pasha gave orders for Dečić to be stormed that night. He succeeded in catching the Albanians by surprise and took the mountain, too. Thereafter, the Turks and Albanians accused one another of breaking the ceasefire.

Torghut asked me to talk to the rebels in Podgorica about making peace. I said I would do what I could and set off from Koplik before

dusk that evening to get back to Shkodra. At Fusha e Shtojt, the horse of my other *zaptiehs* showed signs of exhaustion and collapsed to the ground. I was unsure as to what to do and asked the *zaptiehs*. He said I should continue on to Shkodra alone. I was uneasy about this, suspecting that they had purposefully given me *zaptiehs* with weak horses in order to create a situation whereby someone could shoot me on my way back to Shkodra and place the blame on the rebels. But I had no other choice than to follow his advice. I did not want to show that I was afraid, so I rode on in the dark. Nothing happened, but it was a strenuous journey because I was constantly expecting that someone would shoot at me from behind the blackberry hedges that lined the trail. To make it more difficult for them to hit me, I rode in a trot and finally made it into town, after some delay at the guard post with the *laissez-passer* formalities.

When I got home, my servant, Mehmet Zeneli, told me he had learned that, despite the amnesty or, rather, taking advantage of the amnesty, the Turkish army had set off from Koplik via Rrjoll for Shala in order to devastate the region. When I heard this, I knew why Torghut had invited me to Rrjoll. Had I been seen marching at the head of a Turkish army with Torghut, I would have been compromised forever in the eyes of the Albanians. I also realized that he had delayed receiving me in Koplik until all the preparations had been made for the attack. I had enough reasons to be furious with Torghut because at his request, I had promised to use my influence with the highlanders in Podgorica to pacify them. I do not know if the Ballhausplatz was informed at all about any of these events.

On the morning of the day the troops were to march on Shala, I marched myself to the dragoman of the vilayet administration and confronted him in a fury at all the terrible things happening. I was shouting so loudly that people could hear me outside on the street. “Eh bien, je m’en vais et je peux vous dire que c’est la fin de la Turquie.”¹⁴⁷ These were the last words I said to a Turkish official in Turkey before the outbreak of the Balkan War.

I took the next steamer to Plavnica and traveled by carriage from there to Podgorica to meet the highlanders. Knowing well that all important telegrams dispatched in Montenegro were given to King Nikita

¹⁴⁷ “Well, I am off now, and I can assure you that this is the end of Turkey.”

to read, I thought it best to telegraph the following to Torghut from Podgorica: "Puisque la coïncidence de la proclamation de l'amnistie avec l'avancement des troupes vers Shala me prouve que Votre Excellence est en train de répéter une affaire comme sur le Dečić, mais en plus grand style, je vous prie de ne plus prendre en considération les paroles que nous avons échangées puisque je ne veux pas que mes paroles pacifiques soient desavouées par vos actions belliqueuses. Baron Nopcsa."¹⁴⁸

In Podgorica I distributed money among the rebels and then continued on to Cetinje, where I wrote my first report for Franz Ferdinand at the legation. In this report, I elucidated Torghut's intention of exterminating the Catholic highlanders and stressed that, after the events of 1909, the Dual Monarchy and the Hapsburg dynasty had a moral duty to come to their assistance. The report was more than effective because, as a result of diplomatic pressure, Torghut Pasha's army was stopped on the Qafa e Bishkasit pass. The Malësia e Vogël was saved and, even today, Shala people claim that I was at least in part responsible for their salvation. From Cetinje, I returned to Podgorica.

My strategy was as follows. Firstly, I had to ensure that I remained on good terms with the wild Albanians in order to retain my influence over them; secondly, I wanted to exert my influence upon Albanian politicians to moderate their further actions; thirdly, I wanted to strengthen the position of the Albanian fighters vis-à-vis the Turks; fourthly, I hoped to undermine the influence of the Montenegrin agitators; fifthly, I wanted to put pressure on the extremely radical elements of the Young Turks, in particular their main representative, Torghut Shefket Pasha; and sixthly, I had to maintain contact with the apparently more moderate Turks (Sadeddin, the Turkish envoy in Cetinje) to help bring about a reconciliation. With regard to this last point, the fact that I still had any contact with the envoy was a coincidence. I had virtually lost out with him as a result of my vehement protest. I achieved the first point by distributing money among the Albanians, as mentioned above. The manner of distribution caused our diplomatic representative, Baron Giesl, to believe that I had spent at least 10,000 crowns on the Albanians within a period of a few days. With my chequebook

¹⁴⁸ "Since the coincidence of your amnesty proclamation and the advance of your forces on Shala has proven to me that Your Excellency is repeating what he did in Dečić, but in worse fashion, I would ask you to ignore what we said because I do not want my words of peace to be compromised by your warlike actions. Baron Nopcsa."

I was, however, able to show him that I had spent no more than 1,500 crowns. With regard to point two, I endeavored to talk to Ismail Kemal and other people. On point three, I made Ismail Kemal and Prek Gjeta Zogu aware of the desperate situation of the Albanians and explained to them that they could only save their people if something happened that gave the impression that the Muslim Albanians in the highlands between Peja and Gjakova, still at peace in that year, were also again on the point of revolt.

Bajazid had already told me in the winter of 1910–1911 that the Muslims would probably not rise in revolt in 1911. Point four of my strategy was the one I like the best. I was relieved when Miss Durham¹⁴⁹ informed me that Sokol Baci's son had been embezzling the funds coming in to help the Albanians. I soon realized this myself when he suggested to me that I should not help the rebels directly with food and supplies, but should give him the money so that he could purchase whatever they needed for them. It was actually an awkward point because it would inevitably bring me into conflict with the Montenegrins who were provoking the Albanians into fighting. I decided in this connection to do without diplomacy and seize the bull by the horns. At a gathering, I praised the good will and assistance provided by Prince Nikola, and publicly accused Sokol Baci's son of profiteering in the uprising. When my conflict with the Montenegrin government broke out and became public, I informed all of my supporters among the Albanians frankly that Montenegro, at whose mercy they were, was planning their downfall. With this, I paved the way for reconciliation on the Albanian side. There was a major scandal at the Turkish consulate when the consul complained to the Montenegrin government that I was supporting the rebels, but half an hour later, the Turkish envoy, Sadeddin, who had come down from Cetinje to Podgorica, contacted me and I was able to read to him my memorandum on the possibilities for reconciliation between the two sides. This bothered Ismail Kemal to no end. I did my best to overthrow Torglut Pasha, including interrupting Sadeddin when he began to speak and countering, "Ne m'en parlez pas de Torglut! Torglut, c'est un cochon!"¹⁵⁰ Confident of the effect my reports would have with Franz Ferdinand, I went so far as to tell the Albanians

¹⁴⁹ Mary Edith Durham (1863–1944), English traveler and writer.

¹⁵⁰ "Do not speak to me of Torglut! Torglut is a swine!"

that Torghut Pasha would not be in power in Shkodra for long. I told some of my friends that I had slain Torghut Pasha right in the circle of his soldiers in Koplik. They took me literally and wondered why I was still alive, until I pointed to my pencil. "Look, this was my revolver." Such activity was sufficient to satisfy the needs of points five and six of my strategy. Excellency Sadeddin understood from the memorandum what I considered to be necessary for reconciliation. I was delighted to see, soon thereafter, that the propositions I had made formed the gist of the proposal sent to the rebels by the Turkish government. However, due to a lack of aplomb, nothing came of the action.

I got a very interesting glance behind the scenes of the whole highland revolt and the situation in general when the 4,000 crowns that I had received by telegraph from home were paid out to me by a simple-minded Montenegrin post office official in Cetinje in English gold. It became obvious to me that not only the uprising in Yemen but also the revolt in the highlands of Albania was being financed with English money. It was the payback for the pro-German behavior of the Young Turks.

This discovery was an indication to me that I would be able to use the English press, at least the *Times* for a while. I therefore contacted the *Times* correspondent, Bouchier,¹⁵¹ and had such a good relationship with him that all of my newspaper articles were later telegraphed to the *Times* and published, often word for word. Unfortunately, the friendship did not last long. In Vienna, Steed¹⁵² realized that I was not to be manipulated despite the momentary collaboration and broke off the relationship. Bouchier knew nothing of this until 1914 so he unwittingly served my ends in 1913, believing that I was on his side. This way, I was able to extend my influence in all directions. When the diplomats accredited to Cetinje finally discovered from Miss Durham that the text of Torghut Pasha's proclamation to the highlanders was not identical to the one he had sent to them, and when the newspapers, the *Times*, *Die Zeit* and *Sole*, and I all took an open stance against Torghut Pasha, the position of the general was shaken. At the same time, my situation in Montenegro became rather difficult.

First of all, I was barred from leaving Podgorica. This occurred one day after I had left Cetinje in the morning, arrived in Podgorica at noon,

¹⁵¹ James David Bouchier (1850–1920), also spelt Boucher: Irish journalist based in Sofia who worked as the Balkan correspondent of the *Times* from 1892 to 1915.

¹⁵² Henry Wickham Steed (1871–1956), British journalist and *Times* correspondent in Vienna from 1902 to 1913, and later (1919–1922) editor of the *Times*.

quickly got a horse and ridden to Triepsh in the afternoon and was back in Podgorica in the evening. The Montenegrins were visibly unnerved by my swift movements around the country. When I did get back to Cetinje, Miuskovich,¹⁵³ the then minister of the interior, summoned me and forbade me from returning to Podgorica, hoping thus to isolate me from the Albanians. By pure coincidence, it so happened that the Albanian chieftains were gathering in Cetinje at that time so the restriction placed upon me had limited effect. One consequence was that I informed the highlanders that the Montenegrin government was preventing me from purchasing the grain I had promised to them. Sokol Baci was frustrated that he could not get his hands on the money earmarked for the purchase. He knew that I had been friends with an Albanian called Mar Gjeku since 1907, and thus convinced him to set a trap for me in order to rob me and get the money. Mar pretended to agree. By chance, I had given Mar 160 crowns that very morning, for no particular reason, simply as proof of our friendship. As such, after talking to Sokol, Mar came to my room at midnight. There were 3,000 crowns in the bedside table and he would only have had to stretch one hand out to get them, but instead, he revealed Sokol Baci's plan to me, admitting that Sokol had promised him half of the sum. I reassured Mar Gjeku that I never went out with a large sum of money in my pocket and he would, at most, have gained a couple of Napoleons at the expense of his honor. I then devised a plan to compromise Sokol Baci. Mar Gjeku and Sokol Baci's men were to go ahead and ambush me, but I arranged for my supporters to surround and ambush them at the same time. It would then be easy to have Sokol Baci arrested and tried for planning to rob an Austro-Hungarian subject. This plot of mine had the additional advantage of promoting point four of my strategy: getting rid of Sokol Baci. The morning after my talk with Mar, I went off to see Excellency Giesl and told him about everything. However, instead of supporting me, he made the situation even more complicated. He assured me that even if Sokol Baci were caught red-handed, he, the consul, would not have enough influence to bring this confidant and friend of the King of Montenegro to justice. To avoid seeing me expelled from the country, he advised me to leave Montenegro. The whole affair was thus buried. I followed Giesl's advice and departed the next day for Vienna.

153 Lazar Miušković (1867–1936), Montenegrin political figure.

When I got back to Vienna, I discovered that while I was actively engaged in politics in Montenegro, I had almost been the cause of the break-up of a marriage. "My husband was furious," said the secretary at *Die Zeit* when I arrived. She then explained what had taken place.

In order for me to maintain a telegraph link with Kanner, we arranged to communicate in a special code because sending telegrams on political issues was against the law in Montenegro. The code in question put the real contents of the telegram in the address lines at the start of the telegram and in the signature lines at the end. The actual text of the telegram was irrelevant. In this way, I could pass on messages without them being cut or altered. I did, however, have to offer explanations in Montenegro as to why I was sending off two or three telegrams a day. I could not do this as a well-known figure, but as a young bachelor I could easily explain that I was engaged and in love with some young woman. Kanner and I thus agreed that I would send love telegrams to the offices of *Die Zeit* (Wipplingerstraße 38) addressed to a secretary employed there, Anna Kistner. She was to pass my telegrams on to Dr. Kanner. The address of the telegrams varied, of course: "Fräulein Kistner, Vienna, Wipplingerstraße 38," or "Anna Kistner, 38 Wipplingerstraße, Vienna" etc. Such telegrams were not subject to any particular inspection in Montenegro and Dr. Kanner was thus kept well informed about the events taking place there, that is, until one of my amorous telegrams reached the offices of *Die Zeit* on a Sunday morning when Mrs. Kistner was not at work. A colleague came up with the unfortunate idea of sending the telegram to her home where it fell into the hands of the husband of the said Mrs. Kistner who had, alas, not been informed about the scheme. He, *horribile dictu*, read the telegram and interpreted it, addressed to her at the office, as proof of marital infidelity. She was in tears and beseeched her husband not to believe what he was reading. Despite her explanations, he was not to be appeased. Dr. Kanner was the only one who could convince him, but he was not at the office on Sunday afternoon. As such, the couple had a terrible time with one another until Monday morning when Mr. Kistner dragged his poor wife by the hair into Dr. Kanner's office, and the matter was then solved. This family tragedy was actually the only concrete achievement of my trip to Albania.

In Vienna, I published a number of articles against the Young Turks. Among them were the following ones:

Impressions from a Visit to Albania, by Baron Nopcsa

Vienna, July 1911

Public interest is focusing more and more on the Albanian question as the days go by. One of our collaborators had an opportunity to interview Dr. Franz Freiherr von Nopcsa, an expert in Albanian affairs, who has just come back. Baron Nopcsa was kind enough to make the following comments:

"The revolution taking place in northern Albania is but a local symptom of the general dissatisfaction with the Young Turk regime that is being felt from Janina to Mitrovica. In addition to their distasteful custom of provoking civilization with bayonets, the Young Turks have made the mistake of not even showing the Albanians what advantages civilization could bring them. The only advantages of civilization that the Albanians have come to know have been taxes and military conscription. This bayonet economy has only increased the already extreme poverty amongst them. It is evident that impoverishment always brings about unrest."

"How are Montenegro's relations with Albania?"

"Montenegro has always been an opponent of Turkey, and it is obvious that it makes use of any sign of dissatisfaction with Turkey to further its own ends. Montenegro has also always been an opponent of the Albanians living under Turkish rule and it now sees a possibility of taking advantage of the hostility between the Albanians and Turks. Montenegro's reactions can be judged from two different perspectives, depending on whether one regards it as wanting to exterminate the Albanian population or as wanting to ally itself with Albania. It is certain, at any rate that the Montenegrin government is not unhappy about the current unrest in northern Albania and indeed promotes it. What objective it is pursuing depends upon the perspective from which one judges it. I personally do not believe that Montenegro is interested in reconciliation or ties with a strong, prosperous, autonomous or semi-autonomous Albania because it would then have to give up the territories along its southern border into which it expanded. I also regard it as unlikely that the Orthodox Montenegrins can, in the long run, make friends with the Albanians who are Muslim in majority. For this reason, I believe that Montenegro is more interested in weakening or exterminating the Albanian population, at least those who live along its southern border, but can, however, safely leave the work of the henchman to Torgkut Pasha. Yet even for Torgkut Pasha, it is not good taste to shoot and kill people if they are not shooting at you. As such, Montenegro is inciting the Albanians to battle so that Turkey will wipe them out, and Montenegro can then expand further southwards. The Young Turks are able to carry through with their suicidal

ambitions due to Austria's and Italy's strict respect for the policy of non-interference in Turkey's internal affairs."

"Baron Nopcsa, you held talks with Torghut Pasha, did you not?"

"Yes, I did. I regard him as the kingpin of a policy to exterminate the Albanians. Torghut is a self-confident, active, and ruthless figure who is unscrupulous in the means he chooses to attain his objectives. There can be no doubt of his self-confidence in view of the fact that he has 60,000 men and an equivalent amount of artillery at his disposal to deal with 4,000 badly armed Albanians. However, I do not regard Torghut Pasha as a political strategist. I realized how immature his political views were when he stated that the Hungarian government would manage to Magyarize all the Romanians in Transylvania within the next twenty-five years. And this, to a man like myself who knows Transylvania very well! Anyone who has such naïve views on denationalization policies is bound to fail in Albania. It is rather surprising to hear such views from a man who was the Turkish military attaché in Bucharest and had an opportunity, in view of his fluency in Romanian and French, to be in contact with a highly educated international society, from whom he could have learned something. His intention, as he told me literally, is to transform northern Albania into a wasteland and then populate this wasteland with Muslim emigrants from Bosnia. He particularly stressed the fact that he wanted to bring in Bosnian and not Anatolian emigrants."

"You also had contact with the Turkish envoy in Cetinje and met the Montenegrin aid committees, did you not?"

"Yes, in Podgorica I was able to meet Sadeddin, Turkish envoy in Cetinje, the leaders of the rebellion, and the various aid committees. In stark contrast to Torghut Shefket Pasha, Sadeddin has long been interested in promoting permanent reconciliation between the Albanians and Turks so that the former may come to forget the wrongs done to them and to reassume their role as protectors of the Vilayet of Shkodra against Slavic aspirations. Due to the religious differences between the Catholic Albanians and Orthodox Montenegrins, it would seem possible that this plan could be implemented at present, even in Shkodra. However, it would also be necessary for the Muslim population of the region to support this view. I am convinced that all of the parties in the Dual Monarchy would be supportive of these endeavors."

"What is Austrian policy in Albania like?"

"As to Austria-Hungary, I would say that it has been put in an uncomfortable position since the recent political changes and the unrest under which the Catholics have suffered in particular. These are the people that the Dual Monarchy is

obliged to protect under the provision of the *Kultusprotektorat*. In the past, in view of a rather vague definition of the *Kultusprotektorat*, the Dual Monarchy achieved things that were to its advantage, but that were not strictly speaking cultural affairs. Years ago, the Monarchy intervened whenever a Catholic was unjustly imprisoned or deported. Nowadays, no vigorous steps are taken even when churches are pillaged. The Albanians were used to the situation as it was and, now that the Monarchy is not even in a position to make minimal and just demands of Turkey, there has been a strong reaction against it. Because of this change of situation, any rival of the Monarchy, and there are many of them around, is free to undermine the reputation of Austria-Hungary in the Balkans or win over the Albanians. The unfortunate position of the Monarchy is particularly evident with regard to ending the Turkish-Albanian conflict. If the Montenegrins achieve their goal of wiping out the Albanians, we can expect Montenegrin expansion southwards, and we must do all we can to hinder this. It will not be an easy task, and probably cannot be achieved simply through verbal notes. On the other hand, if the Albanians achieve autonomy, we will not achieve much either because our reputation and prestige are gone. Because the new generation in our land is not interested in foreign countries, as Baron Gautsch pointed out a while ago, we cannot expect any economic advantage from a future autonomous and prosperous Albania. It will no doubt be Italy that profits most. Even long-term success on the part of the Young Turks would not help us very much, because the true nature of Young Turk friendship can be seen in how they reacted in Constantinople to the well-meaning suggestions of Count Aehrenthal, as published in the *Fremdenblatt* article on the 8th of June."

**Are the Turks Capable of Civilization? Eight Questions and Seven Answers
By an Expert on Albania, Vienna, 9 July 1911**

Recent events in the Balkans, and specifically, the barbaric conduct of the Anatolian hordes in Albania (one cannot call those who burn old women alive and pillage churches soldiers) will certainly have shaken the faith of Europe in the capacity of the Turks for civilization. In this connection, may an avid reader of *Die Zeit*, who has studied the Ottomans throughout their history and observed them at close hand, be permitted to ask eight questions about the role of the Ottomans in the East, and to answer seven of them himself? The reply to the eighth question must be left to the friends of the Turks, among whom, it must be noted, the author does not count himself.

Question One: When the Ottoman hordes advanced on Europe and Arabia, did they come upon other civilizations, and which ones?

Answer: They came upon the Byzantine and Arabic civilizations, and, in Serbia, the beginnings of a southern Slavic civilization.

Question Two: Did they preserve or destroy these civilizations?

Answer: They destroyed them.

Question Three: When they were at the height of their power, did the Ottomans replace the civilizations they destroyed in Constantinople, Arabia or Serbia with an equal level of civilization?

Answer: No.

Question Four: Is it possible that a race that was incapable of assuming another civilization or of developing one of its own at the height of its power, can create a civilization in the period of its downfall?

Answer: No.

Question Five: Do Greece, Serbia, Bulgaria and Romania, and indeed Montenegro, have higher levels of civilization than Turkey? Are the roads and schools better than in the Ottoman Empire?

Answer: Undoubtedly so.

Question Six: Did the Balkan countries develop their cultures before or after liberation from the Turkish yoke?

Answer: After liberation.

Question Seven: In view of this, is it probable that while under Turkish rule the non-Turkish population of Macedonia and Albania will be able to take over the civilization of others or develop ones of their own?

Answer: No.

Question Eight: From the perspective of civilization and thus of European peace and order in the Balkan Peninsula, should the Albanian desire for at least partial emancipation from Turkish rule be dismissed?

Answer: The answer to this question must be left to the friends of Turkey.

On 10 July Aehrenthal was so furious at my activities that he arranged to have me slandered in the newspaper *Pester Lloyd*.

A 'Politician' Out on a Limb

Vienna, 10 July 1911

Some Russian and other foreign newspapers are seeking in a rather curious manner to prove that Austria-Hungary is pursuing a double-faced policy in the Balkans. They are alleging that a certain Baron Nopcsa has been charged as an agent of the Dual Monarchy to turn Turkey and Montenegro against one another and to enflame the situation in Albania.

The said agent is the geologist Baron Franz Nopcsa who has been traveling and conducting research in the Albanian highlands for several years now and has published his research in a number of books. The uprising this year did not hinder him from returning to Albania, even though the authorities in Vienna strongly advised him not to do so and even though he was informed that no responsibility would be taken for his travels or for his personal safety. Having arrived at the scene of the bloody events, Baron Nopcsa's scholarly objectives seem to have been obscured by political interests. People in Vienna, at least, were quite surprised that he had set himself up as an intermediary between Turkey and Albania. However, he was not able to play the role with any particular success because all the relevant Turkish authorities, including Torgkut Shefket Pasha rejected his mediation. He did not get on any better in Montenegro either, where not only the authorities, but even the Albanian highlanders who had taken refuge there refused to meet him. Perhaps it was frustration at all of this that caused him to gloss over the failure of his activities with vehement attacks on Austro-Hungarian policies. An awareness of this could have hindered the journalists of the newspapers that described Baron Nopcsa as an agent of the Monarchy from causing disrepute to their papers with such reports.

For a moment, I considered replying to this article, but on second thought I decided to continue my agitation against the Young Turks.

Torgkut Shefket's Method of Warfare

By a Non-Albanian Eyewitness, 11 July 1911

As the deadline for the amnesty has been put off in Constantinople, most diplomats and representatives of the press, unaware of what is actually going on, will probably be led to believe that everything is in order and that Torgkut Shefket's diabolical plan to kill and exterminate 100,000 Catholic Albanians (these words are to be found in Torgkut Shefket's amnesty proclamation to the rebels) and repopulate their land with immigrants from Bosnia, as Baron Nopcsa reported, has been shelved. To exterminate all the Catholic highland tribes, he firstly drove those he could not catch in his trap over the border to Montenegro and then set up a solid military cordon from the Adriatic to Gusinje. As soon as the cordon was in place, he had all the highlanders who were working in Shkodra as peaceful laborers expelled from the town, thus forcing them to return to their relatives in the highlands. Earlier, Torgkut Shefket had declared that he regarded only the highland tribes as rebels. However, as soon as the laborers, mostly from the Shala and Shllaku tribes, returned to their villages, he declared

that the Shala were rebels, too, and cut off their food supplies, flour that is, from Shkodra, in order to force them to give up their weapons. Since there are only enough provisions in Shala tribal territory to last for a couple of weeks and since the people are aware that the moment they give their weapons up to Torghut Shefket, they will be beaten and mistreated again as they were last year, it is obvious that they will ignore the call to disarm. (They are said to have replied stoically to Torghut Pasha: "Come and get them.") In order not to starve to death, which is what Torghut Shefket wants them to do, they are forced to slaughter their herds and become beggars. This they will be even if a peace agreement is later reached, since their herds are their only capital. This is how Torghut intends to reduce about 8,000 Catholics (not 3,000 as the Turkish newspapers reported) to ruin and force them to flee abroad. He has already gloated triumphantly that their food supplies have run out. The battle of the Shala at Trabojna was nothing other than a desperate attempt to break through the Turkish cordon in order to get food from Montenegro for their starving women and children. This was nothing in comparison with the refined tactics Torghut Pasha employed in Bregumatja, aimed at killing about 16,000 Catholics who were still loyal to the Turkish government. Ancient custom has it that every autumn about half of the highland tribes move with their families and possessions down to the marshy plains to spend the winter there. In June they then return to the highland pastures in the mountains to escape from the clouds (not just swarms) of mosquitoes in the lowlands. On their way down to the plains, these people and their herds are forced to pass by the town of Shkodra and cross the Drin Bridge that is guarded by soldiers. To avoid conflict with the government, they have to pay their taxes on the spot (80 *hellers* annually for a sheep that has a value of 16 crowns) and to do without their weapons. The tribes now in Bregumatja could therefore not even think about planning a rebellion, and for this reason, Torghut Pasha could not act against them. To exterminate them anyway, the Pasha banned them from returning to their highland pastures at the start of summer. Knowing full well that it is impossible to survive the summer months in Bregumatja, because of malaria and that the herds would soon die off, because of the stagnant drinking water, he hoped to drive these people to their deaths. Summer has already begun and malaria has now returned to Bregumatja. A high-level Turkish official in Shkodra, Ibrahim Efendi Kjori, declared publicly that the Turkish government intended to let the highlanders in Bregumatja perish "like pigs in the swamps." Torghut Pasha is currently attaining his objective. In Shala he has killed women and children, and in Bregumatja loyal subjects of the Ottoman Empire are wasting away, both simply because they are Catholics. If Euro-

pean diplomats do not do something for the Catholics of northern Albania immediately, they will be responsible for having supported the murderous deeds of the Imperial Ottoman general, Torghut Shefket Pasha, and for having caused the deaths of about 40,000 Albanians.

Mr Steed received the proofs of this article and telegraphed it to London. It thus appeared not only in *Die Zeit* but also in the *Times*.

The *Times*, 11 July 1911.

From our Own Correspondent, Vienna

I am indebted to the editor of the *Zeit* for an advanced copy of an important article entitled 'Torghut Shefket's method of warfare, by a non-Albanian eyewitness,' which that journal will publish tomorrow. I have reason to believe the competence of the author to be beyond question.

Then came the article. On 12 July, *Die Zeit* reported from London that the *Times* had reprinted the article on Torghut Shefket's method of warfare in its entirety and that the Albanian articles of *Die Zeit* had enjoyed much attention in government circles.

While I was launching my attacks against the Young Turks and meeting with Ismail Kemal in Vienna, the well-known editor of the *Review of Reviews*, Mr Stead,¹⁵⁴ who was soon to lose his life on the Titanic, set off for Constantinople on behalf of the English Foreign Secretary, Lord Grey. Stead and Ismail told me about him. The three of us went to Westbahnhof train station to meet Stead and accompanied him on the Orient Express to Ostbahnhof station. We used the opportunity to incite Stead against the Young Turks, and were successful. He noted down what we had to say, drafted a telegram to Grey and asked Stead to transmit it via the English Embassy in Vienna.

Apart from the English, I was also in contact with a member of the Hungarian Reichstag, Imre Ivánka. I informed him about events in Albania in the spring of 1910 and convinced him to bring them up in the Hungarian parliament and ask what consequences they might have for the political situation.

Ivánka agreed to raise the matter because, in their struggle against the Hungarian Prime Minister, Count Karl Khuen-Héderváry, the

¹⁵⁴ William Thomas Stead (1849–1912), British investigative journalist.

opposition members of parliament were hoping to form an alliance with the Archduke, successor to the throne, whom I had informed of my intentions. Franz Ferdinand even thanked me for the reports I sent him.

Since Ivánka was to speak in parliament on 20 July, I had time to publish further articles against the Young Turks. I had at my disposal not only *Die Zeit*, but also the clerical newspapers and the *Reichspost* and *Vaterland*.

The Situation in Albania

Vienna, 13 July 1911

More or less in confirmation of my telegram of the 23rd of this month, *Die Zeit* has today published the article of an eyewitness on how Torgkut Shefket Pasha is proceeding with the annihilation of all the Catholics in the Vilayet of Shkodra. The appalling project was planned long in advance and involved other means than fire and the sword—he is using hunger and malaria to achieve his goals. To gain the time that he needs, the once warmongering general has been prolonging the amnesty week after week. Hunger and malaria are, after all, sure means of death, but they take time. Those whom Torgkut Pasha has condemned to starve to death are the tribes inhabiting the region south of the military cordon he has drawn against the highlanders and north of the Drin, the Kir and the Leshnica rivers. As people have been arriving from Dushmani, Toplana and Shala, there are probably about 8,000 men and women there in all. These are all the members of the Shala, Shoshi, Planti, Gjani, Suma, Shllaku, Dushmani and Toplana tribes. They have been encircled by the troops, their food supplies have been cut off, and they have been forced to slaughter their animals, thus destroying their livelihood. When the men of these tribes try to get through the military cordon to Montenegro to get bread for their starving wives and children, they are summarily shot by imperial Turkish troops, as happened on the 8th of this month.

Torgkut Shefket Pasha has perfidiously exterminated 16,000 other Catholics in Bregumatja, who are not rebels at all. These people spend the winter with their children and herds on the marshy plains along the Adriatic, pay their taxes in time and, every year when malaria hits the Bregumatja region, they return to the mountains with their animals. The imperial Turkish envoy in Cetinje, Sadreddin, failed to convince Torgkut Pasha to let the people return to the mountains this year. Torgkut knows full well that the herds of these tribes will perish in the swamps of Bregumatja by the end of summer. He also knows that no one can resist succumbing to fever in the swamps there. For this reason, he will not let

them leave the region and lets the negotiations in Podgorica and the deadline for the amnesty drag on until malaria in Bregumatja, that has already spread, has done its work for the Young Turks. If only rebels were involved, the Young Turks could find an excuse for their perfidious deeds, but if the victims are loyal Turkish citizens persecuted simply because they are Catholic, the cover is lifted. How long will the countries of the advanced world continue to look upon this shame and horror?

On the very same day, the *Vaterland* published an article of mine entitled "Albanian Autonomy."

The increasingly bitter struggle in Albania, as is known, is due to the fact that the Albanians want the Turks to accord them a more or less formal autonomy. Major interests of the Dual Monarchy are involved since these events are taking place on the eastern shores of the Adriatic.

For decades now, one of the major issues of our foreign policy has been the rivalry between the Monarchy and Italy for supremacy on the eastern shores of the Adriatic and, if our politicians welcomed the new Turkey with its new constitution, this was because they believed that a strong and united Turkey would bring a definitive solution to the Albanian problem and other issues.

As long as the Turkish crescent flew over Vlora we had no reason to fear that stability in the Adriatic would be jeopardized. A strong Turkey would also serve us as a bulwark against southern Slavic aspirations. Unfortunately, as we have seen, this political calculation, of a strong Turkey as a factor of stability in the Balkans, has not become a reality. Turkey has not shown itself capable of strengthening its role through peaceful and civilized policies. On the contrary, not only has the new government in Turkey not solved the issues inherited from the age of Abdul Hamid, such as the Yemen Question, the Macedonian Question, the Finance Question and the Bakshish Question, it has added new intractable ones like the Albanian Question. The situation in Turkey has not improved, and the time has come to think about successor states and its withdrawal from Europe. In view of this somber state of affairs, we must, whether we want to or not, take a new look at Albanian demands for autonomy in order to preserve stability in the Adriatic.

It is obvious if Turkey, eternally weak as it is, were suddenly to collapse, that Austria or Italy would be forced to occupy the Albanian coastline or that Montenegro would, as is currently the case, be tempted into advancing southwards. All of these things would destabilize the Adriatic region and give rise to

major conflicts. The only way of avoiding a sudden conflict is the creation of a strong, autonomous Albania, which would ensure that if Turkey does collapse, Albania could easily secede from it and defend its territory from the aspirations of its neighbors. The present uprising shows that it is capable of this. The common religion of most Albanians and the Ottomans and their joint interests against the Slavs make it likely that an Albania liberated from the Turkish yoke would long maintain close ties with the ruins of Turkey. However we approach the situation, the Monarchy has every reason to welcome and indeed support Albanian autonomy because this would promote and not undermine stability in the Adriatic. It is of little interest to us whether the ancient banner of Scanderbeg¹⁵⁵ or the Turkish crescent flies over Vlora and Shkodra so long as these flags are not replaced by the Montenegrin eagle or the Italian cross.

Albania will not be lost if it is liberated with the joint assistance of Austria and Italy. If it is only assisted by Italy, the Italians will certainly not forget to make some "polite requests" of the country.

The earlier we in Vienna begin to act on Albania's future, the better. It should be clear to everyone that Turkey cannot continue existing as it is today.

When the newspapers published reports that the men of Rugova had shot and wounded a Turkish pasha, I knew right away that it was the work of Prek Gjeta Zogu whom I had more or less expedited to Peja, and imagined that an uprising might be in the making in Rugova. Preka acted when I was no longer in Montenegro. He and Bajram Daklani of Gjakova laid an ambush and mortally wounded an unsuspecting Turkish commander, Edhem Pasha. The Turks were later forced to admit that Edhem Pasha had been killed and could therefore no longer easily deny the existence of the rebellion. Very few people in Europe aside from me knew how this Muslim tribe had suffered in the 1910 uprising. I published an article on the subject in the *Reichspost*, as follows.

**The Albanian Uprising. Muslim Albanians Take Part in the Rebellion
By an Expert who Knows the Rugova Tribe. *Reichspost*, 19 July 1911**

The Porte has been endeavoring to portray the rebellion in northern Albania as a purely Catholic uprising. The news of the attack on Edhem Pasha makes it, nonetheless, clear that, aside from the Muslim Isa Boletini who is in flight, other Muslim tribes have joined the uprising. The Porte may continue to deny that

¹⁵⁵ Scanderbeg (1405–1468), also known as George Castriotta: early Albanian leader and national hero.

Muslims are taking part in the uprising, but this will not suffice to deceive anyone with a knowledge of the region.

The attack on Edhem Pasha took place an hour away from Peja where the plain of Peja ends in a narrow gorge leading up to the territory of the Muslim Rugovans. Only a Muslim could have planned the ambush of Edhem Pasha here. Most of the houses of the Rugova tribe were razed to the ground by Javid Pasha two years ago. Rugova remained neutral in last year's uprising. Last autumn, these men were armed by the Young Turks, to be used as a military force against the Montenegrins. This spring, the Young Turks succeeded for a while in playing the men of Rugova off against the Catholics of Kelmendi. Now, however, the men of Rugova realize they cannot trust the Young Turks and, like their co-religionists and tribesmen of Gjakova, Peja, Prishtina and Mitrovica, etc., have changed sides and joined the Catholic highlanders.

The wounding of Edhem Pasha is the first concrete result of the visit of the sultan to Kosovo Polje.

Ivánka spoke out in parliament, but in a rather clumsy manner. His only real achievement was that one of the Hungarian ministers was angered and Khuen telephoned to Vienna. His words in parliament were an unpleasant surprise for the members of his own party because, though they had been in power in Hungary during the annexation crisis, Aehrenthal had not kept them informed of anything.

Khuen felt forced to reply to what Ivánka had said, and it became evident to everyone that the Dual Monarchy was politically involved in Albania.

I fell ill in mid-July and was in bed until 19 August, at first in Vienna and then in Semmering. I left Semmering when I was feeling somewhat better. Bajazid went to Vienna and I to Szemere where I stayed with my brother-in-law, Alfred Pallavicini, until early September. I got some work done there, and went hunting, too. Among our neighbors were the sons of Ambassador János Pallavicini,¹⁵⁶—the officers Arthur,¹⁵⁷ Antal¹⁵⁸ and Jhonny,¹⁵⁹ who were nice fellows, all three of them. I was later very much attached to Jhonny, who was an excellent companion.

¹⁵⁶ János Pallavicini (1848–1941), Hungarian political and diplomatic figure.

¹⁵⁷ Artúr Pallavicini (1880–1968), Hungarian military figure.

¹⁵⁸ Antal Pallavicini (1881–1929), Hungarian military figure.

¹⁵⁹ János Pallavicini (1883–1971), Hungarian military and diplomatic figure, ambassador to Constantinople.

I spent the following weeks in Szemere, Szacsal and Újarad, where I worked on the material left by Count Louis Drašković. Since there were many political remarks in the papers and Louis, while alive, was subject to an oath of silence, I sent the political portion of the work to Aehrenthal with the following letter.

Excellency! I am editing a description of the Sanjak of Novi Pazar, which the late Count Louis Drašković left and wished to have published. He served there as Austro-Hungarian civil commissioner. The work contains many letters and diary entries. Since some of them involve the Monarchy's foreign policy, I am respectfully sending a copy of the main portions to Your Excellency, requesting that you inform me if any part of the material should be found objectionable so that I can remove or alter it with a view to preserving the memory of the position once held by the author.

I am unable to remove the political part entirely, although I have reduced it in size substantially, since the publication would otherwise lose much of its value, its critical remarks being the most interesting part.

I have been moved to send you this material in good part in connection with the fact that the press office, under your purview, published reports this summer in the *Pester Lloyd* and the *Osmanischer Lloyd* that have done damage to my reputation, reports that you most certainly knew were untrue. I believe the fact that I am sending you this material will serve as ample proof that the interpretation I hold of my duties has not been altered by any of these events whatsoever.

I would ask Your Excellency to mark the texts in the enclosed copy that must absolutely be removed or modified with a red pencil and send the copy back to me at the Hotel Krantz, Vienna, so that I can send the corrected version of the manuscript to the printers and so that the publication, foreseen for November, is not delayed.

I would like to offer my excuses for venturing to address Your Excellency with this matter, which I have done for patriotic motives and as a token of my deep respect. Baron F. Nopcsa.

I received a reply that Louis's manuscript had been sent on to his father who kept it, on Aehrenthal's wish. As such, it was never published. It was later in the possession of Louis's brother, Pepi Drašković, who is an employee at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Pepi, who committed suicide, did wrong to his brother in not publishing the manuscript.

In October I was in Vienna once again, because the beginning of the Turkish-Italian war had complicated the situation. There was a danger that the Albanian Catholics, now viewing the Italians as powerful allies, would use the opportunity to rebel against the Turks. I contacted Conrad, chief of the general staff, who was in Graz at the time, and he agreed with me that an Albanian Catholic offensive was not in our interests. I thus took action to pacify the Albanians. Aehrenthal who wanted to achieve the same goal obviously did not know whom to turn to. I could only reach my objective if I pretended to be on the Albanian side and could convince the Albanian Catholics that I had their interests at heart because I knew that I could not demand something of them that was not to their advantage and that was even harmful to them, and secondly because I did not want to be seen in their eyes as a tool of Aehrenthal's anti-Albanian, pro-Turkish policies. My friend, the influential Zef Noci of Mirdita, was in Bari in southern Italy at the time. I wrote him a letter, referring to the spectacular action I had undertaken against Torgkut Pasha and the Young Turks, which was a convincing argument in itself, something that neither Zambaur nor Aehrenthal could trump with the Albanian Catholics, and suggested to him that he would be of greater service to the Albanian cause if he were in Mirdita than he would be by staying in Bari. When Zef Noci agreed to my suggestion, I wrote him again, saying that a Mirdita offensive for the Italians was not a good idea because, in the present situation, they would inevitably come into conflict with the Muslims and winter was just around the corner, and that it would be much better to start first by reaching an agreement with the Albanian Muslims and then later, when spring arrived, to rise with the Muslims against the Young Turks, not on behalf of Italy but for the Albanian cause. Zef Noci agreed with me and Mirdita was pacified, in part at least by his actions. They listened to what he said in Mirdita, because he was known to be one of the most vociferous foes of the Young Turks. With Mirdita pacified, Zef went to Gjakova with the *bajraktar* of Orosh and some other Mirdita men to seek an alliance with the Muslims of Gjakova against the Young Turks, and reported to me on the success of this venture in a long letter.

Your Lordship wrote me that we should not let ourselves be fooled by the Italians. Just a few days ago, I received a letter encouraging me to foment an armed rebellion in Mirdita against the government. I was also told in the letter

that a couple of Italians would be sent to us with dynamite and other materiel. I replied: "Last summer you sent us words of encouragement and nothing else. You must know that warfare requires more than simply words. Otherwise the population rises and is then left to its own devices."

He also wrote me that he had informed the authorities that I had endeavored to pacify the population, and asked me to contact him, should the moment for declaring war be at hand.

I convinced him to return from Italy by telling him that working for Albanian unity was much more important than smuggling in a few bullets from Italy. He reported what he then achieved. As I am now in Vienna, I am no longer in a position to verify the claims he made in his letter, but what he told me always turned out to be true. What is more, he had received 100 crowns from me so he had no reason to lie.

Since the Gjakovars accepted the alliance for a specific reason, I knew that there would be more Albanian uprisings in the Gjakova region in the spring of 1912. Bajazid's reports from Prizren confirmed my suspicions.

I sent Zef 100 crowns for his troubles to cover his travel costs. All educated Albanians willingly accept money from people they do not trust and then sit around and gloat over the fact instead of carrying out the job in question. If one were to ask why Zef followed my advice in this case without asking for any money, the answer would be that he trusted me and was convinced that my advice was in his own interest. Had the Austro-Hungarian government managed from the start to win and keep the trust of the Albanians, there would have been more notable successes than the ones proclaimed. The people at the Ballhausplatz, however, always wanted to be cleverer and, as a result of the conceit and stupidity of Austro-Hungarian diplomats, the Albanians, like all the other Balkan peoples, soon realized that the Ballhausplatz was simply using them, both as individuals and collectively, as tools that could be taken up when needed, but could equally be thrown into a closet. In this chess game of "taking advantage of one another," individual Albanians such as Monsignor Doçi, the Abbot of Mirdita, and Prenk Bibë Doda, who were both receiving annual pensions of 24,000 crowns, proved cleverer than the officials at the Ballhausplatz. Not only Doçi, but also the last Albanian *bajraktar* can rightly boast of having out-tricked the Ballhausplatz. There is nothing to be said about taking advantage of others, but it has to be done in such a way that they do not notice it.

I also prepared a report for Franz Ferdinand and was busy with various writings in this period.

When the Italian war broke out, I once again began to criticize Aehrenthal's policies.

Italy and Albania

Das Vaterland, Vienna, Tuesday, 3 October 1911

There are things that one does not know and does not need to know. There are other things that one knows, but does not want to know. Finally, there are things that one does not know, but ought to know.

Over the last three years, and in particular since last summer, I have expressed the view in my various articles in the *Vaterland* that the Young Turks are committing suicide with their insane policies towards the Albanians. Again and again we have appealed to the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Ministry to help stop this suicide, in Turkey's own interest, and with military action if necessary. All of these warnings, coming from people who are not public officials and who have been criticized by the Foreign Office for conducting foreign policies of their own, were rejected by the Ballhausplatz. Yet, these individuals, who regard the ostrich policies of the Ballhausplatz as a great mistake, have been proven right faster than anyone might have imagined.

The column "The Albanian Uprising" has long disappeared from the newspapers now. However, the hatred felt by the Albanian Catholics for the Turks who have fulfilled none of the obligations towards the Albanians to which they committed themselves last summer, as incidents in Vlora, Mirdita, Gjakova and Prishtina have shown, remains unaltered and inextinguishable. It is no coincidence that Turkey is now facing battle with a ruthless foreign foe and that the Albanian question remains just as acute as it was last spring. In a skillfully calculated manner, Italy has sent its warships out to protect its commercial interests in the direction of the land in which, for the last few weeks, dissatisfied Albanians have risen in yet another rebellion in the cause of autonomy, and in which Italophile sentiments are so strong that even a boycott of Italian goods, as sought by the Young Turks, is unimaginable. If there should be a full rebellion in Albania, as a result of the Italian shelling in Preveza, there will be no doubt as to its outcome. Italy, that has given the rebels neither weapons nor ammunition, can of course play the innocent and make excuses that it has not intervened at all in the "internal affairs of Turkey." What a handful of Italo-Albanians do, has nothing to do with the government. Efficient measures were naturally taken to ensure that Turkey could do nothing to prevent the arms being smuggling in by

sea. The Italian Puglia Company, whose arms trade has now been facilitated by the "sea battle of Preveza," never had a particularly good reputation, but now things are out in the open.

Whether a successful Albanian uprising under the auspices of Italy is in the interests of our Monarchy, is a question that must be answered by our Foreign Office. We would therefore like to ask the heads of the Balkan affairs division, whose influence in Albania has been reduced since the summer to naught, how, in defense of current Austro-Hungarian policies, they intend to prevent the Albanians from turning away from those who planned their extermination and annihilation this summer and who wounded the Albanian Catholics to the quick with their profanation of churches. We wonder whether no one in our Foreign Office has noticed that it is to our disadvantage to see Albania achieve its autonomy by the grace of Italy. It would also be good to know if the Foreign Office now recognizes that it was a mistake this summer to destroy our long-term relations with the Albanians, and the Catholics in particular, just to cuddle up to the Young Turks, and this at a time when Said and Kiamil, the eternal foes of Austria-Hungary in Constantinople, are gaining the upper hand.

The diplomatic skills of our foreign policy experts are being measured by their ability to prevent an Albanian uprising that is against the interests of Austria. But it is quite something else to prevent the rise of a State, like Serbia and Montenegro, or to hold back an oppressed people that is yearning for freedom, with nothing to lose and everything to win.

Hands off! By an Expert on Albania

3 October 1911

The danger of a conflict between Italy and Austro-Hungary was constantly on the rise when our country was conducting an active foreign policy in Albania at the time of Count Gołuchowski, a policy that did much to limit Italian expansion. To prevent such a conflict from breaking out, Count Gołuchowski and the Italian Foreign Minister Tittoni met in Venice. According to the agreement they reached there, the presence in Albania of a single soldier of one of the parties to the agreement would be a *casus belli* for the other. Count Gołuchowski was then thrown out of office and Count Aehrenthal took over in Vienna. Count Aehrenthal then met the Italian Foreign Minister in Desio to convince Italy not to oppose the annexation of Bosnia, and a number of agreements were reached that were not made public.

What was discussed in Desio is irrelevant. It would simply be of interest to know if the Venice agreement, among many other things, was sacrificed for the sake

of a smooth annexation of Bosnia. Pronouncements by officials from the Foreign Ministry would have us believe that we have officially declared that we have no problem with the Italian occupation of Vlora, but no one really believes this. In 1910, after the annexation, an initial uprising occurred in Albania against the insane conduct of the Turks. Our ambassador in Constantinople, Margrave Pallavicini, went so far as to congratulate the Young Turks on the bloody suppression of this uprising, in order to keep on good terms with them. The ones to profit from the suppression of the uprising were the Serbs because the Turks had virtually decimated their worst enemies.

No one profited from the second Albanian uprising. For the Albanians, it meant a return to the *status quo* because the Young Turks had built neither roads nor schools and because the bearing of weapons was once again allowed to an extent. Count Aehrenthal was thanked neither by the Albanians nor by the Young Turks. Albanian dissatisfaction with the conduct of the Young Turks grew immeasurably and, to take revenge, they are swiftly preparing another uprising. The details of this new uprising were recently discussed at secret Albanian gatherings in Bari and Rome. Such is the present situation in Albania and, in this state of tension, with the Albanians on the verge of a new rebellion, Italy has destroyed the Turkish torpedo fleet in the Adriatic on the Albanian coast. We wonder who could possibly stop the arms smuggle to Albania that has been conducted for years now on the ships of the Italian Puglia Company and that is now flourishing. Who will read to the Albanians the dispatches of Marchese San Giuliano when the Italian consuls have left Durrës, Shkodra and Janina, etc.? Who in Albania will ensure that the rifles smuggled into the country from Italy are not used against Turkish officials, in view of the general dissatisfaction of the population and the incompetence, mendacity and hostility of the Turkish authorities? Even if not a single Italian soldier lands in Preveza, the thunder of Italian warships will be heard in the deepest valleys of Tomorr and the Prokletije. Their roar will echo in the hearts of the discontented Albanians. If revolution breaks out again in Albania, it will be entirely Italy's fault. And it is quite possible that Italy will have no qualms about abandoning the Albanians it has incited to arms with its proclamation for the maintenance of the *status quo*. Italy is playing with fire and a powder keg. It is already practicing phrases to excuse itself for the explosion. The language of its cannons in Preveza and Durrës contradicts the hypocritical claims of its support for the *status quo* in the Balkans. Italy should be ashamed of its actions because it is doing things in Tripoli and Albania that it would never dare do in the valleys of Piedmont. Insincerity is not what one should have to ex-

pect from centers of ancient civilization such as Rome and Venice. Albania belongs to our sphere of interest just as much as it does to that of Italy. Our Monarchy has made great sacrifice, perhaps too great a sacrifice, in order to maintain the *status quo* in Albania. This *status quo* is now endangered. The roar of Italian cannons will stop echoing in Albania when the Italian ships leave the Albanian coast and limit themselves to defensive actions in the predatory war they have provoked themselves. Italy wanted war. It now has no reason to complain if it is suffering in the Adriatic. They have enough opportunity for intrigue and conquest in Tripoli. Hands off Albania!

Outrage in Albania. By an Expert on Albania

4 October 1911

In the previous article we only alluded briefly to the dissatisfaction in Albania. Today, we would like to present more detailed information based on the situation reports of two people, dated 22 and 24 September, illustrating the situation in the Vilayet of Shkodra. We stress that the two reports, that we have combined here, stem from well-informed individuals and that at least one of these reports is known to have been received by our Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It states the following:

"The situation is appalling in the Greater Malësia (where Torgnut has been burning down houses). Men, women and children have been deprived of shelter. They have been forced to sleep out in the open, and it has turned very cold and is raining. The government has not yet begun with the reconstruction of the homes and has distributed no money for building houses. The highlanders have informed the consulate that the Turkish government is not fulfilling the pledges it made to Europe. I have heard that the government has begun with the construction of a road from Shkodra to Lezha, but has done nothing for roads or schools in the mountains. Everyone in the Greater Malësia receives six hundred grams of maize (half an oka) per day, but nothing else is done for them. In Mirdita, the inhabitants wanted to rise against the government, but now, after foreign intervention, a sort of ceasefire has been arranged, whereby the Turkish soldiers are not to be shot at. The men of Mirdita have bought or otherwise received some weapons from Italy. It is said that 2,000 rifles are enough to defend Mirdita, but it is not known who is supplying them. It is also said that after Bajram the government intends to begin conscripting young men, but the people of Mirdita do not intend to give them up. No taxes have been demanded of Mirdita, but government officials are very bitter at the population there."

A further paragraph describes the disappointment of the population that the government has once again started to conscript young men at a time when no money has been distributed to the highlanders to rebuild their houses. It was also said: "When the government began demanding taxes from Shllaku, Temali and Dushmani, the tribes complained that they were simple poor people in the mountains and were not in a position to pay taxes. I heard that the tribes joined forces in Puka and that each house sent a representative to Shkodra to demand compensation for the weapons they had handed over last year. There were 2,500 men (the estimate is probably too high) and they remained in Shkodra for a week. The government then demanded that they return home and only leave two representatives in town per tribe until a reply was received from Constantinople. And this was done."

No commentary is needed here. The cold weather will only increase the bitterness of the highlanders in the coming weeks. Smuggling will flourish all the more and the sinking prestige of Turkey will incite the Albanians to further deeds. Many of them will believe that the hour of salvation has come. It is impossible to ask loyalty of a people being harassed by their government for conscripts, in particular when their houses are being burnt down and they are constantly being lied to and deceived. Promises were made in front of all of Europe that the Albanians' houses would be rebuilt, that they would be exempt from taxes and that roads and schools would be built for them. None of these promises have been kept. *Caveant consules!*

During the Italian-Turkish war, the Foreign Minister, Count Aehrenthal, had Excellency Conrad dismissed from his position as chief of the general staff. The first collision between Aehrenthal and Conrad dated from 1909 when the latter had expressed the view that the annexation crisis ought to be solved by a military offensive. Aehrenthal, for his part, in order to keep the laurels for himself, pleaded for a diplomatic settlement that was subsequently shown to be the wrong solution. As he told me years later, Count Julius Andr  ssy¹⁶⁰ was for a military solution to the whole southern Slavic problem and sent his views on this to His Majesty, Franz Josef, in 1909. He was of the opinion that all the confusion caused by the annexation could have been avoided. In 1909, Conrad was ready to make war not only on Serbia, but also on Italy and,

¹⁶⁰ Count Gyula Andr  ssy de Cs  kszentkir  ly et Krasznahorka the Younger (1860–1929), Austro-Hungarian political figure and minister of the interior from April 1906 to January 1910.

when I spoke to Aehrenthal about the international situation in January 1910, he did not even hide the fact that the earthquake in Calabria had come at an excellent time.

Conrad had a second conflict with Schönaich,¹⁶¹ the minister of war in the spring of 1911, because the latter, to keep on good terms with the delegations, had reduced Conrad's estimate of defense expenditures by several million crowns without informing him. Conrad only learned this when the matter was made public. I was informed of the matter shortly thereafter by Conrad. When I replied that with such evident lack of support from the minister of war, he ought to tender his resignation, he countered that he had just done so. His Majesty, however, did not accept the resignation.

Conrad's third and last conflict and, at the same time, his second one with Aehrenthal, took place because he submitted to His Majesty a military and political memorandum, which the monarch passed on to Count Aehrenthal for an opinion on the political section. The minister expressed an extremely negative opinion of the memorandum, as a result of which His Majesty told the Archduke, successor to the throne, that he was dismissing Conrad because of his political views. Just before Conrad was summoned to court, Franz Ferdinand managed to inform him that the monarch was about to dismiss him. Conrad entered the audience hall and the monarch informed him in an audience lasting no more than five minutes that he was fired. It was, indeed, a dishonorable discharge. Not only Conrad, but all of his direct staff were relieved of their positions and it was only with great difficulty that the Archduke managed to have medals of distinction conferred upon three of them before they were dismissed. Archduke Franz Ferdinand gave Conrad his open support and published a letter in all the newspapers on the occasion of his dismissal.

As I was aware of the tenuous relationship between Aehrenthal and Conrad from the summer of 1911 and was entirely on Conrad's side, I wrote him and told him that I was at his disposal now that he had been dismissed. Conrad replied with a letter that well elucidated the situation, stating that certain people were taking advantage of the monarch's advanced age.

Aehrenthal won out in the conflict between him and Conrad, and this to Italy's great advantage. Conrad's successor was General Blasius

¹⁶¹ Franz Xavier Freiherr von Schönaich (1844–1916), Austro-Hungarian general and minister of war.

Schemua whom I did not know at the time. I informed Schemua via Excellency Langer that I would only enter into personal relations with him if he adhered entirely to Conrad's line, stressing that I meant by this a continuation of the campaign against Aehrenthal. Langer transmitted the message and brought me the reply that I was politically too far out on a limb. Schemua obviously did not want to fall out with Aehrenthal, and receiving me would have caused him to do so.

Nothing of great significance happened for the rest of the year. I studied archaeology and ethnology in Vienna and wrote an article for *Die Zeit* in mid-December, since the delegations were meeting there at the time. In it, I summarized all the recent failures of Aehrenthal's policies in the Balkans. I signed the article entitled "The Status Quo in the Balkans" with my name to give it more power and to put more pressure on Aehrenthal.

The Status Quo in the Balkans

Twenty years ago, Italy, now allied with the Monarchy, was an unknown player in the Balkans. It initially entered into dynastic relations with the King of Montenegro and used Italian capital there to construct a railway inland, that is, from the eastern shore of the Adriatic. It then monopolized the relations of Montenegro and Albania with the rest of the world to such an extent that Italian ships were even used, for practical reasons, by the Austrian postal services. The Italian government also founded schools throughout Albania, which did much to support the basic needs of the population. Unofficially, Italy managed to make it clear to all Albanian patriots that it, and not just the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, had a say in the Albanian question, as even Count Aehrenthal recognized. Public opinion in Italy now came to view the Adriatic as an Italian lake. Since the Macedonian reform action, Italy also developed links with Serbia, apparently as a new front against our Monarchy (cf. the secret circular of 20 June 1904). Relations between Serbia and the Monarchy have not improved since that time, as can be seen by the cancellation of King Peter's visit. Even ignoring the King's visit to Rome, one can see how Serbian-Italian relations have intensified since then. Italian trade with the eastern shore of the Adriatic has grown to such an extent over the last twenty years that it is seriously jeopardizing the commercial interests, that is, the source of wealth, of the Monarchy. Since 1909, Montenegrin artillery, allegedly purchased in Italy, has been rolling along Montenegrin roads paved with the funds of the Monarchy to lay siege to our fortress in Cattaro. In the recent Turkish-Italian war, Italian agents were active among the Albanian Catholic population and of-

ferred them military supplies and dynamite, despite solemn promises from the Italian government.

How does Italy's balance compare to the achievements of the Monarchy over the last twenty years? The railway connections between the Monarchy and the parts of the Balkan Peninsula beyond its borders have not improved at all, despite all the planning for a Sanjak Railway. The Monarchy's trade with Serbia has consistently declined despite the major policy speech made by the Foreign Minister during the visit of an important delegation there. Its trade with Turkey has only risen slightly compared to the other Powers. Count Aehrenthal has been unable to win the confidence of the Turks despite the commendable—and secretly implemented—dropping of the reform action for the Bulgarians and Serbs in the summer of 1907, the abandonment of the Bulgarians in 1909 and of the Albanian Catholics in 1910, and the participation of the Monarchy in a loan for Turkey. Rightly or wrongly, the Turks still suspect us of gravitating towards Salonika as we have not been able to prove the contrary. Reval¹⁶² was Count Aehrenthal's first failure and we only have the Young Turks and not him to thank that it did not turn into a disaster for the Monarchy. With its shelling of Preveza and Medua,¹⁶³ Count Aehrenthal has now left the prime role of champion of the Christians in the eastern Balkan Peninsula to Italy. The Young Turks, on whom the Monarchy was counting, have failed us and failed their own country. Our Monarchy has sacrificed its role as the maritime police along the Montenegrin coast to please the royal rulers of Italy and Montenegro, and our present situation is purely defensive vis-à-vis a self-confident Italy that has been busy expanding into the eastern part of the Balkans over the last twenty years. We regard it as a great political achievement if we are simply able to ensure that political borders are not shifted to our disadvantage. The change in the Empire's borders in Bosnia is only of significance to specialists in international law. From a practical point of view, it is of no importance whatsoever. Bosnia has belonged to us *de facto* for over twenty years now, before the military annexation took place. Such are the achievements of Count Aehrenthal, if one does not mention the little war he conducted on paper with Izvolsky. Our military leaders no longer dare to defend and inspect the imperial borders as and whenever they want, because these internal affairs of the Monarchy might displease our neighbors. Everything in the Balkans has changed to our disadvantage over the last twenty years. The only things not to have changed are the actual political borders

¹⁶² Today: Tallinn.

¹⁶³ Shengjin.

themselves. The Austro-Hungarian ministry at the Ballhausplatz prides itself on being behind this great achievement, but it has forgotten that, although political borders may change in line with political circumstances, they are in themselves not enough to exert influence upon historical events. Realistic politicians must have precedence over specialists in international law. Bosnia was a good example.

With its maneuvering, Italy has given sufficient proof that the existence of the Triple Alliance and our friendship mean nothing to it. With regard to the Balkan Peninsula, Italy wishes to preserve the *status quo* in its relations with the Monarchy, as it has claimed over and over. I am willing to believe this because Italy is profiting from the *status quo*, at the expense of the Monarchy. However, if we take a look at events over the past few years, events that cannot be denied by the Foreign Ministry, one might almost think that Italy only allied itself with us to undermine our position in the Balkans. I am certainly not proposing war with Italy, but I would be pleased if deeds and not only words could show that this conclusion of mine is wrong. From my study of Italy's past, and in particular of the history of the House of Savoy, I am unconvinced.

In December 1911, after thus intensifying my attacks on Aehrenthal, Sieberts came over to see me at Hotel Krantz and asked me to write a political article for a new weekly called *Österreich-Ungarn* that he was planning to publish as of 1 January 1912 to replace the failed *Vaterland*. I was sick in bed when he came by, but I promised him the article anyway. I was still feverish and had a headache, but got some paper and a pencil and began writing in bed. I continued writing and writing until I was completely exhausted, not really realizing what I had written. My brain was seething with ideas, and Sieberts was satisfied with the results when he came by the next day. It was a political platform focused on the Monarchy's last chance of survival in the Balkans.

In December I also reviewed a pro-Turkish book for *Die Zeit*, written by a Reich German called Jäckh.¹⁶⁴

In January 1912 Prek Gjeta Zogu arrived unexpectedly and brought me an opened letter from Aladro to Isa Boletini. I used Aladro's letter to bother Aehrenthal and wrote him the following letter. I first brought it to Vienna from Újarad to read it out to Conrad and Auffenberg, the Minister of War.

¹⁶⁴ Ernst Friedrich Wilhelm Jäckh (1875–1959), German journalist from Urach.

Újarad, 15 January 1912

Excellency, although you informed me in the summer of 1911 that you did not wish to receive any further information on Albania from me, I believe that the enclosed letter of Aladro addressed to Isa Boletini will interest you such that you might be willing to betray your steadfast principle, alter the opinion you formed last summer, and read or at least have your administration read the enclosure. I am sending you the original letter and would ask you to return it to me as soon as possible as I would like to show it to a couple of other people here in Vienna. You are no doubt aware that there are others in Vienna, aside from Your Excellency, who are interested in the situation in Albania.

Together with the enclosed letter that I received in an opened envelope, I was given 100 picture postcards of Aladro, in four different poses, that I assume were to be utilized for agitation purposes in Mitrovica. I am enclosing a sample of each, which Your Excellency may keep as I have no interest in having them. It is a great pleasure for me, as a 'politician out on a limb,' to be of service to Your Excellency.

Respectfully yours,
Baron F. Nopcsa

I had asked Aehrenthal to return Aladro's letter to make sure that he received my letter, and he did send it back.

I spent late January and early February 1912 with Preka in Szacsal. Preka later traveled to Rome on my behalf, the minister of war having been informed thereof. His report on Italy's policies towards Albania was good and reliable, and I sent it on to the minister of war. Preka met the member of parliament Chiesa and reported from their conversation that Italy would not be providing any support to the Albanians this year. As we had received much bad news from Albania, I conveyed this information in a letter of warning to Archduke Franz Ferdinand.

The Archduke's Military Chancellery informed me that he had enjoyed the report. Unfortunately the thoughts expressed in it remained on paper.

In the second half of February, Preka and I went to Vienna for a few days. Count Aehrenthal died and Count Berchtold was appointed as his successor. I asked Count Berchtold what I should do with Preka now that he was back from Rome and wanted to return to the Albanian rebels. Berchtold told me I should persuade him to give the idea up and have him go to the Turkish consul, make peace with the Turkish gov-

ernment and request his repatriation. Preka did this, although not very willingly, and I asked Rappaport and Berchtold's other representatives to support his request with the Turkish representative they knew. Alas, all the steps he took failed and he must have thought that I had advised him wrongly. He waited for weeks and nothing happened. During this period, he had a lot of expenditures in Vienna and, in the end, left to join the rebels in Albania. It seemed to me at the time that Preka's problems were caused by Rappaport, responsible for Albanian affairs, by Zambaur, our consul responsible for Preka's district, and possibly by others. Berchtold was too weak to break the passive resistance of his employees who began to disobey him. It was a worrying symptom from the start. In Vienna, I published another political article that appeared in *Die Zeit* on 25 February 1912.

Worrying Signs in Albania

By an Expert on Albania

The situation in northern Albania indicates that another uprising is on the way, due primarily to the fact that the population has been stirred up by Montenegrin agitators, that the Turkish government does not keep its promises, that the conceit and stupidity of Turkish officials are provoking incidents throughout the country, and that the Albanians, who do not like the Turks but, by nature, are very fond of firearms, have once again acquired good weapons.

Aside from tension in the Vilayet of Kosovo that has led to minor skirmishes, the whole Muslim highlands of Dibra are up in arms. Shooting incidents between the troops and the Albanians are a daily occurrence there. Twenty-four villages in the region of Tirana and Durrës have also risen against the government and, on the fourteenth of this month, men of the Shllaku tribe ambushed Ottoman troops on the outskirts of Shkodra (at Tre Alberi and Zalli i Kirit). Fifteen soldiers were killed.

The Italian newspapers reported that 400 Turkish soldiers perished at Tre Alberi, which is a great exaggeration. The deed of the men of Shllaku is notable since it puts the Turkish government in a difficult position. The death of so many Turkish soldiers gave the rebels a moral success. If the Turkish government does not react or if it reacts insufficiently to the fact that soldiers were killed by Albanians on the parade grounds in Shkodra, the Albanians will take courage and commit more such acts. On the other hand, should the government undertake a punitive expedition to Shllaku, it is certain that all the other tribes with which Shllaku has concluded a *besa*, will come to its aid. We will then

be receiving news of a new anti-government uprising of all the Catholic tribes. The outcome of this year's uprising is obvious from the start, but it is unfortunately not big enough to merit the attention of our Monarchy.

Soon thereafter, I submitted a memorandum on Albania to Berchtold. In early March, I was once again in Szacsal and spent some blissful days there with Jhonny Pallavicini. At the end of the month, Jhonny, who got engaged to Baroness Solymossy in January, returned to his father in Constantinople. I then went to Demsus for a few days to excavate dinosaur bones near Valiora, and did so with some success.

I was worried about the situation in Albania and therefore returned to Vienna at the end of March. On 5 April I published the following article on the events there.

Albania Reaches the Boiling Point

By an Expert on Turkey

Although reports from Albanian nationalist circles have long been evincing increasing frustration, there have not yet, despite the thaw in the weather, been any major conflicts between the Albanians and Turkish troops in northern Albania, with the exception of some skirmishes near Gjakova and the Vizier's Bridge (Ura e Vezirit). This is because the nationalists do not consider it to be the right moment for an armed uprising against the Young Turks in view of the fact that no troops have yet been sent into the mountains and the highlanders therefore have no easy objects to attack. Despite their great frustration, these people do not dare assault the Turkish troops in Shkodra that are concentrated in good defensive positions behind barbed wire.

The Turkish government continues to maintain that it will not make concessions to the Albanian nationalists. It does not even acknowledge the need for any concessions in Albania. It does, however, recognize the perils involved in the situation in Albania and therefore endeavors to counter anything the nationalists do. It accomplishes this by distributing money and weapons among the more influential representatives of the highland population in the Vilayet of Shkodra to win over some of the people who are indifferent to the Albanian nationalist cause. Among the people who are influential and who have received money and weapons from the Turkish government are: Çun Nika and Binak Vata of Shala, Ndoc Deda and the sons of Ndue Pali and Dod Prela in Shoshi, and Ndue Prela in Planti. All of these facts prove that, in the long run, the Turkish government has given up demanding taxes and recruits from the highland-

ers, but has also given up on building roads and Albanian national schools. It is not yet clear whether it will succeed in implementing this actually quite logical strategy and at least temporarily dampening the influence of the Tosk nationalists, who have been on the rise since the revolts of last year and the year before, upon the Gheg population in the mountains, and thus depriving the nationalist cause of its most militant elements. The highlanders are so touchy at the moment that a relatively small conflict can have major consequences, and the chiefs won over by the government are not strong enough to keep things under control. Last year, for instance, Vat Marashi, the *bajraktar* of the Shkreli tribe, was relieved of his office by the tribe for taking the Young Turk side.

It remains to be seen whether the Albanian nationalists, aware of the perils they are facing, will rise in a general Albanian revolt and provoke a bloody conflict with the Turkish government or whether the Turkish government is skillful enough to avoid such provocations and simply ignore them. Another important issue is the well-armed Mirdita tribe where the nationalists are in competition with Prenk Bibë Doda Pasha, who is in league with the Young Turks. The fact that many people in Mirdita regard the Turkish government's suppression (i.e., taxation) of the Zadrima population near Shkodra as a *casus belli*, shows that the nationalists have great influence in Mirdita and that they do not intend to remain on the defensive. Fanning the fires of religious fanaticism in the Muslim regions of Albania, as seen in these conflicts, is simply an attempt on the part of the Young Turks to win over the uneducated Muslim Albanians for their purposes. Throughout northern Albania one can see that the Young Turks are acting in accordance with the old Hamidian principles. *Abdul Hamid redivivus!*

On 10 April I traveled to Fiume for a day to see Deda Zogu, the chief of Kelmendi. On my return to Vienna I met Berchtold and Auffenberg and said to them that there would be conflagration in the Balkans in the coming summer. I also told Berchtold that he should announce his support for Albanian autonomy that year and informed him that I intended to go to London for two months, but would return to Vienna when the situation got more interesting, as Turkey was certain to collapse. His reaction was, "That may happen in five or six years, but not any earlier."

Count Hoyos,¹⁶⁵ Berchtold's chef de cabinet, was a delightful person. He suffered terribly when he did something he was criticized for. He

¹⁶⁵ Ludwig Alexander, Graf von Hoyos (1876–1937), Austro-Hungarian diplomat and chef de cabinet of the foreign minister from April 1912 to July 1914.

was the personification of “good will,” but did not have enough forcefulness to carry things through. “The road to hell is paved with good intentions.” He was not stupid but was painfully aware of his lack of force. In Viennese society it was rumored that he went to bed every night repeating the words, “Ludwig, you made another mistake today.”

As proof of my conviction that a Balkan war would break out in 1912, I made a bet with the diplomat Pepi Drašković, Louis Drašković’s brother, who asserted that the *status quo* would hold that year, stating for my part that European Turkey would not last beyond the first of October. The loser was to invite the winner and a third person (we agreed on Count Fritz Vanderstraaten) to dinner at Hotel Bristol. Since the great battles of the first Balkan War took place in October and the breakdown of the *status quo* in the Balkans first became apparent in early November, I was the one who had to pay for the meal. Nonetheless, Pepi, who had betted on the *status quo*, admitted that I had actually won the bet.

When I talked to Auffenberg about the coming Balkan conflagration, he told me that he was not in favor of mobilization. King Nikita, on a visit to Vienna, promised to keep out of the fighting. As such, I was obviously wrong. My reaction to the news of this promise was: “Really? Then he’ll really be on the attack!”

It is interesting to note that the Austro-Hungarian vice-consul in Niš reported back to Vienna in the summer of 1912 that there would be a war between Serbia and Turkey in the autumn of 1912. He based his view on the fact that Serbian peasant women were making a lot more winter clothes for the men. Instead of praise, he was criticized and told that he should stick to trade and commerce in Niš and not involve himself in political issues that he did not understand. The Ballhausplatz did not want to hear bad news that would rock the boat.

As I was expecting no complications in the Balkans before early July, I set off for London at the end of April, via Monte Carlo and Marseille. On this trip, I had a close look at the exhibits in the museums of Marseille and Lyon. The employees at the former museum were rather unfriendly (I was happy to note the contrary during a visit in 1932), but I was able to work at the museum in Lyon that was under the direction of Professor Depéret.¹⁶⁶ My research concentrated on dinosaurs in southern France. I was only able to conclude this research in 1926.

¹⁶⁶ Charles Jean Julien Depéret (1854–1929), French geologist and palaeontologist.

I spent May and June on palaeontological studies at the British Museum and was made an external member of the Geographical Society in London. This was my first scholarly award. Several years later, as a member of this society, I was made an honorary member of the London Zoological Society, the Academy of Bologna, the Geographical Society in Vienna and the Geological Institute in Vienna. In Hungary, I was also an honorary member of the Hungarian Geological Society and the Hungarian Geographical Society, and a full member of the Hungarian Academy of Science. The Hungarian Geological Society awarded me with the Szabó medal, but I later returned all of my Hungarian medals because, when I was director of the Royal Hungarian Geological Institute in 1927, I was repudiated by the Hungarian government on a scholarly issue. The government awarded the prize to the candidate who made the error. From that time on, I broke all ties with scholarly institutions in Hungary.

The hydrological section of the Hungarian Geological Society dishonoured itself to the extent that I tore up my honorary diploma and sent it back to them. The head of this society was a certain Professor Béla Mauritz who, without having published a single major work, managed to get himself made a full member of the Hungarian Academy of Science after a mere eighteen years of activity. Internationally recognized scholars from Hungary such as the botanist Degen,¹⁶⁷ the geographer Cholniky,¹⁶⁸ and Dr Hutyra¹⁶⁹ were only made members after thirty to forty years of scholarly activity. This is ample proof of Professor Mauritz's academic abilities.

During my visit to Oxford, I was delighted to note that the bone which Professor Seeley had interpreted as the skull fragment of a *Craterosaurus* and which I had not been able to identify years ago, turned out to be a piece from the spine of a *Stegosaurus*. My satisfaction was even greater because a good number of other palaeontologists had investigated it without realising what it was. I published my new interpretation of it in the fifth part of my *Notes on British Dinosaurs*.

I also prepared new material, primarily from what was discovered the year before in Szentpéterfalva and that year near Valiora. The most notable discovery was a piece from the skull of a *Struthiosaurus* that my

¹⁶⁷ Árpád von Degen (1866–1934), Hungarian biologist and botanist.

¹⁶⁸ Jenő Cholniky (1870–1950), Hungarian geographer.

¹⁶⁹ Ferenc Hutyra (1860–1934), Hungarian epizootologist and microbiologist.

secretary, Bajazid Elmas, had found with a few other skeletal remains near Szentpéterfalva. This piece was especially interesting because it was the first more or less complete skull of an *Ancanthopholis* dinosaur. Unfortunately, it was only in 1929 that I got around to describing it. The exhibit is preserved at the British Museum.

At the end of June, I left London, as planned, and returned to Vienna in early July. On 5 July, I paid Berchtold a visit. "Excellency," I said the moment I saw him, "we last saw one another two months and seven days ago. I have the impression that the situation is getting quite interesting." He could not deny it. I also expressed my criticism about Preka's problems, that is, for having told him, on the minister's suggestion, that he should apply to the Turkish authorities for permission to return to Albania, permission which was not granted. He said he was sorry for having compromised me in front of Preka, but his regret was of no great use to me. I did learn, however, that Rappaport was the one who was to blame for Preka not being able to return home, just as I had suspected.

Before the successful conclusion of the Albanian uprising, I proposed in Vienna that the Albanians should be given arms. I realized that an armed Albania would be of no harm to the Monarchy, but that a weak, unarmed Albania would only strengthen the Monarchy's enemies. I discussed the matter with Sieberts who told me that he had a few weapons, and indeed some cannons, but could not dispose of them without special permission. I was quite surprised when Sieberts, good old Sieberts, spoke of cannons, but did not show any sign of my amazement. We discussed various matters related to Albania yet, all the time, I kept wondering how he got the cannons. I finally realized that his religious affiliation had something to do with the royalist, clerical coups d'état taking place in Portugal at the time and, when we came to the subject of a possible arms shipment, I ventured to note that the cannons destined for Portugal would also be of great service. I noticed him quiver and deny having anything to do with Portugal. This convinced me all the more so I pretended to be in the know all the time. I told him not to worry about me since I had been informed and had come to him for that very reason. Sieberts was easily fooled and admitted that he and the clerical party in Austria, led by Archduchess Maria Theresa,¹⁷⁰ were involved in

¹⁷⁰ Archduchess Maria Theresa of Portugal (1855–1944), daughter of the King Miguel I of Portugal, sister-in-law to Emperor Franz Joseph I by her marriage to Austro-Hungarian Archduke Karl Ludwig.

the Portuguese affair. He then assured me that he would find out whether the materiel could be sent to Albania instead of Portugal. From the many subsequent awards and some seemingly unrelated privileges Sieberts received from Archduchess Maria Theresa and her circle, I later recognized that he had not been lying and that the Archduchess, who had herself smuggled materiel from Austria-Hungary to Spain in her vehicle, had been using him in this affair.

At this juncture, I would also like to add some further details about the action that I learned of later. In 1913, I made the acquaintance of Cavaliere de Mayerhöfer, the Rome correspondent of the *Reichspost*, a light-hearted young man. I suspected that he was an arch-conservative Catholic and was involved in the said affair, so I brought the issue up during our discussion. Mr Mayerhöfer realized that I was in the know and not only confirmed what Sieberts had said, but also admitted that he was head of a band of badly-equipped fighters, armed simply with clubs, who had made their way to Portugal, but who had achieved nothing except the arrest of cavalry captain Almeida. Almeida was released a few years later on Austro-Hungarian diplomatic intervention. The *Reichspost* in particular campaigned publicly for his release, and Archduchess Maria Theresa pulled strings for him, too. These events in distant Portugal are not in themselves of much interest, but they reveal how various individuals related to the royal family interfered in foreign policy at a time when the monarch himself was very old. One wonders whether Portugal would not have been more predisposed towards the Triple Alliance during the World War if this action had not been undertaken, and whether it would have been better or worse for the future if ex-King Manuel or one of his relatives were once again put on the Portuguese throne. It is also quite possible that in 1912 these arch-conservative Catholic ladies in Vienna, including Marchioness Crescence Pallavicini, all blind with religious fervour, were simply the tools of some cleverer individual and only contributed with Manuel to a strengthening of English influence in Portugal.

Causes of the Albanian Revolution. By an Expert on Albania

Published on 6 July 1912.

Recent reports from Albania, for instance that the highlanders have joined forces with the Albanian patriots, leave no doubt whatsoever that we are on the verge of a new and bloody Albanian uprising. No matter how much the Young Turks strive to present the uprising as a local occurrence or to cover it up in order

to suppress it, there is no denying its existence or the fact that it is spreading day by day. The flames of revolt have spread to Janina, Dibra, Gjirokastra, Mat, Tirana, Mirdita, Peja and Mitrovica, that is, to virtually all of Albania. If little information on the uprising has yet reached the public, this is only because the Turkish government keeps back the telegrams coming from the region and because the Austrian government is seemingly interested in ensuring that the press and news agencies here are only kept vaguely informed about it. Despite these problems, observers who have their own sources of information have reached the following conclusions: there is a certain connection between the Turkish military rebellion and the Albanian uprising in that all Albanian officers have, as a matter of course, been involved in the military rebellion. In addition to this, the rebel officers on Albanian territory have no choice but to join the Albanians. Both rebellions profit from this fusion of interests and parallel activities. If we look at them separately, it is apparent that the Albanian uprising is more important to the Monarchy. It is of no particular consequence to us whether the Young Turks or the Old Turks reign in Constantinople, but the existence of a weak Albania on the eastern bank of the Adriatic is of great significance. Just as in 1910 and 1911, this year's Albanian uprising has been caused exclusively by the actions of the Young Turk government. As in the past, the present uprising has direct and indirect causes. The direct cause is a rise in Albanian national awareness, provoked by Young Turk errors and by Torghut Pasha's ruthless conduct. The indirect cause is a series of related incidents. Last year's uprising in the highlands resulted in a military victory for the Young Turks, but in a diplomatic defeat. The Young Turks were forced to accept almost all of the rebel demands and the highlanders were able to return, fully armed, to the lands from which Torghut Pasha had forced them. There was no alternative to a peace agreement. Had the Turkish government, humiliated by its diplomatic defeat, put on a good face and kept its promises, indeed giving more to the Albanian Catholics than they had demanded, it is quite possible that the latter might have come to accept being ruled as part of the Turkish empire. The only remaining problem for the Turkish government this year, during the critical weeks when the snow melts, would have been to grant to the Albanian Muslims, who remained more or less faithful to Turkey, what the government had in theory promised to the Catholics the year before. The Turkish government managed masterfully to do the very opposite. It neither fulfilled the promises it had made to the highlanders last year nor did it do anything for the Albanian Muslims. Using various methods of harassment, it has now managed to bring about a revolt among the Catholic tribes around Lezha who did not take part in

the uprising last year. As the highlanders of Lezha were loyal and passive last year, Torgkut Pasha interned them all summer long in the marshes of Bregu-matja, which are normally uninhabitable at that time of year due to malaria. Later on, this spring, he then attempted to collect taxes from these feverish tribes who had lost most of their herds in the marshes to disease, and when he had to bow to the protests of various European circles, he decided to force the tribes to spend this summer once again in the malaria-infested marshes to drive them to despair, instead of allowing them to return to the high mountain pastures with their families and animals in late June or early July, as they were wont to do. This is the direct reason why fighting broke out near Lezha last week, and this also explains why we can safely predict that there will be a highland uprising in late June or early July. The date of the Albanian national uprising in the other parts of Albania is, however, more difficult to predict.

If we cast a glance at the events taking place in the Vilayet of Shkodra in their proper sequence, it is evident that what the Turkish government has done to the Albanians in general and more specifically to the Albanian Catholics, is no coincidence at all, but serves the purpose of weakening the Albanians in general and of exterminating the Catholic tribes for whom the Monarchy is responsible. One cannot accuse the Young Turks of not knowing that the constant mistreatment of a population is bound to lead to rebellion. For those to whom the Young Turk plan to exterminate the Albanians seems too farfetched, I would note that the same Young Turks burned down half of Constantinople for two years in a row to make way for urban development. For those who find the Neronic strategy of burning down Constantinople and making the much-hated Old Turks responsible for the deed inconceivable, I would add that the Albanian uprising of 1910 was provoked by the *vali* of Skopje. He imposed a special tax to improve the looks of the town of Skopje, although there were many other desperate needs, less spectacular expenditures certainly, but things that foreign travelers would have found more urgent.

On 25 July, following this article, I went back to Újarad. Great preparations were underway in Vienna at the time for the Eucharistic Congress, and so I made the following suggestion to Berchtold on 27 July.

Excellency, with regard to the proposal of creating a Balkan Committee and considering that other steps appear to be impossible, I venture to draw Your Excellency's attention to the fact that the Eucharistic Congress being held in Vienna this year could serve as a suitable venue for spreading awareness for the

problems in Albania. In this connection, it would be important to ensure that all the Albanian bishops and as many parish priests as possible attend this eminently Catholic gathering, their participation motivated by the *Kultusprotektorat*, particularly in view of the fact that His Majesty, who is the patron of the Albanian clergy, will himself be attending. The Albanian clergy would have an opportunity to pay homage to His Majesty there. It would be a very good idea to invite about one hundred or more tribal leaders (with preference being given to the chiefs of the wildest tribes in the mountains) to attend the congress, to accord them the allowances and benefits accorded to all the participants at the congress, and to give them an opportunity to see Vienna in all its glory (such a visit cannot give rise to any controversy in official circles).

This and other matters are in accord with the provisions of the *Kultusprotektorat* and would make a great impression on the Albanian Catholics, especially in view of the solemn and ceremonial character of the congress. Of course, the press must be encouraged to take an interest in the Albanians and they must be given board and lodging.

With highest regards,

Baron F. Nopcsa

P.S.: Should Your Excellency regard the plan as feasible (it can be implemented by the organizers of the congress), I would be glad to provide you with a list of potential candidates whom I regard as suitable.

A few days later, I received a reply in which Berchtold welcomed the idea. Despite the minister's approval, nothing came of it because it upset some of the officials at the foreign ministry, primarily Rappaport. He and his colleagues were jealous of the fact that I had devised the whole scheme and would have enjoyed the moral success of inviting a hundred Albanian highlanders to such a gathering in Vienna. They were, however, not very adroit in their ways and, when I discovered what they had been up to, I sent Berchtold the following letter.

Excellency, I was not able to speak to you in person, so I am using this letter to draw your attention to the foolishness of an official who was charged with ensuring that as many Albanians as possible have an opportunity to attend this year's Eucharistic Congress.

It has come to my attention that this gentleman decided to encourage broad Albanian participation simply by distributing ten blank invitations to each Albanian bishop, via the consulate in question.

I am sure Your Excellency is aware how fickle the Albanian clergymen and bishops are, even at the best of times. You will thus comprehend how unenthusiastic the Albanian bishops will be about the matter this year as they have received no support from the Austro-Hungarian government. They will be even less willing to expose themselves publicly just to please the Austro-Hungarian authorities, in particular since, given the current situation with the congress, they may have gained the impression that they will soon be dependent on support and assistance from Italy or Montenegro rather than Austria-Hungary.

It would seem very naïve under these circumstances to expect the Albanian bishops to compromise themselves in front of Italy and Montenegro by taking ten Albanians to Vienna along with them. The foes of the Dual Monarchy will no doubt take delight in the excuses offered by the bishops for not taking any Albanians with them. A further mistake was made in the choice of travel route for the Albanians. It was so obvious to me that the Albanians should have been brought to Vienna via Sarajevo and Budapest and returned via Cetinje that I regarded it as completely superfluous, indeed an insult, to draw Your Excellency's attention to this. Here, too, unfortunately, I seem to have overestimated the astuteness of the ministerial officials appointed by Your Excellency to arrange the visit of the Albanians. Furthermore, and now that the whole venture has collapsed, I must draw Your Excellency's attention once again to the postscript of my letter of 27 July, in which I expressed my willingness, should Your Excellency have agreed, to draw up a list of people to be invited to Vienna, although I neglected to state why I made this offer. The reason for it, which I now feel obliged to provide, was that I was convinced, in view of the well-known clumsiness of some people at the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Ministry, that the plan would fail without my assistance. Foreseeing this, I wanted to give you names of Albanians whom I knew would accept the invitation. However, I could not explain this to Your Excellency on 27 July without being accused of conceit.

I greatly regret that my letter may contain some harsh tones that could possibly have been avoided or at least smoothed over in a personal conversation.

With highest regards,
Baron Franz Nopcsa

I was convinced that Berchtold agreed with me, as he did not break off relations with me despite the intentionally harsh tone of my letter. However, as usual, nothing was done about the culprits who continued to carry out their duties in office.

The funny thing about the Eucharistic Congress in Vienna was that it was financed by two Jews, Reitzes and Guttmann. For their assistance, the two gentlemen were later made barons. The financing was covered up and not mentioned at all by the clerical or by the Jewish press, thus making the public secret even more absurd.

In Újarad, I wrote a letter to Auffenberg, urging him in no uncertain terms to arm the Albanians. My proposal to him read as follows.

Újarad, 14 July 1912

Excellency, recent reports from Albania indicate that the rebels will soon make important advances, though unfortunately without the assistance of the Monarchy or of circles associated with the Austro-Hungarian government. The success of the rebels is thus not in our current interests. We do not wish to be seen backing anti-Albanian policies in Albania and can therefore do no other, now at the last moment, than to convince them that we have always had their interests at heart. This can be achieved by providing the rebels with weapons, ammunition and artillery, privately of course, not via the Austro-Hungarian government that is allied with Turkey. It must be noted, now that the Ottoman officers and troops have joined the rebels, that this radical approach will not be as effective as it might have been two weeks ago. Indeed it will continue to lose its strength, the more the Albanians prove successful.

In order to spare the Austro-Hungarian government the embarrassment of any direct involvement, the Albanians must be allowed to plunder an Austro-Hungarian ammunition depot on or near the Albanian coast. At any rate, they must be convinced that they have acted against the will of the Austro-Hungarian government. Even better would be open and courageous support for the rebels by our government. But this or any decisive action would appear to be beyond the capabilities of Austro-Hungarian officials.

Please inform me if the idea of secretly providing the rebels with arms seems feasible to you, and I will come and visit Your Excellency to discuss further steps. My candid stance against the Austro-Hungarian government, as can be seen in my recent publications, should provide the government with enough backup, and I would myself be willing to undertake the said venture if guaranteed that it would not be interrupted and prohibited. I regret having to recommend that Your Excellency take such radical measures as smuggling artillery materiel, but I know of no measure that would be even more radical.

I would ask Your Excellency to respond to this letter at your earliest convenience, because the sooner we act, the better it will be.

With highest regards.

In order to get things moving, I also wrote a letter to Count Nemes,¹⁷¹ who was the Foreign Ministry specialist on Albanian affairs.

Igen tisztelt Barátom!

Van szerencsém Veled tudatni, hogy az albán revolúció komoly és úgy látszik sikeres fejlődése folytán az albánokat fegyverekkel ellátandó proposíciót tettem írásban Auffenbergnek. Válaszát várva, kérek lennél Te oly szíves erről Berchtholddal beszélni, hogy e dologban, ha létrejönne, késedelem be ne álljon. *Bis dat, qui cito dat*, már pedig azt szeretném, hogy minél kevesebb fegyvert kellessen szállítani, mert ez nem könnyű dolog. Ha e terv lehetetlennek tűnne szemedben, kérek értesíts, hogy hiába ne figyeljem az albán ügyeket, mert egy étel nézésétől még nem hízott meg senki.

Hogy a terv keresztülvitelénél officiell a külügyi hivatallal rossz lábon kell hogy álljak, természetes dolog, amiről már gondoskodtam, amint az újságnak küldött sürgönyömből bizonyára észrevetted. Őszinte tisztelettel,

Nopcsa¹⁷²

By coincidence, I received replies from both gentlemen at the very same time. Auffenberg noted on his visiting card that he had sent my report on to Berchtold. Nemes wrote that he could not correspond with me in writing on such a matter. I had to laugh at the excessive caution shown by Nemes, who although only a mid-level specialist, was showing signs of public servant megalomania. A few days after receiving these replies, I telegraphed to Auffenberg, saying that it was now too late for any military action since the Albanians were already

¹⁷¹ Count Albert Nemes (1866–1940), Hungarian diplomat.

¹⁷² "My dear friend! I have the honour of informing you that, in view of the major and seemingly successful advance of the Albanian revolution, I have written to Auffenberg and proposed that the Albanians be equipped with weapons. While awaiting his reply, I would ask you to be so kind as to talk to Berchtold so that there is no delay, if a decision is made to act. *Bis dat, qui cito dat* (He gives twice who gives promptly). I would prefer that as few weapons be transported as possible, as it will be no easy chore. If you regard this plan as unfeasible, please let me know so that I do not pursue involvement in Albanian affairs in vain. Nobody gets fat simply by staring at food. It is evident that I must not be seen to be on good terms with the Foreign Ministry if I carry through with the plan. I have already taken steps in this direction as you will have seen from the dispatch I sent to the newspaper. Respectfully yours, Nopcsa"

winning and would soon be in Skopje. For Turkey's foes, this was a signal for offensive action. As far as the Shkodra region is concerned, the beginning of the Balkan War is well described in Edith Durham's book, *The Struggle for Scutari*.¹⁷³ There is thus no reason for me to recount the events here again.

¹⁷³ The book by the English traveller and writer was published in 1914 in London by Edward Arnold.

Part IV

**From the Balkan War
to the World War**

(1912–1914)

The Balkan War spread slowly, like a gnawing disease. Skopje was taken by the Albanian rebels in the period before the war. The conflict broke out in Berane with an exchange of fire between Turkish and Montenegrin troops. When the exchange was reported in the press, I telegraphed *Die Zeit*, informing them that it indeed signalled the beginning of the Balkan War.

The Young Turks had unwittingly brought about the dissolution of the Turkish State and paved the way for the creation of the Balkan League. With their capture of Skopje, the Albanians, who were actually very minor players, brought Turkey to its knees. Now it was the turn of the major players to make vociferous and heedless demands of the sick man.

Nothing could stop the collapse of the Turkish State. I sent a telegram to *Die Zeit*, in which I exposed the same arguments I had earlier sent to Archduke Ferdinand.

The Montenegrin Advance on Shkodra

Vienna, 6 August 1912

Baron Nopcsa, an expert on Albania and an esteemed collaborator of our newspaper, has sent us the following telegram. The occurrence at the same time of clashes on the territory of the Albanian Gruda, Hoti, Kastrati and Kelmendi tribes bordering on Montenegro and the Montenegrin attacks on Aršanica, Mojkovac and Kolašin shows that Montenegro intends to take Shkodra. The plan will no doubt succeed very soon, as it has the support of the Albanian Catholics.

General Vukotić, who was sent to Kolašin in all appearances as a peacemaker, already advanced on Shkodra during last year's uprising in the highlands. Vukotić is very popular with the Albanians.

Two days later, on 9 August, I published the following longer article entitled:

Montenegrin Intrigues

Montenegro has been politically active among the Albanian Catholics now for more than fifteen years. The highlanders told me themselves last year that Montenegro had been supplying them with war materiel. Particularly active in this connection was General Vukotić. It is a well-known fact in diplomatic circles that Montenegro is looking towards extending its territory southwards. Earlier, the King of the Black Mountains simply wanted to extend his kingdom to the river Suhi Potok (Proni i thatë). Last year, the slogan was "Down to the White Drin."

The political situation was becoming increasingly complicated, so I went back to Vienna and asked chef de cabinet Hoyos when Berchtold could receive me. Hoyos replied that he would ask Berchtold and send me a written response. Ten days passed and I received no reply. I was rather annoyed at this, so I telephoned Hoyos and told him he could tell the minister that I could not care less whether or not I met him and that I had only asked for a meeting ten days ago on the assumption that he would be interested in hearing my news. Hoyos informed the minister, but only of the first part of our conversation. Berchtold was offended and did not receive me at all.

This later proved to be entirely to his detriment. In October, I left for Budapest to attend the engagement of my brother Elek and Catherine Coudequerque, and then continued on to Újarad to give mother some financial advice. From there, I went to Temeswar where an old fellow student of mine at the Theresianum, Baron F. Mirbach, captain of the general staff, was stationed. There I met Mirbach's friend, Ivo Perčević, an energetic, determined and engaging captain. After this, I returned to Vienna. To my surprise, the head of the general staff, Excellency Schemua, called me, and we were thereafter in very good relations. Up to his death, Schemua was the only high-level official of the Dual Monarchy who was always considerate and honest with me, even though I had treated him rather roughly at the start because I was on Conrad's side. Schemua knew what no one else in Vienna seemed to realize, that trust can only be built and maintained with trust.

At the end of October, my brother Elek and Catherine Coudequerque Lambrecht got married in Budapest. I met the famous Hungarian prime minister, Count István Tisza, at the reception. Tisza is tediously

logical, repulsive, uncouth and as inexorable as the scholastic formulae “Barbara, Celarent, Darii.” He can be quite severe and is unequivocal when he takes action—the very personification of logic with all its positive and negative aspects and its lack of human warmth. He possesses the requisite courage to do what is logically right and, if needs be, to do so by force. He also has instinctive courage to tell people the truth to their faces. I regret to say so, but I rather admired him and his way of doing things. One cannot really like him, but he is one of the men whom one has to admit are right and whom one has to follow. [...]

While I was in Vienna at the end of December, I received a request from *Urania* to write an article on Albania for their magazine that was to begin publication in a new form on 1 January, and I accepted. The result was the article *Die Albaner* that dealt with the origins of this people and their psyche. The second part of the article was actually written primarily as information for Berchtold and I sent him a copy of it.

I was in Vienna up to 6 January 1913, and spent the next two weeks until 22 January in Schäßburg¹⁷⁴ because I was concerned about the Romanian question in Transylvania. The Romanians who lived there told me quite openly that they were waiting for the death of Emperor Franz Josef to rise up against the Hungarians as they were confident that, when Franz Ferdinand took the throne, they would no longer have to fear the army since Franz Ferdinand was a good friend of the Romanians and Aural Vlad. When I got back to Vienna, I mentioned this to Excellency Conrad. The Archduke had apparently had a weak spot for the Romanians years ago and, when he visited Romania, he made sure that he was ceremoniously welcomed at the border. He had good relations with Popovici,¹⁷⁵ the author of the book *Die Vereinigten Staaten von Groß-Österreich*, and it was at his insistence that Kristóffy,¹⁷⁶ who was then Hungarian minister of the interior, mobilized the Romanians of Transylvania against the Hungarian opposition. I realized just how worked up the Romanians were in the spring of 1905 when a Romanian peasant asked me why the Hungarians in Transylvania had not been ex-

¹⁷⁴ City in Transylvania, Romanian: Sighișoara, Hungarian: Segesvár.

¹⁷⁵ Aurel Constantin Popovici (1863–1917), Romanian lawyer and politician of Serbian origin. In his book *Die Vereinigten Staaten von Groß-Österreich* [The United States of Greater Austria], (Leipzig, 1906), he proposed the federalization of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

¹⁷⁶ József Kristóffy (1857–1928), Austro-Hungarian political figure and minister of the interior in 1905–1906.

terminated as the Orthodox priest in his village had promised. At a judge's office, I also happened to catch a glimpse of a dispatch from Kristóffy that spring, giving orders for unrest to be reported even from regions where there was none, in order to intimidate the Hungarian opposition party.

The major event of 1913 was the rehabilitation of Conrad. I was surprised on this occasion at how some people, from whom one would not expect it, were very well informed about top-secret political dealings. One fine day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Conrad was quite unexpectedly rehabilitated and Schemua was dismissed at Schönbrunn Palace. I heard about this at six o'clock as an open secret at the presidential office of the war ministry, and by eight in the evening, a clerk at Hotel Krantz told my secretary Bajazid about it and then informed me an hour later. At eleven o'clock that evening, the editorial board of *Die Zeit* got in touch with me by telephone to ask me if I had heard anything about the rumours. I met Bajazid at midnight, who then revealed to me what the clerk at Hotel Krantz had told him. The news was made official in the night and it was in all the newspapers the next morning. I still do not know where the clerk got the information. Excellency Krobatin was made war minister on this occasion. I had known him since January 1908. This was a good move for the Dual Monarchy because our position was thus strengthened.

Another matter in which I was involved in early 1913 was the foundation of the Albanian Committee. The Committee was created in January under the chair of university professor Oberhummer,¹⁷⁷ a high society busybody, to give Herr Sieberts an opportunity to hold a lecture on Albania. The income derived from the lecture was to go to the Austrian hospital in Shkodra. I was invited to a meeting and proposed that it not be dissolved after Sieberts' lecture, but be transformed into a permanent body. The idea was well received, in particular because other gentlemen had wanted to suggest the same thing. A special gathering was organized to discuss the proposal and a smaller committee was formed under the auspices of Oberhummer. It immediately got into contact with Chlumecky junior¹⁷⁸ and then conferred upon me, Herr Stein and Chlumecky the task of drafting the statutes. A memo-

¹⁷⁷ Eugen Oberhummer (1859–1944), Austro-Hungarian geographer and scholar.

¹⁷⁸ Leopold Freiherr von Chlumecky (1873–1940), Austro-Hungarian political figure and publicist. He was the son of statesman Johann Chlumecky.

randum was prepared in which I strove to see that the Committee be composed of various political, semi-political and non-political sections, all independent of one another. This idea was well received, because military figures and government officials could then join specific sections. Each section was to have its own members and its own bodies. The president of the Committee was to be a mere figurehead in order to demonstrate unity, if necessary. Stein, Chlumecky and I submitted our draft to the other gentlemen, but it was rejected. We were then charged with drafting new statutes. After much consultation, primarily among Chlumecky, Stein and myself, the statutes were ready, and the Albanian Committee of 1913 was established. I do not know much about the actual effectiveness of the Albanian Committee because it so happened on the day that the revised statutes were approved by the Lower Austrian authorities, that the Conference of the Ambassadors in London resolved that Gusinje, Peja, Gjakova, Prizren and Dibra would be given to Serbia and Montenegro. For this reason, I suspended all further activity relating to Albania. I justified my resignation from the Albanian Committee with the remark that I regarded any further action related to Albania as incompatible with the security of the Dual Monarchy. With one stroke of the pen, I put an end to all my work in the period from 1905 to 1913.

From 27 February to 6 March 1913, after my resignation, I took part in the Albanian Congress of Trieste. This congress was a strange affair. The Albanian throne was vacant in the spring of 1913 and Albanian affairs were under the direction of Ismail Kemal, who had first met with Berchtold in Budapest at the home of Excellency János Hadik and had then journeyed to Vlora, entrusted by him and with his support. There he formed the provisional government of the newly founded Albanian state. As a long-term friend of the Greeks and as their paid agent, he also promised to facilitate their occupation of Janina if he could remain head of Albania. It is evident that Ismail Kemal wished to remain at the head of the provisional government, because such positions usually bring in a lot of money. Less obvious was the fact that Berchtold, after a tête-à-tête with Ismail Kemal, was convinced that he could outmanoeuvre the Albanian leader. And of course he failed. I easily foresaw that Ismail Kemal would betray Albania to Greece, because Stead had told me much about Kemal's relations with Greece in 1911, and because the writer Alexander Ular, author together with Enrico Insabato of the book

Der erlöschende Halbmond,¹⁷⁹ had revealed to me a number of details about Ismail's conduct as governor of Tripoli. When Berchtold asked me what I thought of Ismail Kemal two weeks after he had founded the provisional government, I said to him quite literally, "Ismail Kemal is an ass." Ismail Kemal's betrayal of Albania was confirmed to me completely by Ekrem bey Vlora, who was himself the son of the Albanian ambassador in Vienna, Syreja Bey,¹⁸⁰ and the nephew of Ismail Kemal. I do not know what the Greeks intended to do with Ismail Kemal once they occupied Janina. Perhaps they wished to proceed according to the old saying, "The Moor has done his duty, the Moor may now depart." At any rate, intensive propaganda campaigns were being waged in Europe on behalf of the various pretenders to the Albanian throne, while Ismail Kemal, who was open to bribery, though only with large sums of money, was heading the provisional government.

Albert Ghica,¹⁸¹ who was a pretender to the Albanian throne himself, had managed to interest the Duke of Montpensier¹⁸² in the Albanian throne. He ceded his "rights," which were recognized by no one anyway, to the duke and began to campaign on his behalf in exchange for an appropriate remuneration. Montpensier easily won over the miserly Fazil Pasha Toptani and a number of other Albanians, and thus began the scheme to have Montpensier proclaimed king of Albania at the Congress of Trieste. Montpensier was at the same time to break through the Greek blockade and take possession of Vlora and of Ismail Kemal. Because the Dual Monarchy, in view of Montpensier's relatives, was expected to resist this choice, it was seen to be expedient for the Albanian Congress to be supported by Austria-Hungary. A decision was thus taken to hold the congress on the territory of the Dual Monarchy in order to lay a real diplomatic cuckoo's egg. As a strawman for convoking the conference, skilled use was made of the kind, but dumb-witted Stefan Zurani,¹⁸³ who suspected nothing. Zurani was naïve, ambitious and well viewed at the Foreign Ministry. Out of pure vanity he let it be known at the Foreign Min-

¹⁷⁹ Alexander Ular and Enrico Insabato, *Der erlöschende Halbmond: türkische Enthüllungen* [The waning crescent] (Frankfurt: Literarische Anstalt, 1909).

¹⁸⁰ Syreja bey Vlora (1860–1940), political figure of the Ottoman period.

¹⁸¹ Albert Ghica (1868–1925), also spelt Albert Ghika or Gjika, Romanian public figure, writer, and candidate for the Albanian throne in 1913.

¹⁸² Ferdinand François Bourbon Orléans, Duke of Montpensier (1884–1924), French nobleman and candidate for the Albanian throne in 1913.

¹⁸³ Stefan Zurani (1865–1941), also known as Tefë Curani, Albanian writer and historical figure.

istry that he himself had had the idea of convoking the Albanian Congress in Trieste. Since the Foreign Ministry appreciated the idea of Albanians in the Monarchy demonstrating on behalf of their country, the plan was accepted and supported by Vienna. Aside from the Albanians themselves, the Italo-Albanians also turned up at the congress, and with them came Marchese Castriota¹⁸⁴ from Naples with all of his sons. Also present were Albert Ghika, Baron Dungern,¹⁸⁵ who was a university professor and historian from Czernowitz, two Christian-Socialist Members of Parliament, Count Taaffe¹⁸⁶ and Mr. Panty from Vienna, as well as the Rome correspondent of the *Reichspost*, Cavaliere Mayerhöfer, and myself. I brought with me Dr. Leo Freundlich,¹⁸⁷ a former Socialist member of parliament from Vienna who, at the very moment Albania became fashionable, had skilfully founded the periodical *Albanische Korrespondenz* and was now on about “imperialist power politics.” Hasan Arnaut was in Trieste, too, as my private detective. The press was represented by various newspapers. Also in Trieste was a certain Mr. Jovo Weis from Belgrade who, it was said, wanted to sell rifles to the Albanians at a price of ninety crowns apiece, but who in reality was a Serbian agent.

Representing the Austrian Government was Makavetz, a calm, intelligent and energetic figure who never lost his composure. After the opening ceremonies on the first evening, Marchese Castriota was chosen as the honorary president of the congress and Faik Bey Konitza¹⁸⁸ was elected as its chairman. Hilë Mosi, Fazil Toptani and Dervish Hima¹⁸⁹ were also elected to the chair. The nomination of Konitza was not to the liking of Ghika since, when the latter was on the point of bringing up the issue of candidates to the Albanian throne, his old rival Faik prevented him from doing so. In order to have an ace in his hand, Ghika, who like many a Romanian had a long career as an impostor behind him, had cunningly succeeded in getting control of Ismail Kemal's retarded son. Before the Congress started, he traveled to Nice, where the Kemal family resided in virtual poverty, and, as Kemal himself was

¹⁸⁴ Francesco di Auletta-Castriota (1875–1943), Italian nobleman and candidate for the Albanian throne in 1913.

¹⁸⁵ Otto von Dungern (1875–1967), German legal historian.

¹⁸⁶ Possible reference to Count Heinrich Taaffe (1872–1928), Austrian nobleman, son of Austro-Hungarian prime minister Eduard Graf Taaffe.

¹⁸⁷ Leo Freundlich (1875–1953), Austrian writer and historical figure.

¹⁸⁸ Faik Bey Konitza (1875–1942), Albanian publisher and patriot.

¹⁸⁹ Dervish Hima (1873–1928), Albanian publisher and patriot from Struga.

unable to attend, he invited the son Tahir to the Albanian Congress in Trieste at his own expense, or, to be more precise, at the expense of Montpensier. Since Tahir did not have a penny to his name and had to have everything, even his cigarettes, bought for him by Ghika and as such could not do anything without Ghika or his representative, he had virtually become Ghika's prisoner. What Ghika intended to do with Tahir only became clear at a later date.

The set-up of the Congress was as follows. On a podium to the right of the chairman's table, decorated with an Albanian flag, was a table for the press, and to the left was a table for guests. Dervish Hima, who pretended to be a freemason when he was in Europe and a devout Muslim when he was in Turkey, had good relations with the *Neue Freie Presse*, but I wanted all press reports to go through me. I therefore managed to have the *Albanische Korrespondenz* nominated as the sole official organ for press reporting. This very much upset the political correspondents who complained to Vienna. However, on my intervention, they were instructed by Vienna to follow what had been decided. As a result of this skilful move, Dervish Hima was unable to inform the *Neue Freie Presse*, because Herr Freundlich was already doing so, and the inexperienced Freundlich needed my assistance. To underline Freundlich's primacy, he alone of all the journalists was placed at the guests' table. The introduction of the Albanian flag was of course greeted with jubilation and a standing ovation, and the Congress telegraphed greetings to Berchtold and San Giuliano, using the same text. At my suggestion, they did not send a message of greetings to the Monarch, because the wording of the text could not have been the same, in view of Austria-Hungary's firm stance. San Giuliano replied immediately and this made a great impression. Berchtold replied only when I urged the governor of Trieste, Prince Hohenlohe,¹⁹⁰ to get him to do so. The fact that Berchtold's reply came in late made an unfortunate impression and in order to make up for this, I suggested that Hohenlohe invite the executive committee of the Congress to lunch. This was done, with Berchtold's approval, and the Italian consul in Trieste took part. The table was splendidly decorated with flowers, and the meal went off very well.

Since the many Italo-Albanians attending the congress were becoming rather over-bearing with their speeches in Italian, I had Faik intro-

¹⁹⁰ Konrad zu Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst (1863–1918), Austro-Hungarian nobleman and political figure.

duce me at the opening as an old friend of the Albanians. I had but a few minutes to prepare my reply, mounted the podium and then held a spontaneous speech in Albanian. With the exception of Kral and a very few other Austro-Hungarian and Italian consular officials, I don't think any central Europeans would have been in a position to do this.

All in all, there was nothing but hot air at the Congress, aside from a dispute between the Vlachs and Albanians, during which the little nation of the Vlachs, not even officially born yet, gave substantial proof of its fanaticism and Balkan megalomania, and from a further clash between the chairman Faik bey Konitza and the rather crooked Nikolla Ivanaj,¹⁹¹ who endeavoured unsuccessfully to challenge the authority of the chairman simply in order to draw attention to himself. The day before the congress was to end, I therefore felt compelled to call Faik bey Konitza aside and inform him that the congress had actually done no work as yet and that the least one could expect from a political congress was a resolution. Faik agreed and I dictated to him a resolution that the congress was to telegraph to all the Great Powers the next day. The matter was attended to within half an hour, and the next day, Faik presented the document to the Congress as an official resolution. After further debate on the position of the Vlachs both at the Congress and in a future Albania, which Faik overcame in favor of the Albanians by presenting the Vlachs more or less with an ultimatum, the resolution was accepted and, as such, my text was sent off to the Great Powers as the official Congress resolution.

During the Congress, Cavaliere Mayerhöfer learned from Tahir, the son of Ismail Kemal, that Montpensier was preparing a putsch. He informed me, but aside from this no one else found out, not even Freundlich and Dungern. The two of us informed Makavetz, who in turn informed the Foreign Ministry. All necessary countermeasures were prepared. Ghika's plan to bring the throne question up at the Congress had failed, but another coup was now in the making since Montpensier disposed of a yacht ready for sail. We had to wait around in Trieste for two days to find out what Vienna thought of Montpensier's candidacy, in particular in view of his family relationship with the Archduchess Maria Dorothea.¹⁹² The Albanians, Faik bey among them, began to ask

¹⁹¹ Nikolla bey Ivanaj (1879–ca. 1948), Albanian publisher and writer from Montenegro.

¹⁹² Maria Dorothea of Austria (1867–1932), aristocrat of the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine and wife of the Duke of Orleans (1869–1932), pretender to the French throne.

us how they should react to the candidacy. I said to them on my own behalf: "In a hostile manner, for I do not believe that Montpensier is a candidate for Vienna." In the end, the reply arrived, confirming my suspicions. We were now free to act against Montpensier.

As it happened, the Viennese members of parliament were holding a banquet for the Congress at the Palace Hotel. I interrupted a pause in the conversation by saying in an audible voice, "I hear that Montpensier wants to become King of Albania and that proclamations have already been printed! Does anyone of the gentlemen here happen to have one in his pocket? You know, gentlemen, I am a great collector of printed material on Albania." There was a stunned silence. Fan Noli, forgetting himself, drew a proclamation out of his pocket and handed it over to me. Montpensier's secret was divulged. That evening the proclamation was in the mail and on its way to Berchtold. Our worries were less now, but not done away with entirely.

The next day there occurred a dramatic moment at the Congress when rumors suddenly began to fly that a messenger from the Provisional Government of Albania had arrived in Trieste from Vlora. A few minutes later, a tall, but stooped and awkward-looking old man, exhausted from his journey, was conducted into the hall, causing great commotion. It was the Albanian minister, Kristo Meksi.¹⁹³ He had arrived straight from Vlora. There was frenetic applause, the atmosphere was electric. Faik turned pale, for he realized that the chair had now lost all influence over the Congress. It was now the Provisional Government that was in the chair. He did not know what message Meksi had brought with him. If Meksi, as a result of some secret agreement as an emissary of the Provisional Government in Vlora, were to proclaim the Duke of Montpensier as King of Albania, he would certainly be elected. I sat down next to the representative of the Austrian Government, Makavetz, and said: "You know, if Kristo Meksi proposes Montpensier as a candidate, we are lost, because he will be proclaimed unanimously." Makavetz remained externally calm, but every hair on his head was raised. He was prepared to let the scandal happen and to dissolve the Congress entirely.

Kristo Meksi began to speak. He conveyed to the Albanian Congress the best wishes of the Provisional Government and informed those

¹⁹³ Kristo Meksi (1849–1931), Albanian political and diplomatic figure, and signatory of the declaration of Albanian independence in 1912.

present that the members of the Government were all well. Then, without even realizing what a historic decision was in his hands, he left the podium to the frenetic applause of the auditorium. The storm had passed. We realized that Ismail Kemal had not yet been informed of Montpensier's plan.

Now it was simply a matter of freeing Tahir from the clutches of Ghika. A coincidence facilitated our plan. Ghika did not wish to pay Tahir's hotel bill and had turned to others to solve the problem for him. An Albanian patriot soon made his appearance on the scene. I believe it was Mark Kakarriqi or Koci who approached me and explained that Tahir, the son of the head of the Albanian Government, was in financial difficulties. Knowing me to be a friend of the Albanians, this patriot asked me if I would be willing to assist by paying Tahir's debts, adding that, if the matter became known to the public, it would put Albania in a very bad light. Tahir needed 500–600 crowns and, as I was told, was too embarrassed to approach me directly. I declared myself willing to assist immediately and promised to pay his expenditures that very afternoon. At noon I dined with Tahir and Mayerhöfer and succeeded in making it clear to Tahir that he was being used as a tool and was in fact a hostage in Ghika's hands. His father in Vlora could be compelled to resign from the Provisional Government in favor of Montpensier in order to save his son's life. Tahir was of course dumbfounded and told me everything he knew, admitting, however, that he had no money to free himself from Ghika. I promised to arrange everything. I paid Tahir's hotel bill that afternoon and left enough money for his personal expenses until the next day. I later met the Albanian patriot who had demanded 500–600 crowns and told him that I had already paid Tahir's debts, but that he had made a mistake, the debt being a mere 190 crowns and not 500–600. An Albanian patriot was thus deprived of a sum of 300–400 crowns! I also invited Tahir to supper that evening and, in order to prevent him from talking to Ghika, who was staying at the same hotel, I got him drunk. At midnight I returned him reeling to his hotel, where we met Ghika in the lobby. He understood what was going on and realized that he had lost out as far as Tahir was concerned. At my insistence, Tahir told him that he was leaving for Vienna, where he would be staying with me. All further contact between Ghika and Tahir was thus rendered impossible. The next morning I had Tahir's luggage picked up and he set off for Vienna, this time as my hostage, and

once again without a penny to his name. I put him up at a hotel and then bought him a train ticket to Nice. I gave him some pocket money and thus sent him back to his mother. The Austrian Foreign Ministry also sent Mrs. Ismail Kemal a larger sum of money to help her deal with her financial difficulties, so that such a problem would not occur again. In order to describe the level of Tahir's education, it is sufficient to note that he had been a Turkish naval cadet under Abdul Hamid. This tells it all. Such was my involvement at the Albanian Congress of Trieste.

To tell the whole truth, I must add that the Foreign Ministry compensated me for all my expenses. In all, the Austro-Hungarian authorities provided me with financial compensation four times. The first time was after the Annexation Crisis, when I was compensated for the funds I had spent for agitation in Albania in January, February and March 1909. The second time was when the Ministry helped me send Said back to Montenegro and Albania during the Balkan War. The third time was to pay for expenses at the Albanian Congress, with money brought to me by Ali Arnaut. And the fourth time, I received quite a large sum of money at the start of the World War, because I was on a special diplomatic mission to Bucharest. I paid for all other expenses, funds for agitation and public information, etc., out of my own pocket. The only time I was politically active and managed to save money, was when I was wandering around the mountains as a shepherd.

One rather interesting incident at the Albanian Congress occurred when the parish priest Pjetro Tushaj informed Herr Mayerhöfer that he and the archbishop of Shkodra, Monsignor Sereggi, had been collaborating with Montenegro against the Turks in the autumn of 1912. This confirmed the suspicions I had held. I was also highly amused at how I managed to embarrass the Serbian agent Weis. Ali Arnaut had informed me of Herr Weis's dubious character. Weis wanted to meet me and I thought this would be an excellent way of exposing him, so I agreed. Realizing what he was up to, I went over to him and, presenting myself with a particularly humble bow, I asked him assiduously how I could be of service. My extremely polite introduction surprised the elderly gentleman, as I had expected. In view of his age, I was expecting him to react slowly. Herr Weis was indeed rather confused, and in the effort of introducing himself, said: "Jovo," and then correcting himself: "Johann Weis." "Just say Jovo," I replied to set him at ease. "I see you come from Belgrade." I had caught him unawares and he admitted having spent some time in Serbia. He was

quick to add that he had just been involved in a court case with the Serbian government there over a piece of property. Finally he stated that he had come to Trieste as the representative of an arms company in order to offer arms to the Albanians, that is to say to their new State. The excuse was not bad, and Herr Weis was convinced that I had not seen through him. His real aim was to find out whether the Austro-Hungarian government intended to provide the Albanians with weapons.

I explained to Herr Weis that I found his automatic rifle inappropriate for the Albanians because of the high level of ammunition consumption it needed and added pointedly that it was not particularly astute of his company to send their Belgrade representative to Trieste who was the very person arming with traditional foes, the Serbs, with weapons and ammunition. I then advised Herr Weis to be careful not to compromise himself or his company. I suggested that he leave Trieste and come back at a time when the animosities between the Serbs and Albanians had subsided somewhat. It is obvious that Herr Weis was not particularly amused by my well-intended suggestion and that he understood perfectly. However, he soon disappeared.

On 3 March, I wrote the following to Conrad from Trieste.

Excellency, you will no doubt have heard of the planned putsch of the Duke of Montpensier to seize the Albanian throne. I sent off a copy of his printed biography to Berchtold this morning. I realize that you may very well regard me as insane for making the following proposal, however, in view of the perils involved in our lack of active political involvement, I would like to suggest the following, admittedly rather adventurous plan.

I would pretend to buy two small and very swift Lloyd steamers that would be equipped with artillery, would take 300 soldiers dressed in civilian clothes with me as my volunteer force, and land with the military equipment north of Durrës, flying the Albanian flag. The other steamer would advance to Vlora—the Greek warships will no doubt have taken flight for fear of the ‘Hamidie,’ as Montpensier obviously calculated—to notify the Albanian government, which is in friendly contact with Vienna and that I would obviously recognize as my voluntary support.

At the same time, the Ballhausplatz must make a great hue and cry about Montpensier’s intentions and pretend to be outraged.

Since the wild Albanians of the highlands, that is, those with rifles know me, I can safely ignore any protests coming from Albanian intellectuals or politicians, which Montpensier could not do.

Forgive me, Excellency, for writing to you in such haste. You are a better judge of the difficulties involved, and this letter may seem childish to you, but I am convinced that if a Frenchman, who does not know a word of Albanian can instigate a putsch, so can I.

I can pay Your Excellency a visit in Vienna on Wednesday, should you so wish, in order to discuss the matter.

Respectfully yours,

Baron F. Nopcsa

From Trieste I returned to Vienna, where I urged Berchtold to ensure that the recently created Albanian throne be occupied as quickly as possible, because I foresaw the negative consequences of leaving it vacant for too long. He complained that he was unable to find a suitable candidate for the throne. There were in fact a good number of candidates. Foremost among them was Count Urach of Württemberg.¹⁹⁴ An Egyptian prince called Ahmed Fuad¹⁹⁵ and the son of the Marchese Castriota of Naples had also made their candidacies known.

At this moment I resolved to take a step, which could easily have made me a laughing stock and have put all my activities on behalf of Albania in a bad light. I decided nonetheless to go through with it. I informed Excellency Conrad verbally that I would be willing to put my name on the list of candidates for the throne if the Foreign Ministry were to support me. I told him that, to have myself proclaimed King of Albania, I would simply need the one-time payment of a larger sum of money in order to buy the support of the so-called Albanian patriots, which, as I learned from the Montpensier putsch, was no problem at all. Once a reigning European monarch, I would have no difficulty in coming up with the further funds needed by marrying a wealthy American heiress aspiring to royalty, a step which under other circumstances I would be loath to take. I was sure of the support of the inhabitants of the northern part of the country in view of the stance I had taken in the years 1910 and 1911, and Vienna could expect no difficulties from Ismail Kemal who was being propped up by Berchtold.

¹⁹⁴ Duke Wilhelm von Urach (1864–1928), German nobleman and candidate for the Albanian throne in 1913.

¹⁹⁵ Prince Ahmed Fuad (1868–1936), Egyptian prince and candidate for the Albanian throne in 1913.

However, a few days later, on 22 March, I wrote the following letter.

Excellency, as relations between the Dual Monarchy and Montenegro have fortunately come to a boil, I would ask you to ignore the part of our last conversation concerning me. Should you not have informed Count Berchtold of the matter, I would ask you not to mention my candidacy so that the impression does not arise that I have been acting in my own interests. The action seemed to me to be the right one to take before our active intervention. Fortunately the Ballhausplatz has decided otherwise.

As regards the Duke of Montpensier, he still constitutes a threat. Since he is sailing under an English flag, the only effective means of overcoming the planned putsch would be to have his yacht collide with a Lloyd steamer either when leaving the port of Brindisi or when entering the Bay of Vlora, and have the castaway duke be rescued and brought to safety in Trieste or Cattaro. I have heard that he is once again endeavoring to contact Ismail Kemal.

Please forgive me once again for taking so much of your precious time over the last few days.

Respectfully yours,

Baron F. Nopcsa

My candidacy may have been ridiculed in competent circles. Be that as it may, I grew disgusted a few weeks later and withdrew from all further activities concerning Albania. Some of those in the know claimed that I only did so because my highfalutin plans had not come about. As I see it, the reason for the withdrawal of my candidacy was simply that the Albanian State created by the Conference of London was a still-birth. I did not even attempt to contradict the slanderous allegations in which my opponents reveled, because I knew that events to come would prove to be my best defense. The collapse of the Albanian State in 1914 showed that I was right to get off the sinking ship in time, in 1913. My only “mistake” was to have recognized what was to come long before my opponents did. Prince Wied¹⁹⁶ ascended the Albanian throne while the Conference of London was still underway.

At this time, Prenk Bibë Doda appeared on the scene, and shuttled back and forth between Vienna and Rome. His pro-Serbian and pro-

¹⁹⁶ Wilhelm, Fürst zu Wied (1876–1945), German prince who became monarch of Albania for six months in 1914.

Montenegrin stance, by which he hoped to gain recognition of his claim of being Prince of Mirdita, was no secret to me. After all, he had openly sided with Montenegro at the outbreak of the Balkan War and later, together with Marka Gjoni,¹⁹⁷ willingly opened his territory for Serbian troops marching on Lezha. In view of his past behavior I was not surprised when, during an opulent dinner at Hotel Sacher, he informed me, regarding me as his confidant, that he intended to return to Mirdita not via Durrës, but via Belgrade, and asked me to find out what Berchtold would think of this.

Soon after the Albanian Congress I resigned from the Albanian Committee because of the borders drawn in London, and withdrew from all further political activity. "This Albania is not a viable State. It is worse than nothing because it will certainly fall prey to one of the neighboring Great Powers. I regard any further action on behalf of this Albania as incompatible with the security of the Dual Monarchy. It is a new Schleswig-Holstein. The only thing it could possibly serve would be to buy Italy's neutrality." This is what I wrote to Conrad. The reaction to my resignation from the Albanian Committee was very negative. But I refused to get involved in any further action and gave my reasons to Excellency Conrad, Excellency Berchtold, Excellency Baerenreither and anyone else who would listen. [...]

It came as a surprise to no one that soon after the Treaty of London, I took advantage of the fall of the Turkish regime to return to Albania. I set off from Vienna in October, much to the displeasure of Zambaur who was still consul general in Shkodra. Though I had no doubts as to the fate of the new Albanian State patched together at the Ambassadors' Conference, not even I believed that it would collapse as quickly as it did.

It was with a touch of satisfaction that I saw the new flag waving in Shëngjin in the place of the Turkish crescent. As long as this flag waved, I knew that no authorities would hinder me in my travels in Albania and that I could at least travel as freely as an Albanian would. I was confident that the people would receive me warmly, knowing as they did that I had always done everything in my power to support their interests.

I sent Bajazid on ahead to Shkodra via Obot and disembarked myself at Shëngjin. I was not deceived in my expectations. The government in

¹⁹⁷ Marka Gjoni (1861–1932), scion of the leading Gjonmarkaj family and titular captain (*kapidan*) or prince of the Mirdita region.

Shëngjin was in the hands of my friends, the highlanders. I was received with hand-shakes and warm greetings instead of the usual passport checks and customs bureaucracy. A finance official (or was it a local gendarme?), dressed in *çakshir* trousers and a *xhurdi* and with a white scarf bound around his head, carried my luggage to the inn, and the other highland officials came around to greet me, just as they had done years ago. *Hoş gelden, hoş gelden!* (welcome, welcome!) cries came from all sides. I proceeded to the inn to get a packhorse, freshen up and find out what was going on. This time, too, there was a need for swift action.

On board the Lloyd steamer I had heard rumors of dissent among the highlanders. The Lloyd agent informed me that on the day of my arrival, a gathering of Shkreli tribesmen was to be held in Lezha who were dissatisfied with Gjeta Zogu,¹⁹⁸ the governor of Lezha. People were afraid that there would be blood. I knew that Shëngjin was inhabited by the Shkreli tribe and could thus hardly expect an objective account of Gjeta's doings, yet I wanted to find out what was going on. Yes, I said to myself all of a sudden, the *hanxhi*, the owner of the inn, like every other innkeeper will certainly know what is happening. But how was I to approach him to get the information I wanted? Asking him directly would lead to nothing because he might lie. Bribing him would serve no purpose because he would think I wanted to take advantage of him. I had to devise something else. The packhorse arrived for my luggage while I was considering what to do. What would happen if I took the *hanxhi's* twelve to fifteen-year-old son with me to Lezha as my sole companion to lead the horse? He was young and inexperienced and I could perhaps get him to talk. I had the horse made ready and, when the *hanxhi* came out to accompany me, I succeeded in persuading him to give me his son instead. By the time I got to Lezha after a two-hour march, I knew everything I wanted to know.

In Lezha, a European-looking figure called to me from the distance. Although dressed in khaki, he was of elegant appearance, so I greeted him in return and went over to see who it was. "Nopcsa," I said, introducing myself. "Potocki," he replied. As luck would have it, I was now in the company of Count Potocki who was in Albania with Count

¹⁹⁸ Highland leaders Gjeta Zogu (1860–1913), also known as Gjeto Coku, and his brother Deda Zogu (d. 1945), also known as Ded or Deda Coku, organized anti-Ottoman uprisings in 1912, in particular in Bregumatja near Lezha, and subsequently held sway in that region. In June 1913, Ded Coku was provisional governor of Lezha.

Pachta to buy some woodlands. With them were several jovial fellows, as I later learnt, and a former priest who served as their interpreter. They were staying at an inn in Lezha. I of course joined them. Soon, all of my Albanian friends, having heard of my arrival, came around to see me. Among them were Deda Zogu, Lesh, the nephew of the *bajraktar* Lan Turku, Syni Doda and others.

Potocki and Pachta were equipped as if they were on a lengthy safari in Africa. They had brought great quantities of tinned food and camping beds, etc., and thus needed several packhorses to transport their luggage. Due to the lack of proper roads, such expeditions were rather impractical in Albania at that time because, aside from the costs involved, the travelers could only use existing trails.

I did not spend too much time with Potocki and my “wild” Albanian friends when the chieftains of Shkreli, assembling for their meeting, also turned up to greet me. I took advantage of the encounter to counsel them to make peace. They were astounded that I knew about everything although I had just arrived in the country. Choosing my words carefully, I told them that I was not involved in their dispute, but advised them as an old friend to avoid anger and bloodshed because such things only led to more trouble.

Potocki and Pachta had heard of me, yet they were amazed at my intervention in Albanian affairs and delighted to get to know me. Calls came out of the inn in German to announce that lunch was ready. Potocki and Pachta emerged to invite me to join them. Over the meal, I made the acquaintance of the two well-known Viennese ladies who were accompanying them on the trip. After the meal, everyone retired to rest.

Having sent the packhorse and the boy back to Shëngjin, I was then, as a friend of the Albanians, given a room at the government office in Lezha. It had an iron bedstead in it and clean bedding, as well as an intact mosquito net, so I decided to spend not only the afternoon, but all my nights there with my Albanian friends. We had endless discussions and everyone told me what they had been doing over the last few years. It was very late at night when we retired to bed. I also learned that evening that the Shkreli tribesmen had taken my advice to heart and their meeting had ended in peace and reconciliation. I realized that the trouble in Lezha was being caused by the family of Lan Turku, which was hostile to Gjeta Zogu. Lan Turku was the *bajraktar* of Nikç. As a result of the death of the clever Gjergj Kazeli and their impoverishment, this

family had lost almost all of its influence to the rich, intelligent and energetic brothers, Deda Zogu and Gjeta Zogu, although these two men stemmed from an obscure family. Their important role in local politics as governor meant that Berchtold had often heard their names mentioned from the winter of 1912 onwards. However, even in the spring of 1914, he continued to refer to them not as Zogu, but as *cocu*, an elegant French variant that sounded much nicer.

If I wanted to play the peacemaker in Lezha I would have to pay a visit to Lan, the *bajraktar*. Since Potocki was heading southwards, we rode together the next day down to Bregumatja. As a member of the expedition, Potocki was dressed in European clothes, whereas I had already changed into my Albanian costume, to the great joy of all the highlanders. I was given a horse that had only a *samar* (pack saddle). It went well with my costume and *opankas*, and I have a photograph to prove it, but as I had not ridden on a *samar* for some time, the first quarter of an hour was none too pleasant.

The ladies were in a very boisterous mood all the time. This almost caused a public outcry, because women in Albania are supposed to behave very modestly in the presence of men. As such, although I enjoyed the company of Potocki, I was glad to part ways with the expedition when we got to Bregumatja. It is best to avoid traveling with younger women in Albania, and the Austrian gentlemen should have known better. Two days later, an Italian medical team, consisting of men only, arrived in Shëngjin. They were all very earnest, had Albanian cockades on their jackets and were accompanied ceremoniously to Lezha by Prenk Pasha's servants. They were quite the contrast to the exuberant Austrians.

Although I did my best to convince Lan Turku, the only concrete result of my visit to the old pig head was that I caught malaria, as I later learned, after spending the night in his thatched cottage.

The next day, I rode out to Tale in Bregumatja to see Gjeta Zogu. Gjeta himself was not at home, and was said to be in Gurëz south of the Mat River. I thus set out for Gurëz with his son Preka. When I got to the northern bank of the Mat, swollen as it was at the time, I saw another party of horsemen with several highlanders on the southern bank opposite me. Despite the distance and my costume, the highlanders recognized me. Both sides began firing off their weapons as a sign of greeting. This terrified the Europeans in the party on the opposite bank who did not understand the reason for the shooting. However, their fears were

soon allayed. I got across the Mat in a dugout and greeted the inhabitants of Gurëz as well as the Europeans, who were part of an Austro-Hungarian commission headed by Engineer Dedy that had been seconded by the Foreign Ministry to plan the track of a rail line. Dedy and his companions, who were coming from Vlora, had heard of me and were very surprised to meet me. With them and Gjeta Zogu, I crossed the river again to get back to the northern bank. The horses were carried off by the current and had to swim. We all spent the night at Gjeta Zogu's house in Tale and continued the next morning on to Lezha. While I was away in Gurëz, Deda returned to Shkodra to get my rifle.

My presence in Gurëz had done much to improve Gjeta's reputation there. The next evening in Lezha, as we were out for a stroll back and forth across the Drin Bridge, this being the flattest part of the road, and were returning to town at dusk, a Mirdita man jumped out from behind the guard post and shot Gjeta Zogu, who a while earlier had exchanged a few jokes with him. Gjeta fell to the ground and died. I jumped to the side with my hand to my mouth. There was nothing I could do because I had no rifle with me, so I shouted out: "e kanë vrâ Gjeta Zogun"¹⁹⁹ to alarm all of Lezha. The assassin took a shot at me to prevent me from giving the alarm, but missed me and ran off. It was frightening to hear the shot and know that the next bullet might kill me. The men of Shkreli and Kelmendi poured out of their homes in a state of confusion and began accusing one another of the murder. It was an explosive situation as I was in Albanian clothes and could not be easily recognized in the dark. I had to use brute force to separate the Shkreli and Kelmendi men, who were enraged and on the verge of shooting one another. I managed to get them apart, but they got back together again in a new melee behind me. I had separated the men twice before the parish priest arrived to help me. By then, the murderer had had plenty of time to escape. Since I had not gotten a good look at him in the dark, it was quite some time before we established his identity. It was a gendarme who had been working for Gjeta. No one could believe this at first. The clues that led us to him were the following. It was a fellow whom Gjeta had met that afternoon, because he joked around with him in the evening without any formal greeting and was not surprised to see him on guard at the bridge. Secondly, he seemed to me to be of average height and not particularly

¹⁹⁹ "They've killed Gjeta Zogu"

strong. Thirdly, his clothing looked darker at night than the normal light-colored woolen dress of the highlanders. When the *zaptiehs* were called to Lezha, they said it was impossible that one of their men could be the murderer. However, the Mirdita gendarme Pren Kol Bruma, also known as Pren Gjakovci, who fitted the description, was found missing. We had discovered who the assassin was, but he got away.

As these events took place, Dedy and his party, coming from Gurëz, sat in their inn shaking in their boots. I had mentioned the opposition to Gjeta and that I supported him. When they heard my call out that Gjeta had been murdered and saw all the highlanders streaming out and advancing towards me, shooting in all directions in great commotion, they thought the uprising had begun, and that it had put me, and them as my companions, in mortal danger. To calm them down, the *hanxhi* had sent a couple of armed men to their rooms to protect them. This step horrified Dedy and his party all the more because, as they did not know the language, they believed that the armed men had been sent to arrest or kill them. I knew nothing of all this at the time, but when things calmed down, someone came and asked me to go to the inn and see Dedy. They were very relieved to see me, and I, of course, explained that they had been in no danger whatsoever. An hour after Gjeta's death, Deda Zogu, who had been in Pulaj to arrange some affairs for his brother, arrived in Lezha from Shëngjin and brought me my rifle. It was the first time I had been in Albania without a rifle, the moment I needed it most. This event taught me how important it is to keep a weapon when traveling in Albania.

Soon after the murder, rumors spread that Gjeta had been killed at the behest of the Mirdita leader, Prenk Bibë Doda, and his cousin Marka Gjoni. Two weeks earlier, at the request of the Austro-Hungarian consulate general in Shkodra, Gjeta had stifled a plot by Prenk Bibë Doda, friend of the English, Italians and Serbs, to seize Lezha. What made this suspicion more convincing was that Prenk Bibë Doda had used the very same fellow several years earlier to commit another murder. The fact that he sheltered the assassin for years in Mirdita, seemed to confirm Prenk's guilt. On Tuesday evening I telegraphed the Austro-Hungarian consulate in Shkodra to inform them of the murder, although I was in no way obliged to do so. I intentionally omitted mentioning who was behind the crime. I requested that they send someone to see me, to whom I would give the whole story. I also wanted to ask the consulate

whether it intended taking any action in view of the fact that someone had shot at me. I received neither a reply acknowledging my dispatch, nor a word of thanks. Gjeta's funeral was held the next day and, the day thereafter, when I had still not received a reply from the consulate in Shkodra, which was a mere 30 kilometers away. I sent another telegram, churlish this time, admonishing them to follow proper procedures and etiquette. This time, the consulate sent me the following reply:

Baron Nopcsa, Lezha,

The reply to your telegram yesterday will come by letter in due course. The Consul General regards any admonishment on your part as insolent.

The Consul General.

I spent Wednesday afternoon and all of Thursday with the confidants of the allegedly Austrophile Sereggi, that is, the parish priest Andrea Mjeda,²⁰⁰ who was the brother of the archbishop, and Mush Kol Kauri, both from Shkodra, to try and get Deda elected to the position of governor of Lezha, to replace his much more popular brother Gjeta. I managed to bring this about by promising a Männlicher carbine equipped with a scope to Uc Turku, who had much influence over Lan Turku, if Deda were elected. On the following Sunday, Deda was voted in almost unanimously and Uc Turku later received the weapon in question. I was advised in this endeavor not only by Syni Doda, my old friend from 1907, but also by Prek Deda, the cousin of the *bajraktar* of Manat, whom I had not previously met.

Prek Deda took my heart by storm when I got back from Tale in my Albanian costume, by addressing me as if I were a highlander and then, when he realized who I was, by embracing me so strongly that I almost fell off my horse. His emotional reaction was a sign of sincere friendship.

The consulate's reply to my first telegram had still not arrived in Lezha by Friday morning although a *kavass* of the consulate had passed through the town on Thursday on his way to Shëngjin. I therefore returned to Shkodra on Friday, arriving in the evening, and immediately sent the consulate the following letter.

²⁰⁰ Andrea Mjeda, also known as Ndre Mjeda or Mjedja (1866–1937), Albanian poet and public figure.

Dear Consul General! Without replying in detail for the moment to your telegram sent to Lezha, I hereby wish to inform you that the letter promised in the said telegram did not arrive and, to facilitate its delivery, though it is now of no importance, I wish to add that I am now in Shkodra. Respectfully yours...

On Saturday morning, I was still very upset at the behavior of the consul general and intended to telegraph Vienna on the subject, but I thought it best to avoid a public scandal among the international forces occupying Shkodra, so I went instead to complain to Austro-Hungarian Admiral Berry. Berry had obviously been informed in advance by Consul General Zambaur and asked me whether I was on any official mission. When I replied in the negative, he reacted furiously, asking how I had dared to appoint a governor in Lezha without knowing whether this move had the approval of the Austro-Hungarian government. He called my action irresponsible. For Berry, the fact that I had inside knowledge of what was going on in Albania was irrelevant. As such, he broke off all further contact with me and I with him. On 11 October 1913, I wrote the following telegram to Chief of Staff Conrad.

Excellency, following a misunderstanding or, should one say an intrigue here at the consulate, I would be very grateful if Your Excellency could inform the Austro-Hungarian admiral here, perhaps in a private conversation, of my political activities in Albania and recommend me with a view to furthering co-operation. I thank you in advance for this kind gesture. P.S. Here in Albania, I have the impression there has been a secret agreement between Italy and Serbia. The reason for my suspicion is the recent behavior of Prenk Bibë Doda.

I suspect that Berry got a “nudge” from on high, because he invited me to visit him before he left Shkodra, but I was unfortunately not there at the time. I doubt if it did Austro-Hungarian prestige any good that Berry dropped me. At any rate, when I got back from my initial visit to him, I received a copy of the letter the consulate had apparently sent to Lezha. In it, the consul thanked me for my information on the murder of Gjeta Zogu and asked me what I thought of the matter. After my meeting with Berry, I sent them the following reply in writing.

Dear Consul General, as a result of my conversation today with the Austro-Hungarian admiral in Shkodra that took place before I received your letter, I feel

compelled to reply to your letter No. 1118 by stating that I no longer wish to discuss political matters with Austro-Hungarian officials here in Albania. The reason behind this decision may be had from the above-mentioned naval authorities since it is a result of their conduct.

I received the original delayed letter from the consulate three days later.

Bajazid, who was in Shkodra, found the old house where I had lived from 1907 to 1910 empty. Only a couple of windows had been damaged by Montenegrin shells during the siege of the town. He therefore rented it and rehired my old servants. I was thus able to announce to everyone that the period from 1910 to 1913 was simply an interruption, and that I intended to take up residence in Shkodra once again after leaving it in January 1910, despite the presence of a hostile consul, Herr Zambaur, and of an equally hostile friend of Frau Zambaur,²⁰¹ the vice-consul Mayerhauser.

In Shkodra, I met my old friend, Miss Durham, and through her, I got to know the English admiral, Colonel Phillips.²⁰² Everyone in Shkodra was aware of the rivalry between Austria-Hungary and England and, as such, this served as a dig at Zambaur and Berry. I also noticed how Essad²⁰³ was agitating against the candidacy of a Catholic prince.

The more people realized I was in Shkodra, the more my home filled up. My servants were Mehmet Zeneli from Shala, Deli Nou from Bugjon, Gjok Prenga from Orosh, and Lesh Ziçi from Ndërfandina, the latter being in my employ elsewhere. Nikol Gjergu, one of my former servants, had become the Greek *kavass* in my absence. He came by from time to time for coffee. The kind, merry, but simply structured Lulash Petri from Plan learned late of my presence in Shkodra, but eventually arrived and made himself quite at home in my house. Aside from these people, my servants' quarters were full of visitors, at least 4 or 5, some from Mirdita, others from the Highlands or Dukagjin, who would come around for coffee or because they had something to recount about their personal lives or about the political situation. One person who held his

²⁰¹ Hortense von Zambaur (1866–1933), née Hortense von Reglia-Ohmučević, Austro-Hungarian writer.

²⁰² Colonel George Fraser Phillips (1863–1921), British military figure and head of the international administration in Shkodra from the autumn of 1913 until its withdrawal in 1914.

²⁰³ Essad Pasha Toptani (1863–1920), Albanian landowner and political figure.

distance from me demonstratively was Deda Zogu. He hoped thereby to gain the favor of Herr Zambaur, from whom he sought financial support. I cannot list the names of my other guests either, because I did not know them personally or because I did not even see them. Since many of them stayed over, my servants had a lot of work on their hands. Whenever we had a large number of guests, say 10 to 20, we would slaughter a ram and roast it on a spit. This of course led to my guests inviting other guests over, too. However, many of them did bring smaller and larger presents with them: hazelnuts, cheese, apples, fish, even goats and sheep. These were compensated for with money or ammunition. As I was often unable to make use of the sheep and goats right away, I sometimes had a whole herd in my orchard (3–13 head). My major-domo, Bep Muzhani, was a good fellow and had nothing against all of the commotion. This was the way my household was run for years, and this is what I would recommend to anyone seeking contact with a foreign people.

It need not be said that all of the people who had stayed with me were more than hospitable when I was traveling in their regions. Aside from this advantage, my open house raised my public image and prestige considerably, in particular when Prenk Bibë Doda was not residing in Shkodra. Prenk was an imposing figure and would often, for instance, be responsible for the purchase of 25 kilos of sugar a week.

The following episode is illustrative of the simple but effective strategies I used to organize my household. The people of Shkodra spend much of the winter freezing next to their *mangals*.²⁰⁴ The highlanders for their part have great roaring fires in their *kullas* and regard fire as an inseparable friend of mankind. They look down on the townspeople of Shkodra, because the latter constantly complain about the cold. As such, the first thing I did when I rented Muzhani's house, was to repair the chimneys and ensure heating in all the rooms. I also paid attention to see that Bajazid purchased firewood on days when there were few people going to market, because of bad weather. At these times, he was able to procure large quantities of wood. This tactic led people to believe that I was wont to buy up all the firewood in Shkodra and that my house was consequently particularly warm.

All of my servants were respectable men in the eyes of the Albanian highlanders, that is, they had all killed someone. I hired them under the

²⁰⁴ Brazier for burning coals or charcoal (Albanian).

assumption that if they had already killed someone, they would not hesitate to do so again to protect me. On the other hand, I chose only servants who were reputed to be faithful, men whom the Albanians called *besnik* (faithful) and whom I had nothing to fear from as long as they were in my employ. I was unable to dig into their pasts personally. I had to do so indirectly, so as not to be led astray by others. I had to make sure to avoid hiring murderers who were regarded as *pabesë*.²⁰⁵ It may be of interest, with regard to the financial situation in Shkodra, to note that my servants received wages of twenty crowns a month, plus expenditures of thirty crowns, new clothes when needed, and lived with me without paying rent.

My relationship with my servants was very cordial. Murderers are not necessarily bad people in Albania, because they act entirely within the system of moral values held by the native population. They always greeted me politely when they brought my morning cacao to my bed, saying, "Good morning," and asked: "How did you sleep?" If it was Mehmet and I was late to rise, he would shake me out of bed. For my part, I had to put up with their weaknesses, too, but this was no great difficulty because there was no serious *mala fides* or *dolus* involved.

I remember an occurrence when I received a little wooden box of sweets from Vienna. Thinking that I no longer needed the box, Mehmet gave it to his wife, without asking me, who took it back to the highlands with her. I discovered what had happened when I needed the box to pack something and found it missing. The box in itself was of no importance and I realized that Mehmet had acted in good faith, assuming that it had no value. However, as he had taken something that belonged to me, I had to act. I mentioned very calmly that I needed the box for something or other, as if it were in the next room, and asked him to have it brought back. He did as I asked and fetched it, although this involved a four-day journey on foot.

Similarly, I discovered that one of the blankets I had distributed among my servants was missing. I found out that Gjok Prenga always slept in his clothes and had sent the blanket to his poor family in Orosh. I made a point in front of everyone of inquiring which blanket was missing in order to demonstrate that it was indeed my property. Poor Gjok was despondent at the "public investigation" until I broke it off, saying that it did

²⁰⁵ Faithless.

not matter to me whether he used his blanket in Shkodra or in Orosh and that I could not force him to sleep in a blanket if he did not want to.

I almost had a major confrontation with Gjok one morning when he mistakenly thought that I had called him to bring me my morning cacao. I was still sound asleep so he placed it at my bedside and then opened the shutters, letting the light in. I was not at all in the mood to get up and muttered, "Close the shutters!" which he did. With the steaming cacao at my bedside in the dark room, he did not know quite what to do and asked me in a loud voice, "A me nez kanilin?" which means "Should I light the petroleum lamp then?" Gjok had now interrupted my sleep for a second time, and I shouted at him angrily, "Del jashtë, more dhi!" ("Get out, you stupid goat!"). Gjok stamped out of the room and I was now wide awake, but I had to laugh at Gjok's superfluous question about lighting the petroleum lamp although it was daylight outside. Gjok huffed and puffed, and when the other servants asked what had happened, he swore that he would never enter my room again. He explained what had taken place, but did not see the humor of it all, that is, the absurdity of his question about lighting the lamp on a sunny day. When I later explained to the other servants what Gjok had said, they all understood and, thereafter, the question "A me nez kandilin?" became a standard joke among us. As can be seen, my relationship with my servants was not the standard master-servant one. I was more of a *primus inter pares*. From a more global perspective, it must not be forgotten that these men were ready to give their lives for me, which is not what one would expect of a normal servant.

Since the servants I hired were from various parts of the highlands, I was kept abreast of virtually everything that was going on in the mountains, both by them and their relatives and friends, and by my own friends. As such, my home served more or less as a second Austro-Hungarian vice-consulate. Because all of them obeyed me willingly, I was able swiftly and effectively to pacify any disputes and bad blood that arose among them, so that situations did not get out of hand and their arguments did not turn into permanent hatred. One time, when Nikol Gega and Bajazid, in a furious quarrel, took to their revolvers and would have shot one another, had Gjok Prenga and Mehmet Zeneli not intervened to prevent them from killing one another, I was able to solve the dispute without doing detriment to the honor of either party. After some time, the two men even made peace with one another. Many a European would be amazed at how such diverse characters can be kept to-

gether, particularly in view of the fact that all Albanians are inclined to envy and jealousy.

I was once put in an awkward situation in Shkodra, when Mehmet Zeneli kidnapped the dissolute sister of a fellow from Dushmani without his assent and, although he was a Catholic, took her as his second wife, with the prior approval of his first wife, a Catholic, too. The fact that Mehmet was excommunicated by the Church was of no particular significance to me. More important was that Mehmet found himself involved in a blood feud when the blond-haired and blue-eyed fellow from Dushmani turned up in Shkodra. Mehmet succeeded, as the guest of a third party, in having himself invited to the home of a Dushmani fellow, and then brought him to see me. I endeavored to reconcile the two initially by asking Mehmet why he did not take the girl in a more orderly fashion, by asking her brother for her hand and by paying the usual sum. Mehmet replied that he would like to have done so, but did not have the money, yet he wanted to have the girl anyway. I then turned to the Dushmani man. He explained that he had nothing against Mehmet personally and would willingly have given him his sister if all the customs had been adhered to. However, since he had stolen her, this was a stain on his honor and he was obliged to seek revenge. I explained to him that I would be the one to suffer most from their dispute, because I could no longer send Mehmet out to do errands and could not go out with him, without being faced with the prospect of seeing him murdered in my presence. I stressed that this was all very embarrassing because, according to Albanian custom, I would then be obliged to take revenge for Mehmet's death. The Dushmani man understood what I was getting at and I managed to convince both parties to submit to my verdict in the matter. Beating around the bush somewhat, I succeeded in convincing the fellow that it was not proper for him to demand a large sum for his sister in view of her past, as it would have been for a virgin, and that 50% would be more appropriate. I then persuaded Mehmet to pay him this sum in monthly installments from his wages. The only thing the Dushmani fellow insisted on was that payments begin immediately. I agreed and everything was thus settled, for as long as Mehmet paid the monthly installments. To avoid a new conflict stemming from any late payment of the money, I surprised both parties by paying a good portion of the sum in question, equivalent to several monthly installments, from my own pocket. I handed the money over to the Dushmani man in cash. I

then advised Mehmet that should he ever be tempted to steal someone's cow, he should not roast it but rather sell it and give the money to the Dushmani man. Stealing cows and sheep had been Mehmet's favorite pastime before he joined my household. The cattle-thief Mehmet proved to be up to the situation. For the first few months, he did not have to pay anything anyway. When time came for the next payment, Mehmet got himself onto such good terms with the Dushmani man that the latter demanded several months payment *honoris causa* and then dropped any further demands. I include this anecdote here because it shows how conciliatory and intelligent the Albanians can sometimes be.

Once I had put my household affairs in order in Shkodra, I set off for the mountains. My plan was to explore the southern slopes of the Northern Albanian Alps and then the region just to the west of the Prokletije. However, I was forced to give up the latter part of the expedition because of malaria and limit myself to the Kastrati region, which was easier to hike. Bajazid climbed Mount Veleçik, Kunora e Kenesh-dolit, and other mountains in my place, and took the photographs I needed to produce the maps of the Northern Albanian Alps. From Veleçik he brought me a Rudist bivalve.

Accordingly, on my way to Shala I passed through Plan, which was at that time overwhelmed by Krasniqi and Gashi tribesmen fleeing with kith and kin from the Montenegrins. In October 1913, ignoring the borders set forth in London, the Montenegrins suddenly invaded Albanian territory, burning and pillaging. Shala was in a state of chaos when I arrived. The Catholic Shala and the Muslim Gashi were traditional enemies because the Gashi had repeatedly hindered the Shala from getting to market in Gjakova. Now that the Gashi were on the run, some Montenegrin agitators such as Baš Vata and others, succeeded in persuading the Shala men to rob the starving Muslim refugees of everything they had, by forcing them to pay an exorbitant fee to cross the Shala Bridge—one sheep for every ten sheep that entered. They also sold the poor refugees bread at a thousand times the normal price. When night fell, the Shala men abandoned such formalities, and encircled and carried off the herds like a pack of wolves. As soon as I learned what was taking place, I hastened to the Shala Bridge where, by imposing my influence, I succeeded for as long as I was there, in ensuring that all the Krasniqi could cross over without paying—much to the anger, indeed to the fury of the rapacious Shala, whose bestial instincts had been awakened. No one dared raise his hand or his ri-

fle against me. Forcing the men of Shala to do my bidding was in fact a perilous venture and my presence at the bridge put me in mortal danger. I was successful for as long as I stood at the bridge, but the moment I left, the pillaging of the poor Krasniqi resumed.

From Shala, I continued on to Boga, via Kapreja and Theth. There, I met the aviator, Captain Rossmann,²⁰⁶ and his brother who were in Albania on behalf of the War Ministry. Rossmann senior was a man with a captivating personality and much energy. He made a good impression wherever he went in Albania, though he did not know the language. Even Albanians who had only known him for a short time were distraught to learn of his death, and this in a country where people were used to such shootings and the loss of good men. As far as I know, Rossmann was the only member of the Austrian general staff who died as an aviator in Albania. I gave him my friend Lek Curri to accompany him, and Lek handed him over to Qerim Sokoli. Rossmann was more than satisfied with Lek Curri, but Qerim Sokoli gave him less support, as I mentioned earlier. I must stress here that I had not seen Qerim since 1909, and only learned of his change of behavior through this event.

Nonetheless, I always got along well with the highlanders. In Shkodra I had kept rather aloof again this time and was only in contact with the archbishop, with our Major Zvitkovich (I entertained no relations with the other two officers in our detachment, because of my conflict with the consulate), with Prenk Bibë Doda, with Fräulein Martha and with Phillips, the conceited English governor of Shkodra who hoped to become the governor of the whole Catholic part of northern Albania. This was why the archbishop, who had hoped to get this position for his brother, was on bad terms with Phillips. My acquaintance with the English officer, who was responsible for the prison, enabled me to get some old Turkish chains used for prisoners that I had set my eyes on many years earlier.

I was of course immediately caught up in political intrigues and did not hesitate to make new connections and revive old ones. Miss Durham introduced me to several Englishmen, much to the distress of the Austro-Hungarian authorities. I was particularly amused by the fact that Prenk Bibë Doda suddenly believed that I was aiming at becoming *kaimakam* of Lezha. In this connection, he sent me the following letter.

²⁰⁶ Oskar Rossmann, Austro-Hungarian aviator and captain in the general staff. He died on 29 August 1914.

Aimable et cher Baron!

C'est avec un extrême plaisir que j'ai reçu votre lettre si aimable et si spirituelle. J'ai envoyé des ordres formels aux Perghegha de venir à Alessio vous trouver. Un Perghegha avec les chefs de Zappa s'y trouve déjà pour attendre avec les Malissores sous vos auspices et vous proclamer Gouverneur provisoire d'Alessio. Ne manquez pas d'aller à Alessio et de prendre possession de la ville car ce serait une oeuvre humanitaire. J'envoie l'ordre formel à Gick Prengha de se mettre à vos ordres pour tout le temps que vous désirez. Comme vous le dites si bien, nous nous trouvons entre des imbéciles, mais des imbéciles malfaisants, ce qui est impardonnable. Vous pouvez assurer en temps que, bien que tout ce qu'on bébite contre moi soit des bêtises odieuses, mon dévouement pour mes anciens bienfaiteurs ne se trouvera jamais en défaut. Mais ils sont devenus fous. J'ai tout fait, comme à Vienne, pour convaincre ces Messieurs que je suis un homme absolument dévoué à la cause, mais on est en pure perte et, ma foi, on ne peut pas être le serviteur de quelqu'un malgré lui. Mais toujours vous pouvez assurer en haut que ma reconnaissance et mon dévouement ne feront jamais défaut. En attendant votre visite très désirée, je me déclare votre ami pour la vie.

Prenek Bib Doda²⁰⁷

I feigned being ill, and then received a second letter in the same vein.

Orosh, le 1 novembre

Aimable Baron et ami!

C'est avec une extrême impatience que nous vous attendons afin de vous voir Baron d'Alessio. Il y a beaucoup d'imbéciles qui en crèveraient de rage, mais moi et les miens nous en serions charmés puisque vous rendriez un vrai service

²⁰⁷ "Dear Baron, It was with extreme pleasure that I received your kind and so inspiring letter. I have sent formal orders to the Perghegha to go to Lezha to attend to you. One of the Perghegha with the chieftains of Sappa is already there and awaits you with the Malessors to proclaim you as provisional governor of Lezha. Do not fail to go to Lezha and take possession of the town, because this would be a good deed. I have sent formal orders to Gick Prengha to place himself at your service for as long as you desire. As you have so well put it, we are surrounded by fools, and evil-doing fools at that, which is unpardonable. You may nonetheless be assured, although everything they spout against me is odious nonsense, that my devotion to my former benefactors will never fail. But they have all gone mad. I have done everything I can, as I did in Vienna, to convince these gentlemen that I am absolutely devoted to the cause, but we are losing the battle, and one cannot, at any rate, be a servant of someone who does not want this. However, you may always be assured that my gratitude and devotion will never be lacking. Eagerly awaiting your visit, I am your friend for life. Prenek Bib Doda."

à la cause catholique en Albanie. Me déclarant votre ami pour la vie, je vous serre la main affectueusement, et Vive le Baron.

Bib Doda²⁰⁸

Post scriptum:

Les Serbes ont évacué l'Albanie d'une manière si précipitée que tout le monde en est resté ébahi. Qu'il n'y a plus un Serbe au delà de la frontière il est certain. Nous avons failli nous battre avec eux à Fandi, mais heureusement que les Serbes ont immédiatement quitté leurs positions à peine à ce que j'étais moi là et pas des Turcs. Ainsi nous nous sommes séparés en amis plutôt. Mais je ne voudrais pas les revoir encore, car ce sont des gens absolument impossibles.

Prenk Bib Doda²⁰⁹

It was first and foremost the Austro-Hungarian consul-general Zambaur who was meant by *imbéciles*. I did not react to this letter either, so I received a third one.

Aimable et cher Baron!

Je suis désolé de votre gastralgie, mais il ne faut pas qu'elle vous empêche de faire ce que nous avons pensé, car moi aussi, je souffre diablement d'une inflammation dentaire, mais ça ne m'empêche pas de parcourir le pays de long en large de pacifier, d'emprisonner, de pardonner, de faire tout ce qui est humainement possible pour ordonner et reformer le pays autant que possible. Voilà pourquoi il faut que vous aussi fassiez le possible pour vous trouver aussi vite que possible à Alessio. Car les événements peuvent se précipiter, et alors si vous tardez, nous nous trouverons d'être arrivés trop tard.

Mille amitiés et croyez moi toujours à vous,

P. Bib Doda²¹⁰

²⁰⁸ "Orosh, 1 November. Dear Baron and friend, It is with great impatience that we await you to make you Baron of Lezha. There are many fools who would explode with rage, but my people and I would be delighted because you would render a great service to the Catholic cause in Albania. I shake your hand affectionately as your friend for life. Long live the Baron. Bib Doda."

²⁰⁹ "The Serbs have evacuated Albania so suddenly that everyone is astounded. It is certain that there is not a single Serb on this side of the border. We almost engaged them in battle in Fandi, but fortunately the Serbs abandoned their positions immediately as soon as I got there, and not the Turks. As such, we separated more as friends. However, I would not like to see them again, because they are impossible people. Prenk Bib Doda."

²¹⁰ "Dear Baron, I am sorry to hear about your gastritis, but I do hope this will not stop you from doing what we talked about. For my part, I, too, am suffering terribly from a tooth inflammation, but this

It is also of interest to note that after I received these letters from Prenk, Phillips had Vat Marashi of Shkreli initiate a campaign against Deda Zogu so that Deda's position eventually became untenable. To spare Deda the humiliation of being dismissed, I proposed that he resign voluntarily, which would then have made Lesh, the cousin of Lan Turku, governor of Lezha. Deda was however suspicious and was dismissed, and English troops then entered and occupied Lezha. This was exactly what Phillips had wanted. It was only after this move that Vienna realized that the English colonel had been using his relations with Zvitkovich to outwit him. In view of my knowledge of local events, I nonetheless pretended to be on good relations with Phillips, as can be seen in the following letter.

Dear Baron!

These three chiefs have come to me to know if their villages are within the boundary of Albania. If they are not, they will take their people with them. If I give them a written statement that the Servians have gone and that their villages are really Albanian, will you kindly see them and let them know? It is obviously important.

Phillips

As I was too ill to carry out any further geological research, I did not stay in Albania much longer. [...]

In the spring of 1914, on his way to Neuwied²¹¹ to offer the Albanian crown to Wilhelm von Wied, Essad Pasha paid a visit to Vienna and was received with great honor. Indeed he was even accorded the Grand Cross of the Order of Franz Josef. When his betrayal of Wied later became apparent, as I had suspected it would, and when he was forced to leave Albania as a prisoner on an Austro-Hungarian naval vessel, I could not keep myself from asking the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Vienna whether it was true that his Grand Cross of the Order of Franz Josef had fallen into the sea during his evacuation on the naval vessel.

has not stopped me from traveling around the country to pacify, imprison, pardon, and do whatever is humanely possible to order and reform the country as best I can. This is why you must do whatever you can to get to Lezha as soon as possible. Events may quickly get out of hand and if you delay, we will be there too late. All my friendship, and believe that I am yours, P. Bib Doda."

²¹¹ Germany.

In April, the industrialist Fürth had invited me, through the mediation of Dr. Hecht, to Paris because he was interested in Albania. There, I became acquainted with the “Albanian Corporation of London” and was very much interested in its activities. However, the talks I held with them did not lead to any concrete financial arrangement, rather like the negotiations with Count Carl Trauttmansdorff.²¹² What I liked about Trauttmansdorff was his disgust at the Ballhausplatz. This made up for the fact that he had spoken badly about me to Zef Noci in Spaç in order to get his hands on the pyrite mine in Qafa e Barit. My reconciliation with Trauttmansdorff was all the easier, because I had torpedoed his business interests in Mirdita by informing Zef Noci about the value of the pyrite deposits there, which amounted to seven million. This initial collision did not prevent us, after reconciliation, from trying our luck as business partners, though with no fruitful result. Trauttmansdorff was one of the few people who wanted to act independently and, as a result, he was furious with the Ballhausplatz, as were Sieberts, Steinmetz, Spaits, myself, and all the rest of us who were beyond the pale of Ballhausplatz society.

My dealings with Trauttmansdorff caused me to put all of my various economic observations on Albania together. They concerned forestry, minerals, and a railway project from Shkodra to Han i Hotit. In addition to Count Trauttmansdorff, Count R. Kinsky, a certain Herr Weil, and others were also interested in this exposé. Endless speeches and conferences were held, but with no result. I was at least comforted by the fact that I had invested only my ideas in this speculation, and not a penny, because the year before, Trauttmansdorff had lost 40,000 Kreuzer within a very short period of time. He was under the delusion that Essad Pasha and the other Toptanis would help him if he needed them. The only serious negotiations I held were with the Walfords (father and son), Fürth, and Mufid bey Libohova,²¹³ but they simply wanted to take advantage of me (Walford at least). Mufid bey Libohova, whom I realized was a first-class swindler, was rather dismayed when I turned up in Fürth’s company in Nice. The same could be said of Walford junior.

²¹² Karl Johann Nepomuk Ferdinand von Trauttmansdorff-Weinsberg (1845–1921), Austro-Hungarian nobleman.

²¹³ Mufid or Myfit bey Libohova (1876–1927), wealthy Albanian political figure of the early independence period. He held various ministerial posts from 1912 to 1915, including foreign minister and deputy prime minister.

Ismail Kemal was in Nice while I was discussing business ventures with the Albanian Corporation in Monte Carlo, so I used the opportunity to meet him, despite Mufid's attempt to hinder me from doing so. Mufid tried to convince me that Ismail Kemal would never return to Albania. After many inquiries, I finally got Ismail's address and sent him and his sons my card. The next day, I met the old fox at the casino of Monte Carlo and we had a long talk about politics. He stated that Essad was a swine, and I was of the same opinion. We then agreed that Essad had to be overthrown. To get Ismail on my side, I said that I would be willing to agitate against Essad in Shkodra, and Ismail should do the same in Vlora. We thus gave the impression of being good friends and allies. Ismail took immediate advantage of these bonds of friendship, dating from 1911, to have his son bring me a letter the next day. In it, he praised our intended co-operation, and then turned immediately to his precarious financial situation. The letter ended with the words: "Mais pour quelques jours j'ai besoin absolu d'une petite somme de mille à deux mille francs que je vous ferais toucher par Tahir à Vienne. Je vous fais cette demande parce que je vous considère comme un vrai ami et plus encore comme intime et sincère compatriote."²¹⁴ I told his son that I did not have the cash with me at the moment, but that I would find it for him when I got back to Vienna. When I met the old man that evening, I acknowledged that I had received his letter, but avoided mentioning the subject. We discussed the planned action once again and, then, I noted in a serious tone of voice that I could of course only act if Ismail could get me 10,000 Francs. Ismail Kemal had successfully managed to get money out of virtually all the countries of Europe: Turkey, Greece, Italy, Austria-Hungary, England, and Montenegro, perhaps even Serbia and Russia. However, that someone would pump him for money, and a large sum at that, was something so novel that he gave the silly reply that he was not aware that one needed money to attain political objectives. Seeing him in this predicament was a feast for my eyes, but I was careful not to let him notice my glee. We remained friends thereafter, but friends who understood what one another were up to.

²¹⁴ "But for a few days, I desperately need the modest sum of one or two thousand francs that Tahir will return to you in Vienna. I am asking this of you because I consider you to be a true friend and, what is more, a genuine and sincere patriot."

My discussions with Fürth took place both in Paris and in Nice. He noted with reference to the Hapsburgs in general that of the thousands of archdukes, many of them around to this very day, not a single one had died on the field of battle in defence of his country. I recalled Fürth's observation later during the World War when, despite the fact that all the archdukes wore military uniforms and many of them were capable of serving on the front, only one archduke was actually wounded in battle, and this only from distant artillery fire. For his injury, he received the Order of Leopold with crossed swords. It is apparent from this distinction that courage is measured in different terms—one way for the well-educated archdukes and another for simple uneducated soldiers who would have to show exceptional courage in battle to merit the silver medal. There were, on the other hand, casualties, both dead and wounded, in the German nobility, even in families with few members.

Fürth also told me that Franz Ferdinand had used the conclusion of the Balkan War to make money on the stock exchange in Paris. To this end, he made use of the banker Rosenberg who lived in Paris and who, to everyone's surprise, was awarded a Hungarian baronage. Rosenberg served as a front for Reitzes, who was the representative of another royal player on the stock market, King Nicholas of Montenegro. It was commonly said that Nikita's financial transactions were carried out for him by the Reitzes Bank in Vienna. This was, however, not the case, and Reitzes thus had no problem providing the Foreign Ministry with a sworn statement to this effect. Had they asked Reitzes whether he was using a certain Rosenberg as a front, he would probably have been most embarrassed. But Berchtold was polite enough to spare him this question. Fürth's assertion regarding Franz Ferdinand was contradicted by leading diplomats at the time.

From Nice, I traveled back to Vienna and spent the summer and autumn studying the political situation in Romania. As an ethnographer, I was in contact at this time with Iorga and Murgoci's Institutul Balcanic in Bucharest. I gave them several manuscripts for publication and announced my intention of holding a series of lectures on Albania there. I remained in Vienna until the end of May. From Liechtenstein I discovered at that time that, out of pure spite, Rappaport had begun creating difficulties for the Albanian Committee. The chairman of the Committee, Prince Liechtenstein, had been advised to go and see Herr Rappaport to get back into his good graces.

In early May, Ilona and my brother-in-law Alfred arrived in Vienna for a few days with my mother. Together, we paid visits to a number of people, among whom were Béla Pallavicini, Ida Ferenczy²¹⁵ who was formerly the Empress's reader, the widowed Princess Radziwill who was an aunt of Louis Drašković, and Marchioness Crescence Pallavicini²¹⁶ who was lady-in-waiting to the Archduchess Maria Theresa.

When word spread about the excellent Turkish coffee I served, I invited several of these ladies to my bachelor apartment for a cup of the black stuff, and they accepted with great pleasure. The rest of the people I met were intellectually uninspiring. Unusual among my acquaintances, however, was Closel, the lovely wife of a diplomat who, despite her advanced age and the fact that she had several children, looked more like an unmarried maiden.

It was around this time that the Austro-Hungarian General Staff proposed that I be awarded a distinguished order, without me even applying for it. Several of my friends at the War Ministry, including Baron Mirbach, General Staff captain in the presidential office, and Perčević, congratulated me in advance, but nothing actually ever came of it. An application was made, including the sentence "The General Staff would reject a lower order like the Iron Cross," but nothing further happened, no doubt because I did not follow up on the matter.

In May, I went on an automobile tour with Ilona and Alfred to Nyitra²¹⁷ and then to Boldva, where Alfred's father lived. From there I continued on to Abaúj-Szemere, where I paid Jhonny Pallavicini a visit in Radvány.²¹⁸ From Szemere, we proceeded to Alsótátrafüred²¹⁹ in the Tatra mountains, where Elek and Catherine lived. The automobile journey through the Carpathian mountain forests was inspiring, and the roads, with one notable exception, were good. So many impressions! Traveling by automobile is a wonderful experience if the vehicle and the driver are good. One can observe and study the various landscapes as they pass by. From the way Slovak peasants behave when their horses take fright at an automobile, one could think that they were the most

²¹⁵ Ida Ferenczy (1839–1928), Hungarian lady-in-waiting in the service of the Empress Elisabeth of Austria-Hungary.

²¹⁶ Crescence, Markgräfin von Pallavicini (1860–1938), lady-in-waiting at the imperial court in Vienna.

²¹⁷ City in the north of Hungary, now Slovakia. Slovakian: Nitra.

²¹⁸ Slovakian: Radván.

²¹⁹ Slovakian: Dolný Smokovec.

backward people on earth. The costumes worn by the Slovaks are very similar to those of the Romanians in Transylvania. The way they trim their moustaches is different, however, more like the way the lower Austrians do it. On the road to Nyitra, I had a reoccurrence of malaria that Dr Steyskal had more or less cured in December of 1913. We were staying there with Brigadier Zwertschek. He and his wife are genuine Austro-Hungarian types. His son, an officer in active service, was a young buck full of ambition and nervous tension. The poor fellow died in battle in 1914. The distraught father brought the corpse of his son back from the front in his automobile, although the trip lasted several days. One can hardly imagine a worse automobile journey.

In Tátrafüred, Elek had rented a spacious villa from Count Karácsony, including a large park, ponds, fountains, and a coniferous forest. I felt very much at home in his and Catherine's company. From there, we went on an automobile outing to the ice cave of Dobsina.²²⁰ The cave is a sort of vertical hole gaping in the mountain. The cold air enters it in the winter but cannot escape. For this reason, there is ice in the cave in the wintertime. It melts somewhat in the summer and creates stalactite formations of ice. The cave is well worth a visit, but its renown is rather overstated. The pictures on the billboard are much more attractive than what one actually sees in the cave, and one tends to be a bit disappointed. More spectacular were the forests in the spring air and the flowering meadows of the high Tatra. The bad weather prevented me from climbing one of the vertical slopes and, because of the fog, I only saw the peaks once. The Tatra is beautiful indeed, poetic in fact, if it were not for the visitors and the increasing traces of man. The whole Tatra region has now been transformed into a zone of industry and commerce. At Tátrafüred, I met Erwin Rosner from Budapest, an elderly Hungarian politician of liberal persuasion and Jewish race.²²¹ He always greets me since that time, despite my constant attempts to avoid him. Rosner was soon thereafter made minister. While I was staying with Elek, I finished my last treatise on the geology of Albania. I then visited Radvány where Jhonny Pallavicini and his wife lived, and from there I went back to Vienna.

While I was in the Tatra, Essad Pasha revealed his true nature in Durrës. I would like to provide a short sketch of the life of this man

²²⁰ Now Dobšina in Slovakia.

²²¹ Baron Erwin Rosner (1852–1928), Hungarian political figure.

here, as far as I know him. Essad was a wealthy bey of Tirana from the time of his birth. He was then commander of the gendarmerie in Durrës and used his men to extort produce and goods from the farmers of the region. Anyone who did not come up with the goods voluntarily or would not accept the price Essad offered was subjected to accusations by false witnesses and was then placed in detention until he changed his mind. Having risen to great wealth in this manner, he won over the favor of men of influence in Constantinople by sending them attractive girls and stolen but good-quality horses. He eventually won the sultan's favor by blending in with the Albanian patriots who were endeavoring to bring about a rapprochement with Greece and then betraying them to the sultan. In this way, he eventually became the sultan's aide-de-camp. This, however, did not stop him from becoming one of the three Young Turk conspirators who broke into Yildiz Kiosk, risking their lives, and informing Sultan Abdul Hamid that he was deposed. As a convinced Young Turk in the early days of the Balkan War, he hastened to Shkodra with a large band of volunteers from central Albania to come to the aid and assistance of the fortress commander, Hasan Riza Pasha, and was thus made second-in-command of the fortress. He could of course not fulfill his ambitions as long as the first-in-command was still alive. To take power and achieve his goals, he had two men from Mirdita and one from Tirana murder Hasan Riza and told the Serbs and Montenegrins that he would be willing to hand over the fortress if they allowed him and his men to withdraw and recognized him as the ruler of central Albania. When the Serbs and Montenegrins rejected his demands, he continued to defend the fortress, and did so skillfully, until the Serbs were obliged to withdraw. Then, no longer under siege, he turned the fortress over to the Montenegrins, who were now on their own and had no other choice but to agree to his demands.

Essad knew very well how far his influence in Albania extended and, for this reason, he had no intention of handing over any other regions to the Serbs, Montenegrins or Greeks to get their support. The Italians, who were politically active in Durrës, approved of his moves and, as such, he had good relations with this one Great Power, at least for the time being. To consolidate his rule over central Albania, a thoroughly Moslem region, he protested publicly against the proclamation of a Christian monarch and did his utmost to undermine the reputation of Ismail Kemal, who was a man of influence in southern Albania.

When Essad finally realized that northern and southern Albania would be joined to central Albania against his will and that all of his agitation against Prince Wied had failed, he changed sides and, joining the supporters of Prince Wied, bore the Albanian crown to Neuwied to present it humbly to the new monarch. However, as soon as Prince Wied, whom the Italians disliked, arrived in Durrës, a revolt broke out in central Albania, fomented by Essad Pasha. Prince Wied was unable to put it down and was soon forced to hand over power to his cleverer foe, Essad. Renaissance intrigues in twentieth-century Albania!

In early July I sailed from Trieste to Durrës to observe and enjoy Wied's fall from power. It was also in Trieste that I learned of the assassination of Franz Ferdinand. There is no point in spilling much ink over Wied's debacle. As a result of Essad Pasha's scheming and plots, which Wied was not up to, the prince's position had been undermined in November 1913 before he even arrived in Albania. Even at that time, only a daring *coup de main* could have confounded all of his foes and restored his authority, but instead of acting, the meek Wied simply sent his personal physician to Durrës to inquire as to whether the climate was salubrious enough; then he sent his furniture, and finally his master of ceremonies, Herr von Trotha.²²² This shillyshallying was the beginning of Wied's decline. He was lost the moment he was forced to accept the crown of Albania out of Essad's hands. Only idiotic Austrian diplomats and friends of Essad like Rappaport could have believed that Essad would give up his plans and suddenly submit and follow the indecisive Prince Wied, just because of his beautiful blue eyes or his impressive uniform. But it was not in the interests of these people to damage relations with the influential idiots making decisions at the Ballhausplatz. The German emperor held a different view.

The events that led to Wied's downfall, from his flight onto the Italian warship *Misurata* to the expulsion of Essad Pasha—a failure in itself because it was carried out in such an indecisive manner—could, had they not occurred, easily have been replaced by other events. What was missing from the start was an awareness amongst almost all the foreigners involved in the consolidation of Albania that they were dealing with a medieval country in which medieval or more precisely Abdulhamid-

²²² Major Thilo von Trotha (1874–1929), Strasbourg-born comptroller (Hofmarschall) to Prince Wied and the royal household in Durrës.

ian notions held sway, and that it could therefore only be governed by medieval means, initially at least. Many of these people were duped into thinking that there were noble individuals and even patriots among the Albanians. And finally, no one had a clear idea of what needed to be done in Albania. As a result of these three cardinal errors, the cleverest crooks had free hand from the start, instead of them being put down and eradicated by an even more dangerous foe, a Machiavellian Prince. Secondly, people believed that they could rely on Albanian patriots. Thirdly, conference after conference was held with endless discussions on the organization or re-organization of the country, on things like irrigation systems, railway construction, court ceremony, the location of the capital city, and hospitals. With the exception of the Sisyphean work carried out by the Dutch gendarmerie officers, nothing was done anywhere in the country to build a gravel road for ox carts or a simple wooden footbridge to span a creek. The buildings constructed by the international forces in Shkodra at their own expense and for their own personal comfort were not public works. Nor was the church in Durrës. Despite this glaring lack of activity, the prince managed to spend, or rather squander, a whole seven million crowns in cash as his influence diminished day by day. What the Dutch officers did to reform the new gendarmerie fell flat, because Albania's foes in the south sent bands of armed rebels out against them. In the north of the country, the gendarmerie was in the hands of insufficiently trained Albanians. On top of all this chaos was the indecisive nature of the prince. His activities were focused on superfluous things where he still had a modicum of decision-making power, for example, regulations for court ceremony and sketches for the new uniforms to be introduced in his kingdom. Even official appointments had to be put off because the royal draughtsman had not finished the sketches for the uniforms in question. The motor of the Albanian government had broken down before it was even revved up. The development of Albania might have taken another course if Wied had landed there with a handful of men like Baron Biegeleben, the police chief in Durrës, who was idolized by his men because he always went out personally with them on dangerous patrols and who possessed enough intelligence and cunning to get a grip on the situation, if he was given half a chance. If Ali Pasha Tepelena could do it under equally difficult circumstances, there is no reason why another leader could not have achieved the same. Prince Wied had probably read the panegyric

biography of Scanderbeg by Barletius, but I sincerely doubt if he ever read the biography of Ali Pasha, whom he should have used as his model, as Essad Pasha, Ismail Kemal, and Prenk Bibë Doda had done in view of their national character and education.

In Durrës I rented a house at the edge of town. I spent much of my time there with Kral and the insipid Austro-Hungarian envoy Löwenthal,²²³ as well as with Chinigo,²²⁴ but I had another major bout of malaria, and was forced to return to Vienna.

There was great agitation in Vienna on my return. No one knew whether the storm clouds would pass. The decision-makers were, however, well aware by this time that certain individuals had been striving intentionally to destroy peace in Europe.

Opinions differed as to what extent these individuals enjoyed the support of the Great Powers of the Entente. Excellency Conrad believed, for instance, that a war between the Dual Monarchy and Serbia would be restricted to the Balkans. Others still had confidence in Italy as an ally, noting the existence of a conflict between Italy and Serbia over Dalmatia and Durrës.

Conrad asked me to go to Transylvania to find out how the Romanians would act. I agreed and set off for Újarad, where I informed my mother that there would soon be war. From there I went up into the Retyezát Mountains to visit the shepherds I knew there. I was weak and not well at all because of the malaria, but within ten days I managed to find out that the Romanians of Transylvania would act in accordance with any orders coming from Bucharest. I then returned to Vienna to report this to Conrad.

Emotions were even more inflamed when I got back to Vienna. Trade and commerce had come to a standstill, and then came Serbia's rejection of the ultimatum, which led to the conflagration. The masterminds behind Serbia now came out of their hiding places. The Central Powers suddenly saw themselves confronted not with a neutral Russia, but with a mobilized Russia. As so often, the diplomats of the Central Powers and their military attachés had been sleeping on the job.

I was suffering from another bout of malaria just before the war broke out. I told Professor Steyskal that he had to cure me at any cost,

²²³ Heinrich Ritter Löwenthal von Linau (1870–1915), Austro-Hungarian diplomatic envoy in Durrës in 1914.

²²⁴ Italian professor Chinigo, involved in Italian intelligence activities in Durrës at the time of Prince Wied.

because I intended to volunteer for military service in a region that suffered notoriously from the disease. In December 1913, Professor Steyskal had got rid of my malaria for half a year with intravenous injections of quinine. Since I did not have any fever, he produced a 39-degree fever in my body within half an hour by faradizing my spleen and then injected quinine while I was feverish. This proved to be a great success and I was free of fever thereafter.

Before the declaration of war, I suggested to Excellency Conrad that he send the Albanians of the Gostivar region by sea to attack Serbian-occupied Albania. The General Staff, however, preferred to send 2,000 rifles and 200,000 cartridges for a type of weapon not known in Albania (oh Sancta Simplicitas) by steamer and then, relying on promises the Albanian beys had made to Consul General Kral, to send the Albanian beys and officers to attack Gjakova in order to bring about an uprising of the Albanians there against the Serbs.

Following the partial mobilization, but still before the general mobilization of the Austro-Hungarian army, I had an opportunity to exchange a few words about the situation with Excellency Conrad on the staircase at the War Ministry while he was hastening up to his office. I asked: "But what about Russia?" He replied: "Russia will remain quiet." Twenty-four hours later, he was then forced to mobilize against Russia.

During a conversation I had with Lieutenant Colonel Spaits and Consul General Kral, it was decided that I should take over responsibility for the Catholic region of Albania as part of a plan to attack Montenegro and Serbia from Albania. In co-operation with the Albanian beys, I was initially to ensure that enough pack animals were made available to transport the weapons arriving in Shëngjin and get them up into the mountains.

Accordingly, I landed in Shëngjin and carried on to Shkodra, which was in an atmosphere of euphoria because of the Austro-Hungarian declaration of war. I informed Lieutenant Colonel Spaits by telegram of the fact that the Italophile Albanian rebels fighting against Prince Wied had almost reached Lezha just before I landed, and gathered information on the current situation. As several members of the Kelmendi tribe were being held hostage in Montenegro, some of the Kelmendi chiefs, such as Uc Turku, explained to me that their tribe could not act against Montenegro until the hostages were released.

I also began to assemble horses for the first transport because, although Lieutenant Haessler was in contact with Hasan Bey Prishtina²²⁵ about the matter, I knew that it would be better not to rely on the promises made by that bey.

We managed to get enough horses and carts together and, as such, when Lieutenant Colonel Spaits arrived with the weapons in Shëngjin, all the materiel unloaded there was duly shipped to Kallmet with no incident, with the assistance of my Albanian friends, Deda Zogu, Prek Gjeta Zogu and Zef Noci. The weapons were stored at a property belonging to Prenk Bibë Doda to convey the impression that the action had his blessing. In order to get the materiel through customs at Shëngjin, it was declared as the property of the Albanian government. I asked a few well-known highlanders whom I knew (including two *bajraktars*) to come down to Kallmet before the weapons got there, so that we would have some reliable figures around. They served as guards and carried out other duties. While in Kallmet, I urged that a *besa* be concluded between the Nikaj and Merturi tribes on the one hand, and the Gashi and Krasniqi tribes on the other. They had been on the war-path in 1913 because of Montenegrin intrigues. I strongly suggested this to Lieutenant Colonel Spaits. Transporting the weapons inland from Kallmet involved a number of difficulties. Firstly, Hasan bey Prishtina had still not supplied any horses; secondly, the inhabitants of the plain of Shkodra did not want to go to Mirdita with their horses; and thirdly I had been increasingly aware of Prenk Bibë Doda's pro-Serbian proclivities since February 1914. I was very much afraid that he would confiscate our weapons in Kallmet or in Mirdita. In order to get around this problem, we sent the materiel to Nënshat in a number of different consignments, and inland from there. I returned to Lezha to visit Nue Gjoni (Prenk Bibë Doda's representative) so as to ensure that he would be late in getting to Kallmet. I was anxious that he would be overcome by greed at the sight of all the weapons piled up in his courtyard. While I was with him, most of the weapons were successfully removed from Kallmet by Lieutenant Colonel Spaits and the others. Zef Noci informed me at Lezha that the Qafa e Malit pass was closed. I informed

²²⁵ Hasan bey Prishtina (1873–1933), Kosovo Albanian historical figure who is remembered for having played the leading role in the uprising in Kosovo in the spring of 1912. He served as prime minister of Albania for a brief five days from 7 to 12 December 1921, but was forced out of office by Ahmet Zogu.

Spaits hereof when I got to Nënshat. It was there that I met two agas from the Gjakova region. One of them took some of the weapons inland with him and the other one said he had to go to Shkodra, but would join us in Qerret. A certain fellow called Gugga also turned up. All of his relatives were in Italian service, and both I and other people, including Pater Gjeçovi,²²⁶ had regarded him with a good deal of suspicion since 1911. Gugga had Lieutenant Colonel Spaits to thank for the fact that he was not eliminated by my men on the spot. On 18 August, in Munella, I arranged for a ram to be slaughtered for the horse drivers I was traveling with, in honor of His Majesty's birthday. These men were Muslims from the Vuthaj region of Montenegro.

From Munella I carried on to Qerret to meet Selim Aga and the other beys and to get more packhorses at Puka. From there I traveled to Korthpula where some of the weapons had arrived and found out that the Mirdita men were creating difficulties for the further transport of the materiel. I could see that the other men and the local priest did not know how to handle the situation.

I managed to solve the problem by informing them of my close friendship with Prenk Bibë Doda. As the weapons had previously been stored in Kallmet, I told them that I was a guest of Prenk Bibë Doda and was surprised that anyone in Mirdita would dare to create problems for a friend of his. I also stated frankly that I would complain to Prenk if there were any further complications. The inhabitants of Korthpula were frightened off and handed over the weapons. At this, I burned the letter I had prepared for Prenk publicly so that everyone could see, although I was well aware that my letter would actually not have had any effect.

While I was there, I learned that the Kelmendi tribe would be willing to carry out an armed attack on Montenegro to free the hostages, if they were given ammunition. I therefore asked Lieutenant Colonel Spaits to telegraph Consul Kral so that the Albanian government could secretly furnish the Kelmendi men with Mauser ammunition because the ammunition we had brought from Shëngjin for Turkish Mauser rifles was of no use. While I was waiting for a telegraphed reply from the consul general, I visited Gomsiqja. As I did not receive a reply from Durrës for several days, I asked to meet Consul Halla in Rrogam to get

²²⁶ Shtjefën Gjeçovi (1874–1929), Kosovo Albanian folklorist and writer.

things moving. Vice-Consul Baron Abele arrived instead of Halla. We dealt with the issue and I then had the daily mail link between Gom-siqja and Shkodra—a superfluous service set up by Lieutenant Colonel Spaits—rerouted via Rrogam and Vjerdha. I then returned to Nënshat to see Marka Gjoni who had asked to see me urgently. Halla asked me to go to Lezha to get the Mauser ammunition that Prenk Bibë Doda had sold to Consul General Kral in Durrës for 5,000 crowns. I was also to find materiel for the horses in Lezha belonging to Hasan Prishtina so that they would not return empty. Marka Gjoni told me that Prenk Bibë Doda's ammunition had been sent from Kallmet to Lezha and informed me that Prenk Bibë Doda would be arriving in Lezha the following day from Durrës.

I hastened back to Lezha. Prenk Bibë Doda denied having sold any ammunition to Kral and, when I showed him Halla's letter, he stated that Halla must have been lying. I also requested that one of the two mountain artillery pieces in Lezha be handed over, but was unsuccessful in this. Zef Noci informed me about Prenk Bibë Doda's ties with the Serbs. As to the horses belonging to Hasan Prishtina, I could do no more than notice that they were no longer there. As there was still no reply to Spaits' telegram from Consul General Kral in Durrës, I drafted a more forcefully worded letter to Kral and sent it via a fellow I had confidence in, asking him to bring me Kral's reply from Durrës. From Lezha, I returned to Shkodra. The reply finally arrived there, stating that there was no more Mauser ammunition in Durrës. Consul Halla told me that the *bajraktar* of Kelmendi had offered to sell him forty chests of ammunition. With Halla I discussed how we could get flour to the Shala and Kelmendi if they attacked Montenegro. This was to ensure that some of their troops, in particular the guards stationed on Kapa e Brojës, would not be forced to withdraw for lack of food. I sent messengers to Kelmendi to invite the tribe to a meeting at Broja. I suggested that they keep calm because there had been news of an exchange of fire on the Albanian-Montenegrin border. We arrived at the conclusion that any attack should be simultaneous along all the whole length of the border. I also demanded that the Shala tribe take immediate possession of the Qafa e Pejës pass between Gusinje and Shala. This was accomplished without delay by three hundred men. When this was done, I continued on to Bajza and Ivanaj in Kastrati territory to deal with the issue of the forty chests of ammunition and to influence opinion among the Kastrati tribe.

The plan was as follows. Shala was to engage the few troops deployed south of Vuthaj in Gusinje, and Kelmendi was to advance on Vermosh two days later to free the hostages. They were then to advance together over the Qafa e Godijës pass to Gusinje. In Kastrati, I learned, however, that half of the tribe had been won over by Mark Dashi, Gjeloš Gjoka, Mirash Luca and his two sons, and by Nikol, the son of the *bajraktar* Ded Preçi, and others, and had changed sides as a result of much Montenegrin money that had been distributed among them. The other half of the tribe was terrified of Montenegro. As such, not only would the tribe not act against Montenegro, but it would also hinder Hoti from taking any action. I also found out that there were no longer forty chests of ammunition, but simply half a box of bullets left.

I was extremely lucky to get out of Kastrati alive. Since not much was to be achieved with half a box of bullets, I had Halla bring eighty rifles and ammunition from Mazrek to Shkreli so as not to set off for Kelmendi empty-handed. I paid a visit to the *bajraktar* of Shkreli, Vat Marashi, to make the necessary preparations for an attack on Montenegro so that the Kelmendi would be covered by the Shkreli if they did decide to go for the attack, despite the lack of ammunition. As everywhere else, the view held was that Montenegro could not be attacked without sufficient stocks of ammunition. The 50–60 cartridges that each of them had, were not enough to overcome the Montenegrins. My suggestion that they should steal the ammunition from the other side, was rejected. I realized that Vat Marashi, who had been showing pro-Austrian tendencies recently and who since 1910 had successively been pro-Italian, pro-Young Turk, pro-Montenegrin and pro-English, was using his influence to keep Shkreli quiet.

From Shkreli, I wanted to get to Broja to take part in the tribal gathering of the Kelmendi that was to take place the following day. In the night, however, Shkreli was alarmed by firing and shouts informing them that the Montenegrins had attacked Albania and that Montenegrin troops had advanced to a position between our lodgings for the night (Vrith on Mount Veleçik) and Shkodra. This news was later revised and we were told that the Montenegrins had only invaded Kelmendi. Vat Marashi sent about 120 men to Kapa e Brojës to cover the withdrawal of the other men of Shkreli, and then all of them made ready to escape down to the plain of Shkodra. The first refugees from Kelmendi arrived the next morning and described, in exaggerated

terms, what had taken place. Montenegrin agents had spread word, to compromise me, that the Kelmendi men had only been attacked and massacred because I had incited them to invade Montenegro. Many of the highlanders believed this and from then on, a lot of them thought that I was the sole cause of the misfortune they had suffered. They were thus out to kill me.

Subsequent inquiries revealed that the skilled assaults carried out by Montenegrin troops (some of the Montenegrin leaders, such as Prek Pllumi, were actually Albanians) on the Kelmendi resulted in the deaths of 128 Kelmendi men and in the loss of all of the possessions and herds—many thousand sheep—of the wealthy inhabitants of Selca, who suffered 96 of the deaths. The inhabitants of Broja, Nikç and Vukël (22 deaths) were able to save some of their property. The houses in all of these settlements were burned down by the Montenegrins. There could be no more thought of an offensive against Gusinje now because it was generally believed that the attack on Kelmendi was but a first step in a Montenegrin invasion of Albania and everyone fled down to the plain of Shkodra. As a result, I had to try and get back the eighty rifles in Shkreli. After waiting around for three days because there were no packhorses available, the arms were simply distributed among reliable persons from Vuthaj (the *bajraktar*, for instance), Kelmendi and Shkreli. While in Dedaj, where the weapons were being distributed, I called upon the consulate to undertake energetic action to come to the rescue of the Kelmendi tribe because I knew that they would later take their revenge on Montenegro. My secretary and I distributed several thousand crowns to the refugees. Then, in order to save my reputation from further damage, I remained with the highlanders on the plain near Livadhi i Shkodrës for several days and distributed money among the men there, most of whom would willingly have killed me.

At Livadhi i Shkodrës I happened, quite by coincidence, to learn that Captain Jucha had arrived in Shala, the area under my authorities during the events. I was long unable to discover the reason for his presence in Shala because there was no first-hand information available on him. I only learned this in early October when I was in Shala myself.

As I was now convinced that any further action against Montenegro in the Vilayet of Shkodra was pointless and noticed the beys were behaving in a very suspicious manner, I returned from Livadhi i Shkodrës to Shkodra. I stayed there for several days when I was asked by Consul

Halla to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of Lieutenant Colonel Spaits who had not been seen or heard of for twelve days. I also received orders from Consul Halla to desist in any further military activity against Montenegro and Serbia. As such, I made inquiries as to what happened to Lieutenant Colonel Spaits and got in contact with Captain Jucha, having learned that he was at the parish church of Shala with some weapons and was trying to bring the warring tribes together to bury the hatchet, so to speak. I decided to search for Spaits myself, because a twelve-day absence, although not necessarily serious, gave some reason for concern. I thus set out, advancing slowly through Rrogam, Mazrek and Prekal to Guri i Lekës and Molla e Shoshit. Everywhere I went I was aware of the bitter hostilities amongst the tribes and reported to Consul Halla from Toplana that Jucha's attempts to make peace had been in vain, because a peace agreement could be broken at any time by new hostilities. The chiefs had lost much of their authority in Albania. From there, I continued via Merturi i Gurit and Apripa to Fierza. I arrived there unrecognized and learned from Lieutenant Tomljenović that there was no need to continue the search for Lieutenant Colonel Spaits because he was safe and sound.

As I was not recognized in Fierza, I used the opportunity to observe day-to-day life and noted that there was general hostility to our military activities. The reason for this was that our officers in Fierza were not in contact with the local people and were being hindered in their activities by the local priests. It was a mistake on their part to have lost contact, in many cases with the very men that I had invited to Kallmet. They thus had no support to counteract the rising hostility they were encountering. I reported this to Halla and Spaits. Some three weeks later, well after I had left Fierza, the latent hostility broke out and Lieutenant Tomljenović was forced to leave the region. At any rate, he had rejected my offer to assemble the people of Fierza and help solve the problem.

It was a grave error on the part of the Austro-Hungarian War Ministry to send such men to Albania at a critical moment in history. They knew little or no Albanian whatsoever, had never traveled in the country and were, as such, completely unknown figures. Steinmetz and the late Captain Rossmann, who died in an accident, would have been much more suitable. As an illustration in point, at the very start of the action, one of our officers was infuriated at the fact that an Albanian he was talking to had spit at his feet in a "glaring lack of respect."

Tomljenović also informed me that nothing had been done to secure the *besa* that I had endeavored to bring about in Kallmet between Nikaj and Merturi on the one hand and Gashi and Krasniqi on the other. Had it held, it would have meant that the men of Nikaj and Merturi could have taken part in the advance by Krasniqi and Gashi. Such an alliance, even if superficial, would have done much to keep the Montenegrins on their toes in Gjakova. My next intention, in addition to my other work, was therefore to see what I could do to bring about such an alliance.

As a first step, I attended a funeral in Apripa where I had an opportunity to demonstrate the success of Austro-Hungarian policies in Albania to a crowd of some four hundred persons. I showed them that our policies in Albania did not involve ulterior motives and pointed out that all of my past predictions had come true (e.g., that the Turks would leave Albania, that Montenegro would never get Shkodra, etc.). I also predicted that the moment would soon come when they would once again be able to purchase grain and supplies in Gjakova. I then continued on to Nikaj and Merturi. Tension was high there, because of a number of murders three days earlier (including that of the *bajraktar* himself). I met the parish priest of Nikaj to find out what was going on. I then went to see the new *bajraktar* of Merturi and, using my influence (but without bribing the people involved), I managed to bring about a ten-day truce and received promises from Nikaj and Merturi that they would accept my invitation to meet with Gashi and Krasniqi on neutral territory to attempt to conclude a new *besa*. I was assisted in this endeavor by the men I had called down to Kallmet and who were otherwise rather hostile to our officers as they had been dismissed by them. When this was accomplished, I sent inquiries to Gashi and Krasniqi. Since nothing was to be done in Nikaj and Merturi until the reactions of Gashi and Krasniqi were received, I set off for Shala as I had heard that Jucha's position there was shaky. I also arranged to meet my secretary there. Tomljenović brought me orders that the "military action was to be initiated immediately." However, there was absolutely no point in carrying the order out in view of Catholic fears, the lack of ammunition, and hostilities towards Krasniqi. All that would have been achieved was a Montenegrin invasion of Krasniqi. Montenegrin *agents provocateurs* were active in provoking fire on the Qafa e Morinës pass and at the other border posts, and Montenegrin troops had been deployed near Gjakova.

The parish priest of Shala complained to me that Jucha's interpreter, Zef Shantoja, had only complicated the situation in Shala and I noticed that Shantoja was visibly depressed at my arrival in Shala.

One of my first intentions in Shala was to do something to counter the pro-Montenegrin elements. I intentionally insulted the son of the influential Mehmed Shpendi, because he was wearing a Montenegrin cap. I also initiated a more open campaign against the Franciscan priest of Theth who was in the service of the Montenegrins. In addition, I called on our consul to do something about him. I believe it was pressure from me that caused the Franciscans in Shala and Planti to act and that forced the parish priest of Theth, who had simply ignored the presence of Captain Jucha in the valley for weeks, to finally agree to go to Shala and swear that he would henceforth behave in a loyal manner. I was given official notice of his oath. I proved to the three parish priests that at least two of them had lied about an earlier incident involving me and I threatened to take further steps against the priest in Theth if he did not behave. The priest of Theth had real cause for concern because I had earlier (1909) had an apothecary, Mehmed Pardo Effendi, thrashed in Shkodra and another priest at that time had only just escaped a thrashing himself.

While I was busy with these matters, the consulate sent me orders to conduct myself in a defensive manner towards the Catholics of northern Albania. Another order arrived subsequently, stipulating that the Catholics were to be left out of any action against Montenegro entirely. In this period, Captain Jucha was spending his time at the home of the parish priest of Shala, aside from a few evenings spent with other families. He was busy organizing a so-called news correspondence from Gusinje (I have no idea what he could possibly have learned), and was endeavoring to create a "Catholic bloc." I was obliged to intervene personally after an incident involving eight goats, that threatened to lead to a tribal war between Shala and Nikaj, because the *bajraktar* of Shala felt insulted by the *bajraktar* of Nikaj. I hastened to Nikaj and managed to calm the situation down, although only by forcing the Nikaj tribe to threaten to burn down the house of the perpetrator there.

Gashi and Krasniqi had in the meanwhile accepted my invitation for talks with Nikaj and Merturi. I thus set off for Merturi and then to Raja, a parish that I had designated as neutral territory. My choice was universally accepted and I was able to welcome and host two hundred

chiefs there. After Consul General Kral and others distributed gifts of money to the beys, opinion spread in many parts of Albania that the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy needed the Albanians in its fight against Serbia. Zeqir Halili, who had himself received 500 crowns from Lieutenant Colonel Spaits, confirmed this quite openly. He was even so bold as to ask me for a tip because he was the one who had invited the chiefs of Krasniqi to the talks, but I gave him nothing.

This was very characteristic of the views held about us in the Muslim regions. I came to realize as a result that a long-term *besa* could only be achieved if the people involved thought that I was disinterested in whether the agreement came about or not. For this reason, I participated in the talks merely as an indifferent observer so that I could take the matter up another time later if they did not succeed. Although there was much good will on both sides to conclude a pact for mutual protection and defense against Montenegro, and agreement had been reached on several points, the initial negotiations failed because the Gashi and Krasniqi tribes expected too much of the alliance. The only thing that was achieved was a prolongation of the ten-day ceasefire between Nikaj and Merturi to two months.

I was unable to follow up on the further talks between Nikaj and Krasniqi because I received orders, after the initial gathering in Raja, to proceed to Gomsiqja and to leave Albania entirely. In the following days, I journeyed via Shala, Prekal and Bardhanjolec to Vjerdha. There, I learned that all the Austrian officers had already left Gomsiqja, so I continued on to Nënshat and Troshan, where I met Captain Spaits, a cousin of the lieutenant colonel, and Captain Jucha. Before and during my journey to Shala, I had witnessed the total collapse of the “Catholic bloc” that Captain Jucha had endeavored to patch together. I also found out that Tomljenović had been forced to flee from Fierza.

While in Troshan, Captains Jucha, Spaits and I were rather concerned about the instructions we had received from Vienna, telling us that we were to leave Albania on Austrian passports. As such, we invited Consul Halla to meet us in Bërdica. Spaits and I went to meet him, while Jucha remained behind in Troshan. We suggested at this meeting with Vice-Consul Abele, who arrived in lieu of Consul Halla, that Spaits, who spoke fluent Croatian, should be dressed up as a Bosnian immigrant in Shkodra and be sent to Constantinople on an Albanian passport. I wanted to dress up as an Albanian and sail across the

Adriatic on a sailboat, presenting my Austrian passport only when I reached the Italian coast. Abele disapproved of both of these ideas, probably because it would have delayed our departure from Albania. He insisted that we should use every possible opportunity to get out of the country. The result was that, when Spaits boarded an Italian steamer, he was promptly arrested and taken prisoner by a French warship. I only managed to get out of the country because no one suspected that I would be insane enough to sail across the Adriatic on a regularly scheduled steamer using my own name and without taking any particular precautions. I wrote to Halla twice about this, because he was convinced it would be impossible for me to get out this way since I was so well known.

There was some shooting when I arrived in Shëngjin where a Montenegrin ship transporting flour had been shelled several weeks earlier. I could see the fear of the Montenegrins in the eyes of the Shala men living there, and reported this at the last moment to the Austro-Hungarian consulate in Shkodra. The rest of my journey back to Vienna, via Bari, Bologna, Cervignano, and Trieste, took place without incident.

In retrospect, the attempt to engage Serbia and Montenegro militarily from Albania must be viewed as a failure. The reasons for this are the following:

1. The beys learned from the Wied period that it was to their great advantage to create paper armies and request financing for them. They wanted to use this method on us, too.
2. The beys were apparently being incited in this practice by the Serbs, and were receiving payments from them, too.
3. The Albanians who were in favor of attacking Serbia were given no assurance that our troops would actually turn up. As the weeks passed and nothing happened, friends of mine said to me: "We won't believe the Austrians are coming until we see them with our own eyes."
4. The order given to abandon the proposed military action put an irreparable damper on all of our activities there.
5. The population was too obsessed with domestic issues (Essad Pasha, Wied, etc.) and had little interest in what was going on across the border.

6. In the autumn of 1913, Montenegro skillfully managed to enflame hostilities between the Catholic and Muslim tribes in the mountains.
7. Most of the people still remembered that, although the Austrian government was very active in the Vilayet of Shkodra in 1909, it acquiesced to the highland tribes being disarmed in 1910 and 1911 and did not give them any support at a time when Montenegro was providing them with assistance.
8. The people here believe that Montenegro helped the Catholic mountain tribes in 1912 to throw off the Turkish yoke and this, according to the maxim “better Montenegrin than Ottoman” was more important to them than the fact that it was Austria-Hungary that brought about Albanian independence.
9. The country suffered from unprecedented demoralization as a result of all the agitation money around and of the general poverty of the inhabitants. Despite all of this, there was no actual pro-Serbian sentiment in the population. Had the Albanians come to terms with our troops and overcome their fears, their aversion for the Serbs and the prospect of booty would have been sufficient to set off an Albanian uprising. The beys, too, would then have wanted to be on the side of the stronger party. The point of contact could have been achieved about the time our troops reached Mitrovica.

For the above-mentioned reasons, all earlier offers to promote Albanian uprisings were interpreted simply as attempts by individual leaders to get their hands on money and expensive weapons.

On a personal note, I would like to add the following. I now had to tread very carefully because the Montenegrins had put a price on my head, allegedly 5,000 lira (100,000 crowns), and various people, such as the two sons of Mirash Luca, and Pren Gjakovci, the murderer of Gjeta Zogu, who was acting on behalf of Marka Gjoni, were prowling around and plotting to ambush and kill me. For this reason, I used various disguises—sometimes European clothes and at other times highland costume or Shkodra dress. I even dressed up as a Krasniqi highlander with a shaven scalp and a full tuft of hair at the crown, and instead of shoes, I often wore native *opankas* with my costume. I only spent a few days in Shkodra. Most of my time was spent as an Albanian living among the Albanians, and I did not spend much time with the parish priests any-

more. As there was no government authority and virtually anyone could have shot me with impunity, I was living a very dangerous life, but I had got used to it until the order arrived for me to abandon all further activity and to return to Vienna.

Among my reliable friends of the period were Tom Gjini and his brothers in Rrogam, Ali Marku of Prekal, Zef Noci of Spaç, Prek Gjeta Zogu of Bregumatja, Mark Pali (a new friend of mine), Pal Lucës of Selca, Dod Preni and his father Pren Kacolli of Merturi i Gurit, Arif Hasani of Apripa, Beqir Nou of Raja, Deli Nou of Bugjon, and Luk Prel Nishu of Kastrati. The new acquaintances I made were Gjeloš Marashi of Ducaj, etc. and Syni Doda of Shkreli. Syni once even managed to suppress his rage and lust for vengeance when I appealed to him: "Syni, do it for me!" While we were loading our weapons onto the vessel waiting in Shëngjin, Deda Zogu had insulted Syni gravely and, as a result, he was intent on withdrawing his Shkreli warriors from Lezha and abandoning Deda Zogu to his fate. This meant that the location would have fallen to the pro-Serbian supporters of Essad and that we would not have been able to unload any more arms in Shëngjin in 1914. I had to dissuade him somehow, and managed to do so. Among the other men who were with me at the time were Nik Preloci of Gruda who had been my friend in 1909 but, as a supporter of Montenegro, was against me in 1911. I was saddened at the loss of my friend Masho of Kozan, who also went over to the Montenegrins. Mehmed Zeneli also proved to be less than reliable. He was one of those who were lured into politics, using one against the other and, in the end, deceiving and betraying everyone. Once you're involved in politics in Albania, there is no way back. Mehmet began to steal money from me, his employee. Many of my one-time friends were openly in Montenegrin service. Among them were Mark Dushi of Kozan, Prek Pllumi of Nikç, and Sadri Luka of Theth. I was also not sure about Lek Curri.

Of the others, whom I would certainly invite them all to my funeral in Hungary— Zef Noci, Prek Gjeta Zogu, Mark Pali, Dod Preni, Arif Hasani, Beqir Nou, Luk Prel Nishu, Ded Preka of Manat, Mark Gjeloši, Syni Doda and Gjok Prenga. They would be proud to come and it would prove once and for all that I had been faithful to them and remembered them right to the end.

In general, I must say that the highlanders of northern Albania have become very demoralized over the last few years. The noble savages I so

loved, who clung unswervingly to their code of honor—a code that did not correspond at all to ours—were gone, and in their place, with a very few exceptions, were men who were greedy for money, timid and apprehensive, and thoroughly unreliable. Yet I have the impression, when one considers the fact that I am still alive despite the price on my head, that something indefinably noble continues to determine the conduct and behavior of these men. I was able to move about in Albania and knew that there were men there who were willing to protect me although I had given them but a few crowns for their service. They were men who took my advice and upon whom I was able to exert my influence. A case in point is Ded Trimi and the *bajraktar* of Merturi who listened to my appeals and put their blood feud aside.

The demoralization that these people suffered was perhaps only relative, yet I have the distinct impression that the Albanian *trim*²²⁷ has vanished for good. The *trim* was the stuff out of which one could have created a solid Albanian government a few years ago through a network of personal relations. The wars of recent years seem to have wiped out these figures who derived their force from pride and self-esteem. It was the eradication of this very self-esteem that caused their downfall. If this be true, Albania can now only be ruled by the crack of a whip. Poverty does not seem to have been a major factor in this demoralization. The luxury goods being imported, such as blankets, lamps, petroleum, dishes and so forth, have now penetrated regions of the country where they were never previously seen.

The signs of moral decay among the highlanders of northern Albania are most evident in the facts that the *besa* is no longer so strictly observed, that murderers hide their identity, and that corruption and promise-breaking are widespread phenomena now. I feel sorry for the innocent who will suffer in the future, because honest men are always the first to fall.

I left Albania this time without saying farewell. Even if my research takes me back there, it will never be the same. I doubt if I will ever encounter the noble savages I once loved. Part of my world has vanished. [...]

²²⁷ Hero.

Bibliography

I. List of Franz Nopcsa's Scholarly Publications (1897–1933)

Palaeontology

1. "Dinosaurierreste aus Siebenbürgen, I. Schädel von *Limnosaurus transsylvanicus*, nov. gen et sp." *Denkschriften der Kais. Akademie der Wissenschaften, Math.-naturw. Cl.* 68 (1899): 555–591, Tab. I–VI.
2. "Dinosaurierreste aus Siebenbürgen." *Anzeiger der kais. Akademie der Wissenschaften in Wien, Math.-Nat. Cl.* (1901): 55–58.
3. "Cretacische Dinosaurierreste aus Siebenbürgen." *Anzeiger der kais. Akademie der Wissenschaften in Wien, Math.-Nat. Cl.* (1902): 42–46.
4. "Dinosaurierreste aus Siebenbürgen, II. Schädelreste von *Mochlodon*. Mit einem Anhang: Zur Phylogenie der Ornithopodiden." *Denkschriften der Kais. Akademie der Wissenschaften, Math.-naturw. Cl.* 72 (1902): 149–175, Tab. I–II.
5. "A dinosaurusok átnézete és származása." *Földtani Közlöny* 30 (1901): 193–224.
6. "Synopsis und Abstammung der Dinosaurier." *Földtani Közlöny* 30 (1901): 247–279, Tab. I.
7. "Über die Rippen eines Deuterosauriden (*Deuterosaurus* Seeley nov. spec.?)." *Beiträge zur Paläontologie und Geologie Österreich-Ungarns und des Orients* 14 (1902): 185–194, Tab. XIII.
8. "Notizen über cretacische Dinosaurier." *Sitzungsber. Akademie der Wissenschaften, Math.-naturw. Cl.* III (1902): 93–114, Tab. I.
9. "Dinosaurierreste aus Siebenbürgen III. Weitere Schädelreste von *Mochlodon*." *Denkschriften der kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften, Math.-naturw. Cl.* 74 (1904): 229–264, Tab. I–II.
10. "*Limnosaurus* durch *Telmatosaurus* nom. nov. zu ersetzen." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1903): 54.
11. "*Telmatosaurus*, a new name for the dinosaur *Limnosaurus*." *Geological magazine* (1903): 94–95.
12. "*Telmatosaurus*, új név *Limnosaurus* helyett." *Földtani Közlöny* 33 (1903): 64.
13. "Über *Stegoceras* und *Stereocephalus*." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1903): 266–267.
14. "Über die *Varanus*-artigen Lacerten Istriens." *Beiträge zur Paläontologie und Geologie Österreich-Ungarns und des Orients* 15 (1903): 31–42, Tab. I–II.

Bibliography

15. "Neues über Compsognathus." *Neues Jahrbuch für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* 16 (1903): 476–494, Tab. XVII–XVIII.
16. "On the origin of Mosasaurs." *Geological Magazine* 10 (1903): 119–121.
17. "Über die systematische Stellung von Neustosaurus Raspail." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1903): 504–505.
18. "Referate über Osborn, Hatscher usw." *Geol. Zentralbl.* 5 (1904).
19. "Kerunia, a symbiosis of a Hydractinian with a Cephalopod." *Annals and magazine of natural history, zoology, botany and geology* (Ser. 7), 16 (1905): 95–102, Tab. 2III.
20. "Notes on British dinosaurs. Part I. Hypsilophodon." *Geological magazine* 2 (1905): 203–208.
21. "Notes on British dinosaurs. Part II. Polacanthus." *Geological magazine* 2 (1905): 241–250.
22. "Notes on British dinosaurs. Part III. Streptospondylus." *Geological magazine* 1 (1905): 289–293, Tab. XV.
23. "Zur Kenntnis des Genus Streptospondylus." *Beiträge zur Paläontologie und Geologie Österreich-Ungarns und des Orients* 19 (1906): 59–83.
24. "Remarks on the supposed clavicle of the Sauropodous Dinosaur Diplodocus." *Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London* 2 (1905): 241–250, 289–294.
25. "Ideas on the origin of flight." *Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London*, (1907): 223–238.
26. "Zur systematischen Stellung von Palacrodon." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1907): 526–527.
27. "Zur Kenntnis der fossilen Eidechsen." *Beiträge zur Paläontologie und Geologie Österreich-Ungarns und des Orients* 21 (1907): 33–62, Tab. I.
28. "On the systematic position of the upper cretaceous dinosaur Titanosaurus." *Geological magazine*, 7 (1910): 261.
29. "Notes on British dinosaurs, Part IV. Stegosaurus priscus, nov. sp." *Geological magazine* 7 (1911): 109–115, 145–153.
30. "Omosaurus Lennieri. Un nouveau dinosaurien du Cap de la Hève." *Bulletin de la Société Géologique de Normandie* 30 (1911): 1–20, Tab. I–VIII.
31. "Remarque au sujet de la note de M. Thevenin sur le Dyrosaurus." *Comptes-rendus sommaires des séances de la Société Géologique de France* (1911): 20.
32. "Notes on British dinosaurs, Part V. Craterosaurus." *Geological magazine* 9 (1912): 481–484.
33. "Die Lebensbedingungen der obercretacischen Dinosaurier Siebenbürgens." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1914): 564–574.
34. "Über das Vorkommen der Dinosaurier in Siebenbürgen." *Verhandlungen der kaiserlich-königlichen zoologisch-botanischen Gesellschaft in Wien* 54 (1914): 12–14.
35. "Über Geschlechtsunterschiede bei Dinosauriern." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1915): 385–388.
36. "Die Dinosaurier der Siebenbürgischen Landesteile Ungarns." *Mitteilungen aus dem Jahrbuch der kgl. Ungarischen Geologischen Reichsanstalt* 23 (1915): 1–24, Tab. I–IV.
37. "Erdélyi Dinosaurusai." *A Magyar Királyi Földtani Intézet Évk.* 23 (1915): 1–23.

38. "Doryphorosaurus nov. nom. für Kentrosaurus Hennig." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1916): 511–512.
39. "Zur Körpertemperatur der Pterosaurier." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1916): 418–419.
40. "A dinosaurusok élete és szerepe." *Pótfüzetek a Természettudományi Közlönyhöz* (1917): 127–128.
41. "Über Dinosaurier. Nr. 1. Notizen über die Systematik der Dinosaurier." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1917) 204–213.
42. "Über Dinosaurier. Nr. 2. Die Riesenformen unter den Dinosauriern." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1917): 332–348.
43. "Über Dinosaurier. Nr. 3. Über die Pubis der Orthopoden." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie, Stuttgart* (1917): 348–351.
44. "Über Dinosaurier. Nr. 4. Neues über Geschlechtsunterschiede bei Orthopoden." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie, Stuttgart* (1918): 186–198.
45. "Über Dinosaurier. Nr. 5. Beiträge zu ihrer Evolution." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1918): 235–246.
46. "Leipsanosaurus n. g. Egy új Thyreophora a Gosau rétegekből," *Földtani Közlemény* 48 (1918): 261–265.
47. "Leipsanosaurus n. gen. Ein neuer Thyreophore aus der Gosau." *Földtani Közlemény* 48 (1918): 324–328.
48. "Dinosaurierreste aus Siebenbürgen, IV. Die Wirbelsäule von Rhabdodon und Orthomerus." *Palaeontologia hungarica* 1 (1921–1923): 273–302, Tab. I–IV.
49. "Zur systematischen Stellung von Poposaurus." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1921): 348.
50. "Bemerkungen zur Systematik der Reptilien." *Paläontologische Zeitschrift*, 5 (1922): 107–118.
51. "On the probable habits of the dinosaur Struthiomimus." *Annals and magazine of natural history, zoology, botany and geology* 10 (1922): 152–155.
52. "Neubeschreibung des Trias-Pterosauriers Triebesodon." *Paläontologische Zeitschrift* 5 (1922): 161–181.
53. "Diskussionsbemerkungen zu Abel: Mixnitz." *Paläontologische Zeitschrift* 5 (1923): 228.
54. "Diskussionsbemerkungen zu Huene: Ichthyosaurier." *Paläontologische Zeitschrift* 5 (1923): 271.
55. "Diskussionsbemerkungen zu Huene: Saurischia von Trossingen." *Paläontologische Zeitschrift* 5 (1923): 376.
56. "Diskussionsbemerkungen zu Stromer: Landwirbeltiere aus dem Tertiär Deutsch Südwest-Afrikas." *Paläontologische Zeitschrift* 5 (1923): 228.
57. "Eidosaurus und Pachyophis. Zwei neue Neokom-Reptilien." *Palaeontographica* 65 (1923): 97–154, Tab. VII–VIII.
58. "Die Familien der Reptilien." *Fortschritte der Geologie und Palaeontologie* 2 (1923): 1–210, Tab. I–VI.
59. "Helochelydra." *Annals and magazine of natural history, zoology, botany and geology* (1923).

Bibliography

60. "Kallokibotium, a primitive amphichelydean tortoise from the uppermost cretaceous of Hungary." *Palaeontologia Hungarica* 1 (1923): 1–34, Tab. I–IV.
61. "Notes on British dinosaurs, Part VI. Acanthopholis." *Geological magazine* (1923): 193–199, Tab. VII–VIII.
62. "On the geological importance of the primitive reptilian fauna in the uppermost cretaceous of Hungary." *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society* 79 (1923): 100–116.
63. "On the origin of flight in birds." *Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London* (1923): 463–477.
64. "Praktische Erfahrungen." *Paläontologische Zeitschrift* 5 (1923): 382.
65. "Reversible and irreversible evolution." *Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London* (1923): 1045–1059.
66. "Über eine neue Kreideschlange." *Paläontologische Zeitschrift* 5 (1923): 258, 264–265.
67. "Über Proavis und die Herkunft der Vögel. Diskussionsbemerkungen." *Verhandlungen der zoologisch-botanischen Gesellschaft* 72 (1923): 83.
68. "Über die Namen einiger brasilianischer fossiler Krokodile." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1924): 378.
69. "Bemerkungen und Ergänzungen zu G. v. Arthabers Arbeit über Entwicklung und Absterben der Pterosaurier." *Paläontologische Zeitschrift* 6 (1924): 80–92, 191–247.
70. "On the systematic position of Saurosternum and Tangasaurus." *South African Journal of Science* 21 (1924): 206–207.
71. "On some reptilian bones from the Eocene of Sokoto." *Geological Survey of Nigeria. Occasional papers* 2 (1925): 1–16, Tab. I–II.
72. "Die Symoliophis-Reste. Ergebnisse der Forschungsreisen Prof. E. Stromer's." *Abhandlungen der Bayerischen Akademie der Wissenschaften, Math.-naturw.* 30 (1925): 1–27, Tab. I.
73. "Die von Prof. Stromer in Denoman Aegyptens entdeckten Reste von Symoliophis." *Schweizerische Pädagogische Zeitschrift* (1925): 164–.
74. "Askeptosaurus, ein neues Reptil der Trias von Besano." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1925): 265–267.
75. "Bemerkungen über Petronievics seinen Arbeiten über Archaeopteryx." *Geološki anali balkanskoga poluostrva / Annales géologiques de la peninsule balkanique* 8 (1926?): 105–111.
76. "Osteologia reptilium recentium et fossilium." *Fossilium catalogus, Pars I*, 27 (1926?): 1–391.
77. "Diskussionsbemerkungen zu Fejérváy: Reversibilität und Dollo'sches Gesetz." *Paläontologische Zeitschrift* 7 (1926): 184.
78. "Diskussionsbemerkungen zu Spillmann: Pterosaurier." *Paläontologische Zeitschrift* 7 (1926): 192.
79. "A 4000 lb. insectivorous dinosaur." *The Illustrated London News* (11 September 1926).
80. "Heredity and evolution." *Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London* 2 (1926): 633–665.

81. "Neue Beobachtungen an Stomatosuchus." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1926): 212–215.
82. "Über Becken und Nuchale von Protosphargis." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1926): 285–287.
83. "Die Reptilien der Gosau in neuer Beleuchtung." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1926): 520–523.
84. "Fejlődéstörténeti és örökléstani következtetések a hüllők tanulmányozásából." *Állattani Közlemények* 24 (1927): 125–143.
85. "Vererbung erworbener Eigenschaften." *Natur und Museum. Bericht der Senckenbergischen naturforschenden Gesellschaft* 57 (1927): 124–.
86. "Festrede, gehalten anlässlich des Besuches der Palaeontologischen Gesellschaft in M. Kir. Földtani Intézet in Budapest on 27 September." Budapest (1928).
87. "The genera of reptiles." *Palaeobiologica* 1 (1928): 163–188.
88. "Megjegyzések egy polémiaára." *A Természet* 24 (1928): 190.
89. "Palaeontological notes on reptiles." *Geologica hungarica* (Ser. Palaeontologica), Fasc. 1 (1928): 1–84, Tab. I–IV.
90. "Dinosaurierreste aus Siebenbürgen, V. *Struthiosaurus transsylvanicus*." *Geologica hungarica* (Ser. Palaeontologica), Fasc. 4 (1929): 1–72, Tab. I–VI.
91. "Sexual differences in Ornithomimid dinosaurs." *Palaeobiologica* 2 (1929): 187–201.
92. "Noch einmal Proavis." *Anatomischer Anzeiger* 67 (1929): 265–300.
93. "Zur Systematik und Biologie der Sauropoden." *Palaeobiologica* 3 (1930): 40–52.
94. "Notizen über *Macrochemus Bassanii*, nov. gen. et. spec." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1930): 252–255.
95. "Zur systematischen Stellung dreier von Wiman aus China beschriebener fossiler Schildkröten." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1930): 510–512.
96. "Notes on Stegocephalia and Amphibia." *Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London* 4 (1930): 979–995.
97. "On Tröodon, a reply to Dr. C. W. Gilmore." *Annals and magazine of natural history, zoology, botany and geology* (ser. 10) 8 (1931): 70–72.
98. "Note préliminaire sur quelques tortues du Danien du Midi de la France." *Ann. Mus. d'Hist. Nat.* 22 (1931): 109–113.
99. "Sur des nouveaux restes de tortues du Danien du Midi de la France." *Bull. Soc. Géol. France* (ser. 5) 1 (1931): 223–235, Tab. XII–XIII.
100. "Osteologia reptilium recentium et fossilium." *Fossilium catalogus*, Pars I, 50 (1931): 1–62.
101. "The influence of geological and climatological factors on the distribution of non-marine fossil reptiles and Stegocephalia." *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society* 88 (1933).
102. "On the biology of the Theromorphous reptile *Euchambersia*." *Annals and magazine of natural history, zoology, botany and geology* (1933).
103. "On the histology of the ribs of immature and half-grown Trachodont dinosaurs." *Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London* (1933): 221–226.

Zoology and Anatomy

104. "Über den Längen-Breiten-Index des Vogelsternums." *Anatomischer Anzeiger* 50 (1918): 510–512.
105. "A case of a secondary adaptation of a tortoise." *Annals and magazine of natural history, zoology, botany and geology* (ser. 9) 10 (1922): 155–157.
106. "Vorläufige Notiz über die Pachyostose und Osteoklerose einiger mariner Wirbeltiere." *Anatomischer Anzeiger* 56 (1923): 353–359.
107. "Über prozöle und opisthozöle Wirbel." *Anatomischer Anzeiger* 69 (1930): 19–24.
108. "Über die Orientierung konvexo-konkaver Gelenkflächen." *Anatomischer Anzeiger* 70 (1930): 401–415.
109. "Zur systematischen Stellung von Shinisaurus." *Zoologischer Anzeiger* 97 (1932): 185–187.

Geology and Geography

110. "Vorläufiger Bericht über das Auftreten von oberer Kreide im Hátszegher Thale in Siebenbürgen." *Verhandlungen der Kais. Königl. Geologischen Reichsanstalt* (1897): 273–274.
111. "Jurakalk vom Sztenuletye." *Földtani Közlemény* 29 (1899): 29–30.
112. "Jurabildungen aus dem Zsylvale." *Földtani Közlemény* 29 (1899): 321–322.
113. "Bemerkungen zur Geologie der Gegend von Hátszeg." *Földtani Közlemény* 29 (1899): 360–362.
114. "Zu Blanckenhorns Gliederung der Siebenbürgischen Kreide." *Zeitschrift der deutschen Geologen Gesellschaft* 53 (1901): 1–4.
115. "Referate über Broom: On the structure of palate in Dicynodon, on Ictidosuchus primaevus, on the phylogeny and affinities of Udenodon. Huene: Übersicht über die Reptilien der Trias." *Verhandlungen der Kais. Königl. Geologischen Reichsanstalt* (1902): 332–335.
116. "Über das Vorkommen von Dinosauriern bei Szentpéterfalva." *Zeitschrift der deutschen Geologischen Gesellschaft* 54 (1902): 34–39.
117. "Adatok a Zsylvölgy geológiájához." *Bányászati és Kohászati Lapok* (1903): 750–753.
118. "Gyulafehérvár, Déva és Ruszkabánya és a roman határ közé eső vidék geológiája." *A Magyar Királyi Földtani Intézet Évk.* 14 (1905): 81–254.
119. "Zur Geologie der Gegend zwischen Gyulafehérvár, Déva, Ruszkabánya und der rumänischen Landesgrenze." *Mitteilungen aus dem Jahrbuch der kgl. Ungarischen Geologischen Reichsanstalt* 14 (1905): 91–279, Tab. XV.
120. "Zur Geologie von Nordalbanien." *Jahrbuch der kaiserlich-königlichen Geologischen Reichsanstalt* 55.1 (1905): 85–152, Tab. IV.
121. "Neues aus Nordalbanien." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1906): 65–66.
122. "Weitere Beiträge zur Geologie Nordalbanien." *Mitteilungen der Kais. Königl. Geologischen Gesellschaft* 1 (1908): 103–111, Tab. II–III.
123. "Die Mineralquellen Makedoniens." *Mitteilungen der Kais. Königl. Geographischen Gesellschaft* (1908): 242–292, Tab. I.

124. "Danien nördlich vom Maros." *Földtani Közlöny* 39 (1909): 129–130.
125. "A Marostól Északra fellépő Danien Erdélyben." *Földtani Közlöny* 39 (1909): 57–58.
126. "Bemerkungen zu Prof. Frechs Publikation über die Geologie Albaniens." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1910): 699–707.
127. "Geologiai megfigyelések Herkulesfürdő körül." *Földtani Közlöny* 40 (1910): 622–624.
128. "Geologische Beobachtungen um Herkulesfürdő." *Földtani Közlöny* 40 (1910): 671–674.
129. "Geology of Northern Albania." *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society* 67 (1911), Proceedings: XCIV.
130. "Zur Geologie von Nordalbanien, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Tektonik." *Zeitschrift der deutschen Geologischen Gesellschaft. Monatsberichte* 63.4 (1911): 189–191.
131. "Zur Stratigraphie und Tektonik des Vilajets Skutari in Nordalbanien." *Jahrbuch der Kais. Königl. Geologischen Reichsanstalt* 61 (1911): 229–284, Tab. XII–XXIV.
132. with Max Reinhard: "Zur Geologie und Petrographie des Vilajets Skutari in Nordalbanien." *Anuarul Institutului Geologic al României* 5.1 (1912): 1–27.
133. "Adatok az Északalbán parti hegyláncok geológiájához." *A Magyar Királyi Földtani Intézet Évkönyve* 25 (1916): 367–393, Tab. XI–XIII.
134. "Begleitwort zur geologischen Karte von Nordalbanien, Rascien und Ost-Montenegro." *Földtani Közlöny* 46 (1916): 301–305, Tab. I.
135. "Észak-Albánia, Rácorszag és Keletmontenegró geologiai térképe." *Földtani Közlöny* 46 (1916): 227–231.
136. "Zur Geschichte der Kartographie Nordalbanien." *Mitteilungen der Kais. Königl. Geographischen Gesellschaft in Wien* 59 (1916): 520–585.
137. "Karsthypothesen." *Verhandlungen der Kais. Königl. Geologischen Reichsanstalt* 1918: 114–123.
138. "Ein mittelalterliches geographisches Dokument aus Albanien." *Dr. A. Petermanns Mitteilungen* 64 (1918): 266–267.
139. "Über das Auftreten des Namens Montenegro auf alten Karten." *Mitteilungen der Geographischen Gesellschaft in Wien* 61 (1918): 49–50.
140. "A Dinári Alpok geológiai szerkezete (I–II rész)." *Földtani Szemle* 1.1 (1921): 13–21; 1.2 (1922): 104–108.
141. "Geologische Grundzüge der Dinariden." *Geologischer Rundschau* 12 (1921): 1–19.
142. "Zur Arbeitsmethode Professor L. Kobers." *Verhandlungen der Geologischen Bundesanstalt* 1924: 198–199.
143. "Zur Geologie der Küstenkette Nordalbanien." *Mitteilungen aus dem Jahrbuch der kgl. Ungarischen Geologischen Bundesanstalt* 24 (1925): 133–164, Tab. VIII–X.
144. "Beiträge zur Verteilung der Eruptivgesteine." *Földtani Közlöny* 56 (1926): 149–160.
145. "Az eruptív kőzetek eloszlásának kérdéséhez." *Földtani Közlöny* 56 (1926): 10–21.
146. "Sur la géologie de l'Albanie et spécialement sur la tectonique." *Comptes-rendus des Séances, Institut Géologique de Roumanie* 6 (1927): 30–32.
147. "Észrevételek dr. Pávai-Vajna Ferenc 'Magyarország hévvizei, azok felkeresése és kitermelése' c. cikkére." *Bányászati és Kohászati Lapok* 61 (1928): 168–169.

Bibliography

148. "Explanation to the map." *Geological and tectonic map of the County of Hunyad*, Budapest (1928).
149. "Megjegyzések a lillafüredi mészkőtufa képződéséhez." *Bányászati és Kohászati Lapok* 61 (1928): 109.
150. "Sur la distribution des principaux types des roches éruptives." *Congrès Géologique International. Comptes rendus de la XIVe session en Espagne, Quatrième Fascicule* (1926): 1381.
151. "Zur Tektonik der Dinariden." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1928): 434–438.
152. "Geologie und Geographie Nordalbanien." *Geologica hungarica. Fasciculi ad illustrandum notionem geologicam et palaeontologicam Regni Hungariae. Series geologica. Tomus III* (Institutum Regni Hungariae Geologicum, Budapest 1929): 7–620, Tab. I–XXXV.
153. "Zur Geschichte der okzidentalen Kartographie Nordalbanien." *Geologica hungarica. Fasciculi ad illustrandum notionem geologicam et palaeontologicam Regni Hungariae. Series geologica. Tomus III* (Institutum Regni Hungariae Geologicum, Budapest 1929): 651–703.
154. "Pávay-Vajna Ferenc dr, a főbányatanácsos és főgeologus." *Budapesti Hírlap* (28 April 1929): 5–6.
155. "Zur Tektonik Mittelalbanien." *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Geologischen Gesellschaft* 82 (1930): 1–13.
156. "Glossen zu E. Haarmanns Oszillations-Theorie." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1932): 265–268.
157. "Zur Geschichte der Adria. Eine tektonische Studie." *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Geologischen Gesellschaft* 84 (1932): 280–316, Tab. VIII.
158. "Über die Beziehungen zwischen Erdbeben und Luftdruck." *Gerland's Beiträge zur Geophysik* (1933).
159. "Notizen zur Großtektonik der Erde." *Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Paläontologie* (1933): 369–379.

Archaeology and Ethnography

160. "Beitrag zur Statistik der Morde in Nordalbanien." *Mitteilungen der Kais. Königl. Geographischen Gesellschaft in Wien* 50, 8 (1907): 429–437.
161. "Bemerkungen zu E. Barbarichs Arbeit 'Albania'." *Mitteilungen der Kais. Königl. Geographischen Gesellschaft in Wien* 50, 8 (1907): 424–428.
162. "Das katholische Nordalbanien. Eine Skizze von Dr. Franz Baron Nopcsa. Anhang: Geographisch-geologische Resultate." *Földrajzi közlemények* 35 (1907): 1–56, Tab. I.
163. "A katolikus Észak-Albánia." *Földrajzi közlemények* 35 (1907): 191–213, 243–266.
164. "Brief über seine Reise in Nordalbanien." *Mitteilungen der Kais. Königl. Geographischen Gesellschaft in Wien* (1908).
165. "Nordalbanische Eisenbahnprojekt." *Österreichischer Rundschau* (1908).
166. "Archäologisches aus Nordalbanien." *Wissenschaftliche Mitteilungen aus Bosnien und Hercegowina* 9 (1909), 2: 82–90.

167. "Aus Šala und Klementi. Albanische Wanderungen." *Zur Kunde der Balkanhalbinsel* 1, *Reisen und Beobachtungen* 11 (1910): 115.
168. "Über seine archäologischen Funde in Nordalbanien." *Sitzungsberichte der Anthropologischen Gesellschaft* 40 (1910): 31–32.
169. "Der Albanesenaustand. Die Teilnahme mohammedanischer Albaner an der Rebellion." *Reichspost* (19 July 1911).
170. "Die Autonomie Albaniens." *Das Vaterland* (13 July 1911).
171. "A Legsötétebb Európa. Vándorlások Albániában." *Utazások Könyvtára* (1911): 64.
172. "Sind die heutigen Albanesen die Nachkommen der alten Illyrier. Ein Kommentar zu E. Fischers gleichnamigem Aufsatz." *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie* 43 (1911): 915–921.
173. "Über das Photographieren in Nordalbanien." *Wiener Mitteilungen photographischen Inhalts* 14 (1911): 13–15.
174. "Beiträge zur Vorgeschichte und Ethnologie Nordalbanien." *Wissenschaftliche Mitteilungen aus Bosnien und der Herzegowina* 12 (1912): 168–253.
175. *Haus und Hausrat im katholischen Nordalbanien. Zur Kunde der Balkanhalbinsel. 1. Reisen und Beobachtungen* Vol. 16. Sarajevo: Carl Patsch. Bosnisch-Herzegowinisches Institut für Balkanforschung, 1912.
176. "Zur vorgeschichtlichen Ethnologie von Nordalbanien." *Wissenschaftliche Mitteilungen aus Bosnien und der Herzegowina* (1912).
177. "Die Albaner. *Urania* 1–2 (1913).
178. "Thrakisch-albanische Parallelen." *Anthropos. Internationale Zeitschrift für Völkerkunde und Sprachenkunde* 8 (1913): 138–150.
179. "Zu Fischers Albanerforschung." *Korrespondenz-Blatt der Deutschen Gesellschaft für Anthropologie, Ethnologie und Urgeschichte* 45 (1914): 29–31.
180. "Adalékok Észak-Albánia népességi statisztikájához. Merdita." *Turán* 6–7 (1917): 311–321; 8–9 (1917): 347–358.
181. *Az Albániáról szóló legújabb irodalom*. Budapest: Hornyánszky Viktor Könyvnyomdája, 1918; reprint, Budapest: Turán, 1919.
182. "Zur Genese der primitiven Pflugtypen." *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie* 51 (1919): 234–242.
183. "Burimi i Kanunit të Lek Dukagjinit." *Dialëria* 4 (1920): 5–7.
184. "Shpia e bulkut në Shqipëri të Verit." *Dialëria* 6 (1920): 1–4.
185. "Zakonet e bestytia në Shqipëri." *Dialëria* 11 (1921): 1–8.
186. "On the primitive wooden ploughs of the Balkan peninsula." *Glasnik geografskog društva / Annuaire de géographie* 7–8 (1922): 260–262.
187. "Die Herkunft des nordalbanischen Gewohnheitsrechts, des Kanun Lek Dukadinit." *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Rechtswissenschaft* 40 (1923): 371–376.
188. "Úti jegyzetek egy amatőr-ethnográfus naplójából." *Ethnographia / Népelet* 34–35 (1924): 64–74.
189. *Albanien. Bauten, Trachten und Geräte Nordalbanien*. Berlin and Leipzig: De Gruyter, 1925.
190. "Ergänzungen zu meinem Buche über die Bauten, Trachten und Geräte 'Nordalbanien.'" *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie* 59 (1927): 279–281.
191. "Topographie und Stammesorganisation in Nordalbanien." In *Festschrift für Carl Uhlig. Zu seinem sechzigsten Geburtstag von seinen Freunden und Schülern dargebracht*. Öhringen: 1932, 295–305.

II. General Bibliography on Franz Nopcsa

Akadémiai Értesítő

“Báró Nopcsa Ferenc.” In *A. M. Tud. Akadémia beltagjainak irodalmi munkássága 1917-ben Akadémiai Értesítő* 28, 11–12 (1917): 638–640.

“Báró Nopcsa Ferenc.” In *A. M. Tud. Akadémia beltagjainak irodalmi munkássága 1917-ben Akadémiai Értesítő* 35, 7–12 (1924): XVI–XVIII.

Alpion, Gëzim

“Baron Franz Nopcsa and his ambition for the Albanian throne.” *British Education Studies Association Journal*, Vol. 6, No. 3 (summer 2002): 25–32.

Baldacci, Antonio

“Prof. Barone Francesco Nopcsa.” *Rendiconto delle Sessioni della R. Accademia delle Scienze dell’Istituto di Bologna. Classe di Scienze Fisiche*, Nuova Serie 37 (1932–1933): 143–149.

Baxhaku, Fatos & Kaser, Karl

Die Stammesgesellschaften Nordalbanien. Berichte und Forschungen österreichischer Konsuln und Gelehrter (1861–1917). Vienna, Cologne & Weimar: Böhlau, 1996.

Colbert, Edwin Harris

Men and dinosaurs. The search in the field and laboratory. New York: Dutton, 1968.

The great dinosaur hunters and their discoveries. New York: Dover, 1984.

Deusch, Engelbert

“Albanische Thronbewerber. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der albanischen Staatsgründung.” *Münchener Zeitschrift für Balkankunde* 4 (1981): 89–150; 5 (1986): 121–164; 6 (1990): 93–151.

Dudich, Endre and Hála, József, eds.

International conference on Ferenc Nopcsa and Albania. 13–14 October 1993. Abstracts. Budapest: Hungarian Geological Survey, 1993.

Dyke, Gareth

“The Dinosaur Baron of Transylvania.” *Scientific American*, Vol. 305, No. 4 (October 2011): 81–83.

“Il barone dei dinosauri. Le idee sull’evoluzione di un eccentrico aristocratico dei primi del Novecento erano in anticipo di decenni sui tempi.” *Le Scienze* 521 (gennaio 2012): 73–75.

Edinger, Tilly

“Nopcsa †.” *Anatomischer Anzeiger* 76, 1–4 (1934): 59–62.

“Personalities in paleontology. Nopcsa.” *Society of Vertebrate Paleontology News Bulletin* 43 (1955): 35–39.

Főzy, István

“A tudomány nagy különce. Nopcsa Ferenc.” *Természet Világa, Természettudományi Közöny*, 122 (1991): 467–469.

Nopcsa báró és a Kárpát-medence dinoszauruszai: a Magyarosaurus dacus és a többiek. Tatabánya: Alfadat Press, 2000.

Gaál, Gábor and Vetőné, Ákos Éva

Albániai tanulmányút Nopcsa Ferenc halálának 60. évfordulója alkalmából. 1993. augusztus 23–30. Budapest: Magyar Állami Földtani Intézet. Tudománytörténeti Gyűjtemény, 1993.

Gábor, Stöckert

Index. "Trianon elvitte az első Magyar dínót." Last modified 13 March 2012. <http://index.hu/tudomany/tortenelem/npcso70602/>.

Gruda, Gjovalin

"Vlerat historike dhe aktuale të punimeve të Nopcsa-s në studimet gjeografike shqiptare." *Hylli i dritës* 3-4 (1997): 47-51.

Hála, József

Franz Baron von Nopcsa. Anmerkungen zu seiner Familie und seine Beziehungen zu Albanien. Eine Bibliographie. Vienna: Verlag der Geologischen Bundesanstalt, 1993.

Hála, József, ed.

Nopcsa Ferenc - Emlékszá. Néprajzi hírek, A Magyar Néprajzi Társaság Tájékoztatója 1-2. Budapest: 1994.

Jianu, Coralia-Maria

"La vie du baron Franz Nopcsa, à l'occasion du centenaire de la découverte des Dinosaures transylvains." *Journal of Vertebrate Paleontology*, No. 15 (3. Suppl., 1995): 60.

Kádár, Zoltán and Nagy, István Zoltán

"100 éve született Nopcsa Ferenc." *Állattani Közlemények* 65, 1-4 (1978): 7-12.

Kordos, László

"Nopcsa Ferenc emlékezete." *Földtani Tudománytörténeti Évkönyv* 10 (1985): 245-249.

Kostallari, Androkli

"Një vepër e panjohur poetike e Franz Nopçës, 'Gedicht des Colez Marku.'" *Studime filologjike* 3 (1966): 69-97.

Lambrecht, Kálmán (= Lambrecht, Coloman)

"Báró Nopcsa Ferenc." *Budapesti Szemle* 230 (1933): 361-372.

"Franz Baron Nopcsa †, der Begründer der Paläontologie, 3. Mai 1877-25. April 1933." *Paläontologische Zeitschrift* 15 (1933): 201-221.

"Le baron François Nopcsa (1877-1933)." *Nouvelle Revue de Hongrie* 27 (1934): 77-81.

Muka, Ali

"Franc Nopça dhe fshati i Shqipërisë Veriore." *Kultura popullore*, Tirana, 1997, 1-2: 203-210.

"Fizionomia e fshatit të Shqipërisë Veriore në vështrim të Franz Nopçës (me rastin e 120-vjetorit të lindjes)." *Perla, revistë shkencore-kulturore tremujore*, Tirana, 1998, 1-2: 35-48.

"Franc Nopça dhe vendbanimet fshatare të Shqipërisë Veriore." In *Seminari i dytë ndërkombëtar 'Shkodra në shekuj' (22-23 qershor 1995)*. Vol. 1, edited by Mentor Quku, 245-252. Shkodra: Muzeu Historik i Shkodrës, 1998.

Muntean, Dacian

Aventurile și călătoriile Baronului Nopcsa [Adventures and travels of Baron Nopcsa]. Deva: SENS, 2013.

Pain, Stephanie

"Histories: King of the duck-billed dinosaurs." *New Scientist*, Vol. 2493 (2 April 2005).

Bibliography

Robel, Gert

Franz Baron Nopcsa und Albanien. Ein Beitrag zu Nopcsas Biographie. Albanische Forschungen 5. Wiesbaden: Harrassowitz, 1966.

Suess, Franz E.

“Franz Baron Nopcsa † (3. Mai 1877 – 25. April 1933).” *Mitteilungen der Geologischen Gesellschaft in Wien* 26 (1934): 215–221.

Tasnádi Kubacska, András (= Andrew)

Báró Nopcsa Ferenc kalandos élete. Budapest: Franklin-Társ., 1937.

“Nopcsa. Almost King of Albania.” *The Hungarian quarterly* 4 (1938): 517–528.

Franz Baron Nopcsa. 7 Tafeln. Leben und Briefe ungarischer Naturforscher 1. Budapest: Hungarian Natural History Museum, 1945.

“Nopcsa Ferenc.” *Élet és tudomány* 12 (1957): 1635–1639.

Nagy magyar természettudósok. Budapest: 1958.

“Nopcsa Ferenc.” *Földtani Tudománytörténeti Évkönyv* (1978): 79–83.

Tirta, Mark

“Franc Nopcsa, studiues e etnokulturës shqiptare.” *Kultura populllore* 1–2 (1993): 153–160.

Weishampel, David B., Grigorescu, Dan and Norman, David B.

“The dinosaurs of Transylvania.” *National Geographic Research and Exploration* 7 (1991): 196–215.

Weishampel, David B. and Jianu, Coralia-Maria.

“The Centennial of Transylvanian dinosaur discoveries. A reexamination of the life of Franz Baron Nopcsa.” *Journal of Vertebrate Paleontology*, Vol. 15 (3, Suppl., 1995): 60A.

Transylvanian Dinosaurs. Baltimore: John Hopkins University Press, 2011.

Weishampel, David B. and Reif, Wolf-Ernst

“The work of Franz Baron Nopcsa (1877–1933). Dinosaurs, evolution and theoretical tectonics.” *Jahrbuch der Geologischen Bundesanstalt* 127 (1984): 187–203.

Woodward, Arthur Smith

“Obituary notices. Baron Francis Nopcsa.” *Quarterly Journal of the Geographical Society of London, Proceedings* 15 (1934): 48–49.

Zojzi, Rrok and Muzhani, Zef

“Some annotations about the life and activity of F. Baron Nopcsa in Albania.” *Hylli i dritës* 3–4 (1997): 40–46.

Index of Personal and Place Names

A

Abaúj-Szemere, 185
 Abdul Hamid, Sultan, 18, 23, 86–87,
 95, 117, 135, 160, 187
 Abele, Baron, 194, 200–01
 Adamović, Lujo, Dr., 9
 Adhem Baba, 9
 Aehrenthal, Alois Lexa, Baron von, 55,
 77, 81, 88–90, 92, 95–96, 98–101, 111–
 12, 119–121, 123–25, 127–32
 Ahmed Fevzi Pasha, Marshal, 5, 14
 Ahmed Fuad, Prince, 162
 Aladro, Don Juan, 55, 131–32
 Andrássy, Gyula, Count, 127
 Apripa, 74, 77, 197–98, 203
 Arnaut, Ali, 160
 Arnaut, Hasan, 155
 Arrën, 45
 Arrën-Reç, 45
 Aršanica, 149
 Auffenberg, Moritz, General, 90, 131,
 135–35, 144–45

B

Baci, Sokol, 100, 107
 Băila Herculanee, *See* Herkulesbad
 Bajza, 194
 Bardhanjolec, 200
 Bari, 121, 125, 201
 Bedford, Duke of, 94
 Bedri Pasha, 43, 65, 87
 Begović, Ali, 90
 Belgrade, 9, 10, 99, 155, 161, 164
 Berchtold, Leopold Anton, Count,
 82–83, 132–35, 138, 141–43, 145, 150–51,
 153–54, 156, 158, 161, 162–64, 167, 184

Bergmeister, Professor, 25
 Berisha, 74–75, 77
 Berishdol, 42
 Berks, Bianca, 91
 Berry, Admiral, 171–72
 Biegeleben, Baron, 189
 Bitola, *See* Monastir
 Boga, 178
 Bojana, 44
 Boldogfalva, 71, 93
 Bolesta-Koziebrodzki, Thaddäus,
 Count, 10
 Boletini, Isa, 9, 131–32
 Boletini, Muslim Isa, 118
 Bornemisza, Gyula, Baron, 415
 Bornemisza, Leopold, 71
 Bosanski Brod, 56
 Bouchier, James David, 106
 Boulenger, George A., 94
 Braşov, *See* Kronstadt
 Brassó, *See* Kronstadt
 Bregumatja, 62, 114, 116, 141, 167, 203
 Brindisi, 163
 Brixha, 32
 Broja, 194–96
 Bruma, Pren Kol, 169
 Brut, 4–5, 16
 Bucharest, 25, 110, 160, 184, 190
 Budaç, 41–43
 Budapest, ix, x, xi, 27–28, 30, 57, 85,
 143, 150, 153, 186
 Bugjon, 17, 77, 172, 203
 Bun i Jezercës, 34–36
 Bun i Kodres së Niçit, 39–40
 Bun i Livadhrit, 38
 Bun i Rrethit të Vukoçës, 39–40

Index of Personal and Place Names

Bun i Thores, 32
 Bun i Valbonës, 37
 Burián, Stefan, Count, 71, 86, 90–92
 Bushti, Luigj, 31

C

Calice, Heinrich von, Baron, 3
 Caraleva, *See* Crnoljevo
 Caransebeş, 59
 Castriota, Francesco, Marchese, 155, 162
 Catargiu, Alexis, 25
 Cattaro, 26, 56, 58, 70, 129, 163
 Cem, 15, 30–31
 Cetinje, 4, 6, 13–14, 56, 67, 70, 82–83,
 100, 104–07, 110, 116, 143
 Chinigo, Professor, 190
 Chlum u Třeboně, *See* Chlumetz
 Chlumecky, Leopold Freiherr von, 55,
 152–53
 Chlumetz, 89
 Cholniky, Jenč, 137
 Codlea, *See* Feketehalom
 Conrad von Hötzenndorf, Franz,
 Count, 61
 Constantinople, 3, 6–7, 10, 20, 22, 43,
 49, 54, 65, 70, 82, 86, 92, 100, 111–13,
 115, 124–25, 127, 134, 140–41, 187, 200
 Cooper, James Fenimore, 23
 Coudequerque, Catherine, 150
 Craiova, 25
 Crnoljevo, 7
 Csáky, Imre, Count, 14
 Cukal, 36
 Curani, Tefë, *See* Zurani, Stefan
 Curraj, 33, 59–60
 Curraj i Epërm, 59
 Curri, Lek, 33–34, 36–38, 40–41, 178, 203
 Cvijić, Jovan, 9–10
 Czernowitz, 155

D

Daklani, Bajram, 118
 Danilo, Prince, 13
 Dardha, 74, 76
 Dardha e Shoshit, 67–68

Dashi, Mark, 195
 Dečić, 72, 102, 104
 Deda, Keçan, 59
 Deda, Ndoc, 134
 Deda, Prek, 170
 Dedaj, 196
 Dedy, Engineer, 168–69
 Degen, Árpád von, 137
 Depéret, Charles, 136
 Desio, 124
 Deva, vii, 71
 Dibra, 47, 50, 58, 133, 140, 153
 Dinosh, 28–31, 43
 Doboj, 91
 Dobsina, 186
 Doçi, Preng. *See* Doçi, Primo
 Doçi, Primo, Monsignor, 14, 57, 87
 Doda, Bajazid Elmaz, *See* Elmaz, Bajazid
 Doda, Gjok, 42
 Doda, Prenk Bibë, 57, 59, 66, 78, 87,
 100, 122, 135, 163, 169, 171, 173, 178,
 190, 192–94
 Doda, Syni, 42, 166, 170, 203
 Dolja, 42
 Dragobia, 17
 Drašković, Louis, Count, xi, 3, 25, 70,
 91–92, 120, 136, 185
 Drašković, Mădi, 92
 Drašković, Pepi, 120, 136
 Dubrovnik, *See* Ragusa
 Ducaj, 203
 Dukagjin, 45, 51, 172
 Dumont, 86
 Dunger, Otto von, Baron, 155, 157
 Durham, Mary Edith, vii, 105–06, 146,
 172, 178
 Dushi, Mark, 203
 Dushi, Pjetër, 44
 Dushman, 16

E

Edhem Pasha, 118–19
 Elmaz, Bajazid, x, xii, 25–26, 45, 48,
 50–54, 68, 70, 72, 89, 94, 100, 105,
 119, 138, 152, 164, 172–73, 175, 177

Enderle, Julius, Dr., 70

F

Fan, 45
 Fay, Viktor, 25
 Feketehalom (Codlea, Zeiden), 26
 Ferenczy, Ida, 185
 Ferizaj, 7, 24, 54, 58
 Fierza, 74–75, 77, 197, 200
 Fillunger, Vice-Consul, 81
 Fiume, 63
 Flet, 17, 23
 Franz Ferdinand, Archduke, 95–97,
 104–05, 116, 123, 128, 132, 151, 184,
 188
 Freundlich, Leo, Dr., 155–57
 Fürth, industrialist, 182, 184
 Fushë Rrapsha, 32

G

Gashi, 177, 192, 198–200
 Gevgeli, 5
 Ghica, Albert, 154
 Giesl, Baron, 104, 107
 Gjakova, 3, 23, 45, 76–77, 87, 105, 118–
 19, 121–23, 134, 153, 177, 191, 193, 198
 Gjakovci, Pren, 168, 202
 Gjan, 15
 Gjeçovi, Shtjefën, 193
 Gjeka, Mark, 27–28, 30
 Gjeku, Mar, 26, 30, 107
 Gjeloshi, Mark, 203
 Gjergu, Nikol, 172
 Gjini, Tom, 203
 Gjoka, Gjelosh, 195
 Gjoni, Marka, 164, 169, 194, 202
 Gjoni, Nue, 192
 Gołuchowski, Count, 124
 Gomsqija, 66, 193–94, 200
 Gora, 8
 Gorlice, 61
 Gostivar, 50, 191
 Grey, Lord, 115
 Gropa e Ahut, 32
 Gropa e Livadhit të Bogës, 38

Gruda, 17, 27, 30–32, 72, 100, 203
 Gucia, *See* Gusinje
 Gundenus, Baron, 83
 Gurakuqi, Luigj, 100
 Gurëz, 167–69
 Guri i Lekës, 197
 Guri i Nusjes, 44–45
 Gusinje, 34, 38–40, 71–72, 113, 153,
 194–96, 199
 Guttman, financier, 144

H

Hadik, János, Count, 97, 153
 Haessler, Lieutenant, 192
 Hahn, Johann Georg von, 32
 Hajderović, 91
 Halil Bey, 100–01
 Halili, Zeqir, 200
 Halla, Consul, 193–94, 197, 200–01
 Han i Hotit, 182
 Hasan Riza Pasha, 187
 Hasani, Arif, 203
 Haşeg, *See* Hátszeg,
 Hátszeg viii, 10n21, 71
 Herkulesbad, *See also* Herkulesfürdő 85
 Heller, Captain, 25, 86
 Hickl, Consul General, 3
 Hilmi Pasha, 56, 82
 Hima, Dervish, 155–56
 Hohenlohe, Konrad zu, Prince, 156
 Horthy, Jenő, 25
 Hoti, 32, 72, 88, 149, 195
 Hovos, Ludwig Alexander, Graf von,
 135, 150
 Husein Hilmi Pasha, 47, 49, 56
 Hutyra, Ferenc, 137
 Huxley, Dr, physician, 26

I

Iballja, 23, 67, 73–77
 Ilidže, 90
 Inkey, Béla, 85
 Insabato, Enrico, 153–54
 Ippen, Theodor, 57–58, 82–83
 Ivanaj, 194

Index of Personal and Place Names

Ivanaj, Nikolla, 157
 Izvolsky, Alexander Petrovich, Count,
 89, 130

J

Jäckh, Ernst, 131
 Jajce, 92
 Jama, 40–41
 Janina, 47, 109, 125, 140, 153–54
 Jezerca, 3, 10, 22, 34–35, 38
 Jucha, Captain, 196–97, 199–200

K

Kacolli, Pren, 203
 Kakarriqi, Mark, 159
 Kakinja, 33
 Kalis, 44–46, 49–56
 Kalkandelen, 9
 Kallmet, 21, 192–94, 197–98
 Kanner, Heinrich, 92, 95, 98, 108
 Kapa e Brojës, 42, 194–95
 Kapreja, 34, 178
 Karácsony, Count, 186
 Karaula Guri Dervent, 52
 Karolyi, Dr., 59
 Kastrati, 31–32, 35, 72, 88, 149, 177,
 194–95, 203
 Kauri, Filip Kol, 102
 Keçe, Sadri, 64
 Kelmendi, ix, 15, 22, 35–37, 42, 64, 88,
 135, 149, 168, 191, 193–96
 Kemal Tahir, 156–57, 159–60, 183
 Kemal, Ismail, 100, 105, 115, 153–55,
 157, 159–60, 162–63, 183, 187, 190
 Kemp, Mr., 26
 Kendeffy, Gábor, Count, 71, 85
 Khuen, Sándor, Count, 93
 Khuen-Héderváry, Count, 93, 115
 Kinsky, R., Count, 182
 Kinsky, Zdenko, Count, 89
 Kir, 116
 Kistner, Anna, 108
 Kjori, Ibrahim Efendi, 114
 Koci, Mark, 159
 Kodheli, Mikel, 101

Kodra e Niçit, 39
 Kola, Mark, 34
 Kolaj, 78
 Kolašin, 149
 Konitza, Faik bey, 155, 157
 Koplik, 100–03, 106
 Korab, 44–45
 Korpisht
 Korthpula, 193
 Kosovo Polje, 54, 119
 Kossuth, Ferenc, 63
 Kotor, *See* Cattaro
 Koza, 203
 Kral, August, Ritter von, viii, 14, 20,
 42–43, 57–58, 62–63, 67, 73, 76,
 81–82, 157, 190–91, 193–4, 200
 Krasniqi, 36, 55, 59, 177–78, 192, 198–
 200, 202
 Kristóffy, József, 151–52
 Krobatin, Alexander von, Baron, 62,
 99, 152
 Kronstadt, 26, 85
 Kthella, 87
 Kuhn von Kuhnfeld, Otto, Freiherr, 13
 Kuhn, Anna, Baroness, 6, 13
 Kukës, 4
 Kunora e Keneshdolit, 177
 Kurt i Ducajve/Dudavet, 33
 Kwiatkowsky, Rémy von, 57–58

L

Langer, Rudolf, 84
 Laska, Nue, 66
 Lejhanec, Vice-Consul, 9, 23–24
 Lezha, 64, 126, 140–41, 164–71, 178–81,
 191–92, 194, 203
 Lezi, Myslimë, 43
 Libohova, Mufid bey, 182
 Liebert, Erich, 37–38
 Liechtenstein, Prince, 184
 Lita, Mustafa, 45–54, 82
 Lita, Osman, 47–51
 Livadhi i Shkodrës, 196
 Lombroso, Cesare, 26
 Loti, Pierre, 6

Löwenthal, Heinrich, Ritter, 190
 Luca, Mirash, 195, 202
 Luca, Pal
 Lugo, 59
 Lugu i Gradës, 36
 Luka, Sadri, 37, 203
 Lukes, consul, 54–55
 Luli, Dedë Gjo', 88
 Luma, 6–8, 43
 Lydekker, Richard, 94

M

Macchio, Karl von, Baron, 62, 64,
 83–84, 87, 89
 Maglaj, 91
 Maja e Boshit, 33
 Maja e Drenit, 33
 Maja e Kozhnjes, 37
 Maja e Lisit, 36
 Maja e Potkajs, 40
 Maja e Radohimës, 37–38
 Maja e Ropunës, 40
 Maja e Rragamit, 36
 Maja Praça, 34
 Makavetz, 155, 157–58
 Malczynski, Francesco, Bishop, 21
 Malësia e Shkodrës, 38
 Malësia e Vogël, 104
 Mali i Shorës, 34
 Malosi, Luk, 76
 Manat, 170, 203
 Mandelstamm, jurist, 6
 Manuel, King of Portugal, 139
 Marashi, Gjelo, 203
 Marashi, Vat, 135, 181, 195
 Maria Dorothea of Austria,
 Archduchess, 157
 Maria Theresa of Portugal,
 Archduchess, 138
 Marku, Ali, 203
 Mauritz, Béla, 137
 May, Karl, 23
 Mayerhöfer, Cavaliere de, 139, 155, 157,
 159–60
 Mazrek, 67, 195, 197

Mecklenburg, Jutta von, Princess, 13
 Medua, 130
 Mehmed Pardo Efendi, 199
 Mehmeti, Prel, 75
 Meksi, Kristo, 158
 Merturi, 60, 192, 198–200, 204
 Merturi i Gurit, 197, 203
 Mila, 73
 Mirbach, Franz, Baron, 82, 150, 185
 Mirdita, 16–17, 19, 43–44, 53, 59, 66,
 121, 123, 126, 135, 140, 164, 169, 172,
 182, 192–93
 Mitrovica, 7, 9, 24, 54, 109, 119, 132,
 140, 202
 Miuskovich, minister, 107
 Mjeda, Andrea, 170
 Mjedja, Lazër, 68–69
 Mojkovac, 149
 Molla e Shoshit, 197
 Monastir, 23, 54, 58
 Montpensier, Ferdinand, Duke of, 154,
 156–59, 161–63
 Mosi, Hilë, 100, 155
 Munella, 36, 44, 193
 Mussi, Vay, 70
 Muzhani, Bep, 173

N

Ndërfandina, 58, 172
 Ndreaj, 37
 Nemes, Count, 145
 Nënshat, 44, 74, 76, 192–94, 200
 Nerluma, 34
 Nesavdal, Mr., 64–65
 Nika, Çun, 134
 Nika, Pal, 23, 66
 Nikaj, 16, 31, 33, 59–60, 192, 198–200
 Nikaj, Ndoc, 57
 Nikç, 40–42, 166, 196, 203
 Nikita, Prince, 13, 103, 136
 Niš, 136
 Nishu, Luk Prel, 203
 Noci, Zef, 121, 182, 192, 194, 203
 Nopcsa, Elek, 150, 185–86
 Nopcsa, Franz von (uncle) 25

Index of Personal and Place Names

Nopcsa, Ilona, 10, 57, 185
 Nou, Beqir, 203
 Nou, Deli, 17, 172, 203
 Novi Pazar, 24–25, 92, 120
 Nozi, Zef, 43
 Nyitra, 185–86

O

Oberhummer, Eugen, 152
 Obot, 164
 Okol, 37
 Olumi, Prenk, 40
 Omer Bozovci, 29
 Opoja, *See* Opolje
 Opolje, 8, 55
 Orăștie, *See* Szászváros
 Orosh, 16, 58, 121, 172, 174–75, 179–80
 Osonja, 41
 Ozren, 91–92

P

Pachta, Count, 82, 166
 Paja, 41–42
 Pali, Mark, 203
 Pali, Ndue, 134
 Pallavicini, Alfred, 57, 59, 119
 Pallavicini, Antal, 119
 Pallavicini, Artúr, 119
 Pallavicini, Crescence, 139, 185
 Pallavicini, János, Markgraf von, 119
 Pallavicini, Jhonny, 134, 185–86
 Panty, Mr, 155
 Para, Bohumil, 3, 7, 55
 Patsch, Carl, 71, 84, 92
 Peja, xi, 105, 118–19, 140, 153
 Pekmezi, Georg, 58, 83
 Perčević, Ivo, 150, 185
 Petrovic, diplomat, 83
 Philippopolis, 86
 Phillips, George, Colonel, 172, 178, 181
 Petri, Lulash, 172
 Plan, 15, 172, 177
 Planti, 116, 134
 Plavnica, 103
 Pljevlja, 24–25, 86

Pllumi, Prek, 196, 203
 Plop, 71
 Plovdiv, *See* Philippopolis
 Podgorica, 27–29, 102–07, 110, 117
 Popovici, Aurel Constantin, 151
 Potocki, Count, 165–67
 Praca, Professor, 95
 Preçi, Ded, 195
 Preka, Ded, 203
 Prekal, 14, 197, 200, 203
 Prela, Dod, 33, 134
 Prela, Ndue, 134
 Preloci, Nik, 17, 203
 Prenga, Gjok, 17, 44m 172, 174–75, 203
 Prenga, Lezh, 87
 Preni, Dod, 203
 Preveza, 123–25, 130
 Prishtina, Hasan Bey, 192, 194
 Prizren, 3–4, 6–9, 22–24, 48–54, 56, 67,
 72, 77, 122, 153
 Prochaska, 53, 55
 Prokletije, 22, 27, 36–37, 44, 57, 125,
 177
 Puka, 5, 17–20, 45, 75, 127, 193
 Pycraft, William Plane, 94

Q

Qafa e Barit, 182
 Qafa e Bishkasit, 104
 Qafa e Boshit, 16
 Qafa e Dnelit, 33
 Qafa e Godijës, 41, 195
 Qafa e Gradës, 36
 Qafa e Jezercës, 34
 Qafa e Koprishtit, 40
 Qafa e Kronit, 72
 Qafa e Malit, 74, 192
 Qafa e Morinës, 198
 Qafa e Mrethit, 60
 Qafa e Nemanjes, 16
 Qafa e Paplukës, 36
 Qafa e Pejës, 34, 37, 194
 Qafa e Restelicës, 51
 Qelza, 74, 76
 Qemali, Ismail, *See* Kemal, Ismail

Qerret, 20, 193

R

Raday, Anna, Countess, 6, 13
 Radvány, 183, 186
 Radziwill, Princess, 185
 Ragusa (Dubrovnik, Raguza), 56,
 70–71
 Raja, 67, 199–200, 203
 Rama, Gjelosh, 59
 Rappaport, Alfred, 82–83, 133, 138,
 142, 184, 188
 Reç, 15, 46
 Reidel
 Reitzes, financier, 144, 184
 Reka, 45, 51, 55
 Restelica, 51–53
 Retezat, *See* Retyezát
 Retyezát, 190
 Rijeka, *See* Fiume
 Ropojani, 38
 Ropojani-Vruja, 34
 Rosenberg, 184
 Rosner, Erwin, 186
 Rossmann, Oskar, 78, 178, 197
 Rrahmani, Abdul, 51
 Rreth i Vukoçës, 38
 Rrjoll, 72, 102, 103
 Rrogam, 193–94, 197, 203
 Rugova, 118–19

S

Săcel, *See* Szacsal
 Sadeddin, Turkish envoy, 104–06, 110
 Sadiku, Molla, 51–52
 Salonika, 3, 53, 130
 San Giuliano, Marchese, 125, 156
 Sappa, 73–74, 77
 Sarajevo, 71–72, 82, 84, 86, 91, 143
 Sarcey, Marquis, 13
 Scanderbeg, 118n155, 190
 Schäßburg, 151
 Schemua, Blasius, 129, 150, 152
 Schönaich, Franz, Freiherr von, 128
 Schulz, E., Dr., 28, 32

Seeley, Harry Govier, 93
 Selca, 41, 196, 203
 Selim Aga, 193
 Selishta, 31
 Selita, 29
 Sereggi, Jak, 73–75, 77, 101–02, 160,
 170
 Shakir Pasha, 4
 Shala, 16, 33–34, 59–60, 67–69, 103–04,
 113–14, 116, 134, 172, 177–78, 194–
 201
 Shala, Deli, 15
 Shantoja, Zef, 15, 199
 Shemshi Pasha, 23, 48
 Shëngjin, *See* Medua
 Sherborn, Charles Davies, 94
 Shkalla e Danit, 39
 Shkodra, vii–viii, 4–6, 10, 14–15, 18,
 20, 22–23, 27–28, 30, 42–44, 49–50,
 56–59, 62–64, 66–68, 70, 72–73, 76,
 78, 81–82, 85, 87–88, 90, 99–103,
 106, 110, 113–14, 116, 118, 125–27,
 133–35, 141, 146, 149, 152, 160, 164,
 168–78, 182–83, 187, 189, 191–96,
 198–202
 Shkreli, 15, 33, 42, 88, 135, 165–66, 168,
 181, 195–96, 203
 Shllak, 75
 Shllaku, 116, 127, 133,
 Shoshi, 14, 33–34, 67–69, 116, 134
 Shpella e Bravnikut, 59
 Shpendi, Mehmed, 199
 Shtime, 7
 Shtirovica, 26, 44, 47–48, 50, 53
 Shytani, Sokol, 17, 67–69
 Sieberts, Paul, Dr., 98, 131, 138–39, 152,
 182
 Sighișoara, *See* Schäßburg
 Singer, Professor, 92, 95, 98
 Sjenica, 24–25
 Skopje, 3–4, 7, 9, 23, 51, 53–55, 72, 141,
 146, 149
 Sokoli, Qerim, 17, 74–75, 77, 178
 Sokoli, Zog, 33–34, 36–37
 Spaç, 43, 182, 203

Index of Personal and Place Names

Spaits, Lieutenant Colonel, 99, 182,
191–94, 197, 200–01
Stead, William Thomas, 115
Steed, Henry Wickham, 106, 115
Stein, Herr, 152–53
Steinmetz, Karl, 15, 32, 34, 37, 41, 182, 197
Steyskal, Professor, 70, 190–91
Suess, Eduard, 26
Suess, Franz Eduard, 26
Suma, 116
Šuškalović, physician, 54
Szacsal, viii, 10, 14, 21, 25–26, 58–59,
72, 84, 120, 132, 134
Szapáry, Lőrincz, 25
Szászváros, 25
Széchenyi, Béla, Count, 57
Szemere, 119–20, 185

T

Taaffe, Heinrich, Count, 155
Tale, 167–68, 170
Tátrafüred, 186
Temali, 127
Temeswar, 150
Tepelena, Ali Pasha, 47, 189
Tepelia, Nassuf, 101
Tepelia, Osman, 101
Tetovo, *See* Kalkandelen
Thallóczy, Ludwig von, 71, 90
Theth, 15, 32–33, 178, 199, 203
Thoroczkay, Miklos, Count, 63
Timișoara, *See* Temeswar
Tisza, István, Count, 61, 150
Tittoni, foreign minister, 124
Toma, Zef, 34, 36
Tomljenović, Lieutenant, 197–98, 200
Tomorr, 125
Toplana, 16, 116, 197
Toptani, Essad Pasha, 172, 181–82, 186,
188, 190, 201
Toptani, Fazil Pasha, 154
Torghut Shefket Pasha, 102, 104, 110,
113, 115–16
Tornier, Gustav, 95
Torovica, 78

Trabojna, 31–32, 72, 114
Traeger, Paul, Dr, 7
Trauttmansdorff, Carl, Count, 182
Tre Alberi, 133
Trimì, Ded, 204
Trojan, 41
Troshan, 33, 200
Trotha, Thilo, von, 188
Turku, Lan, 166–67, 170, 181
Turku, Uc, 170, 191
Tushaj, Pjetro, 160
Tuz, 28, 72
Tuzla, 91

U

Ujmisht, 45–46
Ular, Alexander, 153–54
Urach, Wilhelm von, Count, 162

V

Valbona, 33, 36–37
Vanderstraaten, Fritz, Count, 136
Varešanin, Marian, Freiherr, 90
Vata, Binak, 134
Vela, 20–22
Veleçik, 32, 177, 195
Vermosh, 195
Vienna, viii–xi, 3, 6, 10, 25, 56–59,
61–62, 71–72, 82–84, 88, 90–92, 95,
97–98, 100, 106–09, 111–13, 115–16,
118–24, 129, 131–39, 141–44, 149–51,
154–59, 161–64, 171, 174, 179, 181,
183–86, 190, 200–01, 203
Vila, 46, 53
Vjerdha, 194, 200
Vlad, Aural, 151
Vlasna, 23
Vlora, 117–18, 123, 125, 153, 154, 158–
59, 161, 163, 168, 183
Vlora, Ekrem bey, 154
Vlora, Syreja bey, 154
Vrana, 60
Vrith, 195
Vukël, 41, 196
Vukotić, General, 149–50

Vuksanlekaj, 72
Vuthaj, 39–40, 193, 195–96

W

Weil, Herr, 182
Weis, Jovo, 155, 160–61
Wied, Wilhelm zu, Prince, 163, 181,
188–91, 201
Woodward, Arthur Smith, 93
Woodward, Horace Bolingbroke, 93

X

Xhuxhaj, Nikoll, 45

Z

Zadrina, 44, 73, 135
Zagreb, 92
Zalli i Kirit, 133
Zambaur, Adolf, Ritter von, 81–83
Zambaur, Hortense von, 83, 172

Zavidovići, 91
Zeba, 44–45
Zeiden, *See* Feketehalom
Zemlin, 56
Zemun, *See* Zemlin
Zeneli, Mehmet, 59–60, 70, 103, 172,
175–76, 203
Zibesče, 56
Ziçi, Lesh, 172
Zli Potok, 52
Zogu, Deda, 135, 165–67, 169, 173, 181,
192, 203
Zogu, Gjeta, 165–68, 171, 202
Zogu, Prek Gjeta, 105, 118, 131, 192,
203
Zoltán, cavalry officer, 26
Zurani, Stefan, 154
Zvitkovich, Major, 178, 181
Zwertschek, Brigadier, 186
Zym, 8

Glossary of Place Names

Note: To help orient the reader, the Albanian place names given in this book have, as a rule, been standardized to their modern forms. Here is a short glossary of general place names (Albanian and non-Albanian) that occur in the text, with their variants in other languages (BCS = Bosnian- Croatian-Serbian, BG = Bulgarian, CZ = Czech, MK = Macedonian, SK = Slovak)

Place names used in this book	Alternative Albanian forms	German	Italian	Hungarian	Romanian	Slavic
Bucharest		Bukarest		Bukarest	București	
Caraleva	Caralevë					Crnojëvo (BCS)
Cem	Cemi					Cijevna (BCS)
Cattaro			Cattaro			Kotor (BCS)
Chlumetz		Chlumetz				Chlum u Třeboně (CZ)
Dibra	Dibër					Debar (MK)
Dinosha	Dinoshë					Dinoša (BCS)
Dobsina		Dobsina				Dobšina (SK)
Dubrovnik	Rrush		Ragusa	Raguza		
Durrës	Durrësi		Durazzo			Drač (BCS)
Feketehalom		Zeiden		Feketehalom	Codlea	
Ferizaj						Uroševac (BCS)
Fiume		Fiume				Rijeka (BCS)
Gjakova	Gjakovë					Djakovica (BCS)
Gomsiqja	Gomsiqe					
Gucia	Guci					Gusinje (BCS)
Hátszeg		Hatzeg or Hötzing		Hátszeg	Hățeg	
Herkulesbad		Herkulesbad		Herkulesfürdő	Băile Herculane	
Kalkandelen	Tetova, Tetovë					Tetovo (BCS)

Glossary of Place Names

Kosovo	Kosova, Kosovë			Kosovó		Kosovo (BCS)
Kosovo Polje	Fushë Kosova	Amselfeld		Rigómező		Kosovo Polje (BCS)
Kronstadt		Kronstadt		Brassó	Braşov	
Lezha	Lezhë		Alessio			
Medua	Shëngjin, Shëngjini		San Giovanni di Medua			
Monastir	Manastir					Bitola (MK), Bitolj (BCS)
Peja	Pejë					Peć (BCS)
Philippopolis						Plovdiv (BG)
Prishtina	Prishtinë					Priština (BCS)
Retyezát		Retezat		Retyezát		
Salonika	Selanik	Saloniki				Solun (MK)
Schäßburg		Schäßburg		Segesvár	Sighişoara	
Shkodra	Shkodër		Scutari			Skadar (BCS)
Shtirovica	Shtirovicë					Štirovica (MK)
Skopje	Shkup, Shkup					Skoplje (BCS)
Szacsal				Szacsal	Săcel	
Szászváros				Szászváros	Orăştie	
Timişoara		Temeswar		Temesvár	Timişoara	
Trabojna	Trabojnë					Traboin (BCS)
Tuz	Tuzi					Tuzi (BCS)
Újarad				Újarad	Aradul Nou	
Vlora	Vlorë		Valona			
Vuksanlekaj						Vuksanlekići (BCS)
Vuthaj						Vusanje (BCS)
Zemlin		Semlin		Zimony		Zemun (BCS)

Nopcsa

The Austro-Hungarian aristocrat of Transylvanian origin, Baron Franz Nopcsa (1877–1933), was one of the most adventuresome travelers and scholars of south-eastern Europe in the early decades of the twentieth century. He was also a palaeontologist of renown and a noted geologist of the Balkan Peninsula.

The Memoirs of this fascinating figure of Albanian and Balkan scholarship deal mainly with his travels in the Balkans, specifically in the remote and wild mountains of northern Albania, in the years from 1903 to 1914. They thus cover the period of Ottoman rule, the Balkan Wars, Albanian Independence and the outbreak of the First World War. Nopcsa was a keen adventurer who hiked through regions of northern Albania where no foreigner had ever been. He got to know the natives well, learned their language and their way of life, and, with time, became a leading expert in Albanian studies. He was also deeply involved in the politics of the period, often to the frustration of the Ballhausplatz, the Austro-Hungarian foreign ministry. In 1913, Nopcsa even offered himself as a candidate for the vacant Albanian throne.

The Introduction also tells of Nopcsa's tragic death: he shot his Albanian secretary and partner before killing himself. The Memoirs themselves reveal some references to his homosexuality for those who can read between the lines.

Central European University Press
Budapest – New York

Sales and information: ceupress@ceu.hu

Website: <http://www.ceupress.com>

ISBN 978-615-5225-80-2



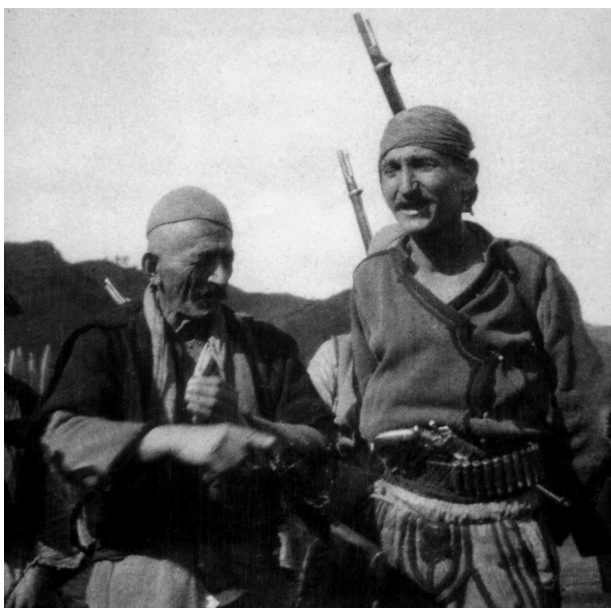
9 786155 225802

90000 >





Baron Franz Nopcsa in northern Albanian costume ca. 1905–1907



Men of Shkodra



Men from Raja in the Mërturi region of the Drin Valley



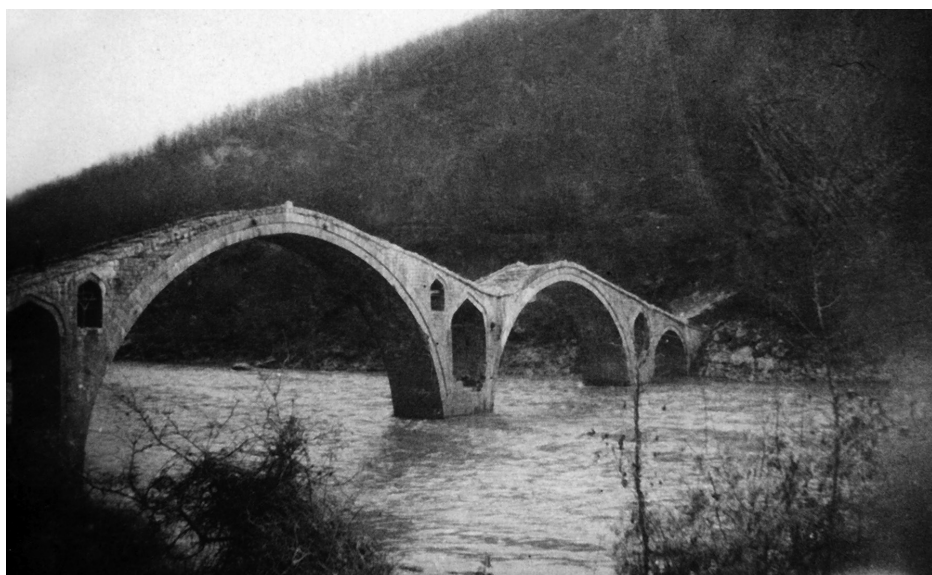
Villagers of Iballja in the District of Puka



The tribesmen of Iballja in the District of Puka



The tribesmen of Iballja posing for the camera



The Vizier's Bridge (Ura e Vezirit) on the Drin River near Kukës, part of the old trade route between Shkodra and Prizren



Men of Blinisht in the District of Lezha



Suhareka (Theranda) between Prizren and Ferizaj in Kosovo



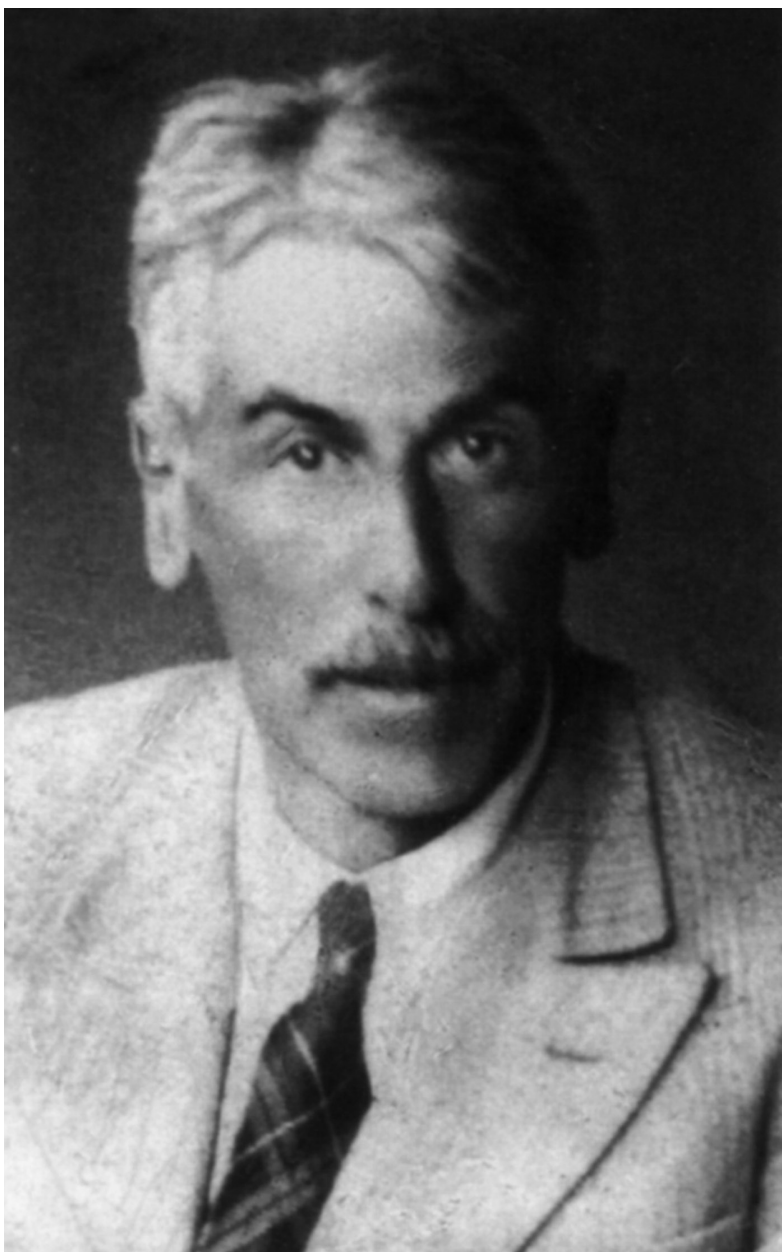
View of the fortress of Skopje on the Vardar River



Scene in the old bazaar of Skopje



Franz Nopcsa in northern Albanian costume, ca. 1916



Franz Nopcsa in 1928